THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nov.'86 $1.95

Carol Burnett Roars Back

The Amazing Dr. Heimlich

Admiral Joe Blasts Tobacco

The Case for Air Bags

Mel Fisher's Billion-Dollar Treasure

Lowell Davis' Country Art

Bob Greene Humor

Medications That Can Harm Your Teeth

Lucian Lupinski

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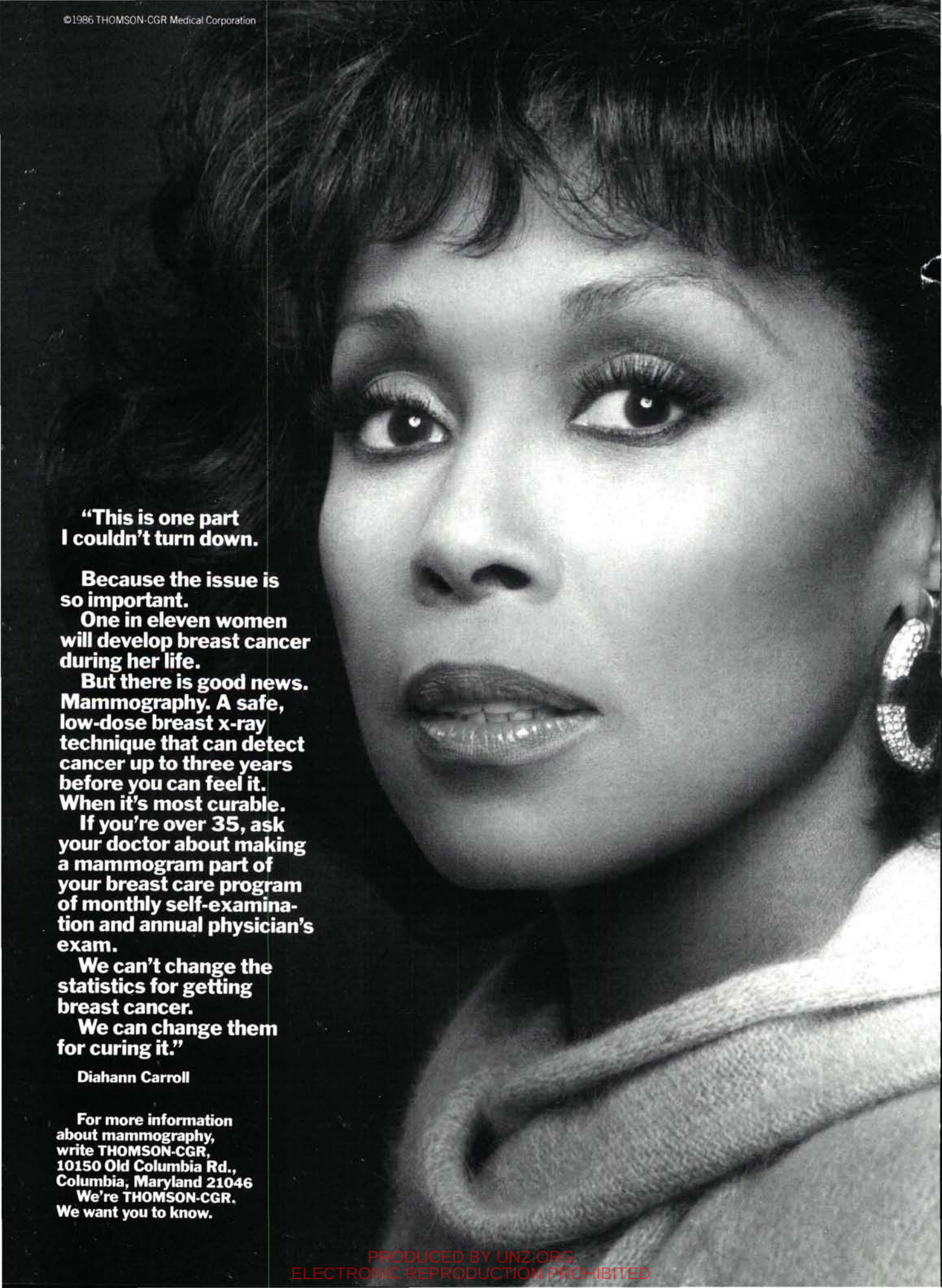

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Diahann Carroll

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At Age 50—Carol Burnett is fit, funny, and foxy in *Fresno*. **46**

An Admiral with Emphysema—calls for all-out war on cigarettes. **58**

Bob Greene's Beef—is that sons have lost the edge to their fathers when it comes to carving a roast. **14**

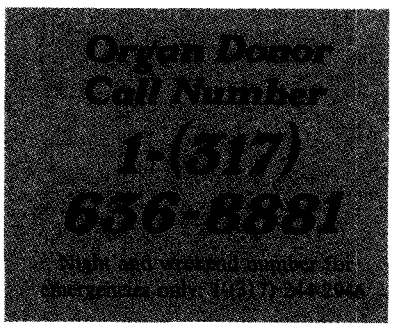

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TABLE OF CONTENTS, NOVEMBER 1986 Vol. 258, No. 8

FICTION

Never Get Another Dog ..... *Jean Heavey* 64

FEATURES

Why Fathers Are a Cut above Their Sons ..... *Bob Greene* 14
The Return of the Legendary Lupin ..... *Charles W. Phillips* 16
Solving the Puzzle: Medications and Your Mouth ..... *Laurie S. Senz* 20
Reward: Celebrity Wanted ..... *Rose Kushner* 22
The Airtight Case for Air Bags ..... *Richard J. Haayen* 36
The Amazing Dr. Henry Heimlich (Part I) ..... *Robert McKay* 42
Carol Burnett: No Kidding ..... *Leland Garton* 46
Treasures of the "Atocha" ..... *Sam Stall* 50
Looking Out for No. 2 ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 56
Last Gasps from a Crusty Old Admiral ..... *Rear Admiral G.E. "Joe" Synhorst (Ret.)* 58
Lowell Davis: Ozark Artist ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 68

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post People 12
Home Improvements: Appliances That Can Save You Money ..... *Jack Hayes* 18
Microwave: A Sumptuous Thanksgiving Made Simple ..... *Jacquelyn Nyenhuis* 26
Vets on Pets: Avoiding Bad-dog Syndrome ..... *H. Ellen Whiteley, D.V.M.* 30
Speaking Out: Who Should Control Education? ..... *Bob Slosser* 32
Post Scripts 34
Food: Bread-making on the Rise ..... *Jacque Rae* 82
Travel: The First and Last Resorts ..... *Maynard Stoddard, et. al.* 90
Medical Mailbox (Joe's Micro-Trach) ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 106

(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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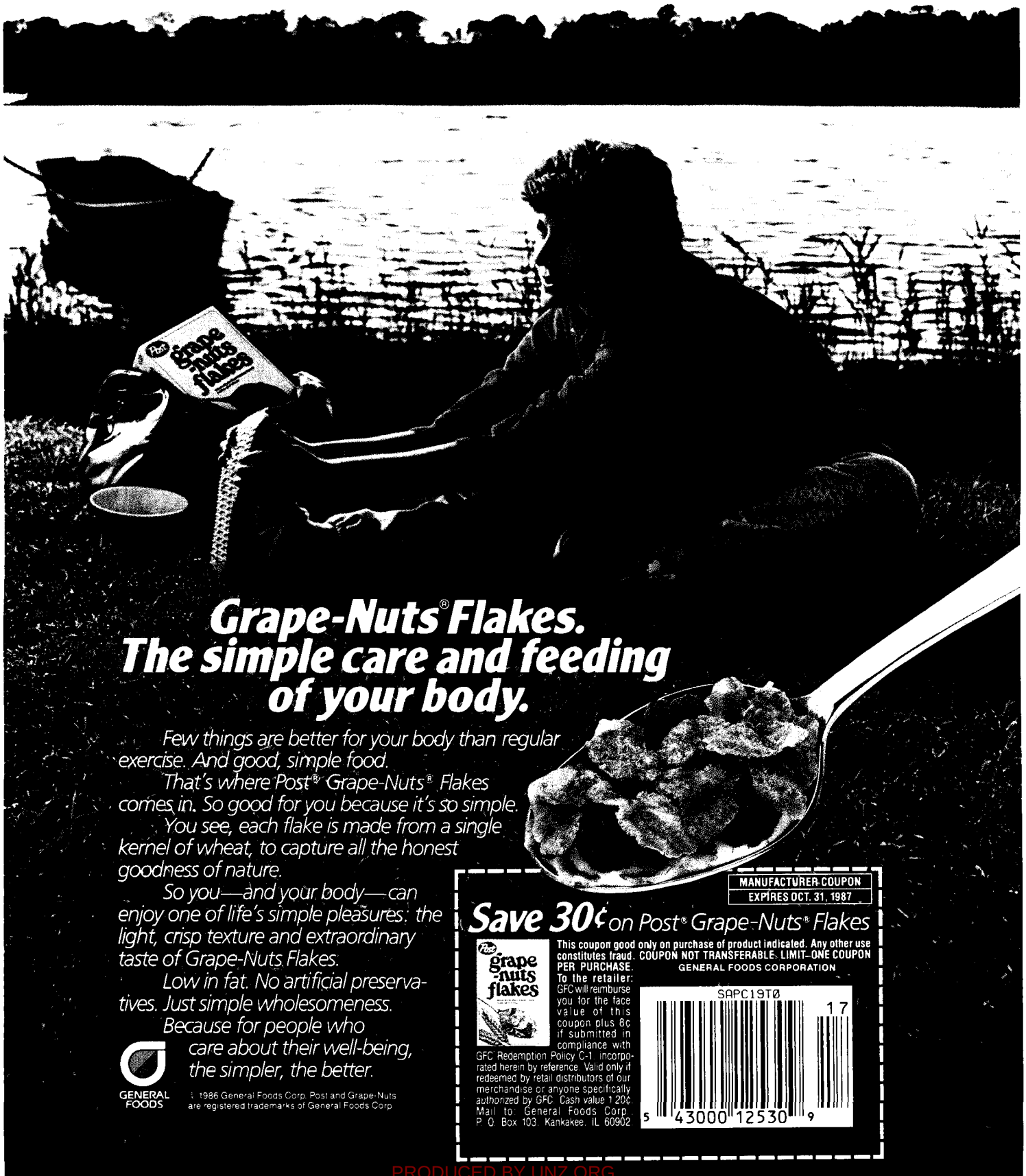

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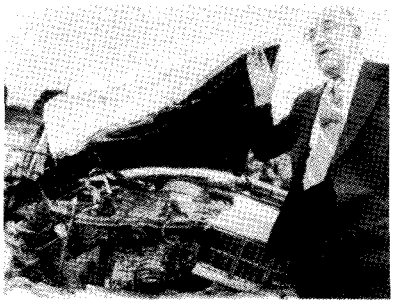
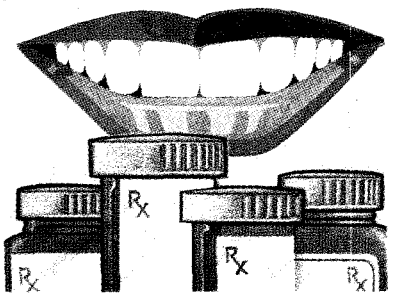


Allstate Reports—Airbags and safety belts are the best policy to protect you in a head-on crash. **36**

Amazing Dr. Henry Heimlich—is a medical innovator of renown with a sense of humor. **42**



Tooth Troubles?—Prescription drugs you are taking may be at the root of the problem. **20**

Gold Retriever—Mel Fisher has the Midas touch since discovering $1 billion in sunken treasure. **50**

Country Critters—are favorite fodder for plate and figurine artist Lowell Davis. **68**

Letters

Lysine Testimonial

I just received my October '86 copy of *SatEvePost*. Thrilled isn't the word for it! My prayers are being answered.

About three years ago I wrote you a testimonial on L-lysine, how it cured my shingles, cancer on my dog's lips, a two-year fight to cure a canker sore on my tongue (within a week), no more cold sores for my wife, etc.

I have preached L-lysine to anyone who would listen. What results! No, it won't cure arthritis—I have a little in my fingers.

I wrote to *Reader's Digest* and asked why it wasn't tested on AIDS. Your article answers my wish. Keep up the good work. It also helps your general health and good feeling.

A friend started on L-lysine before beginning chemotherapy on his bladder. The doctor noted that the spot looked smaller. He was told that the individual had started L-lysine about two weeks earlier. The doctor said his wife was sold on the virtues of L-lysine and maybe it really was working on his bladder.

The AMA should really take a good look. Of course, it would cut medical costs tremendously.

Keep up the work and articles on L-lysine. You deserve a medal.

Harold G. Whitney
Titusville, Florida

Bloating from Calcium Carbonate

In April 1986, I was diagnosed as having both inflammatory bowel disease and osteoporosis and have been taking the prescribed medications ever since. The diagnoses were made at the Mayo Clinic.

I had some distention and gas from the IBD but since I started taking the calcium carbonate for the osteoporosis, both have increased measurably; my abdomen bloats so much after eating, my clothes become unbearably tight and I am totally miserable. I have just read the July/August issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* and in your column was most interested in the letters from people with IBD and osteoporosis and your responses to them. My pharmacist has ordered Citracal for

continued on following page

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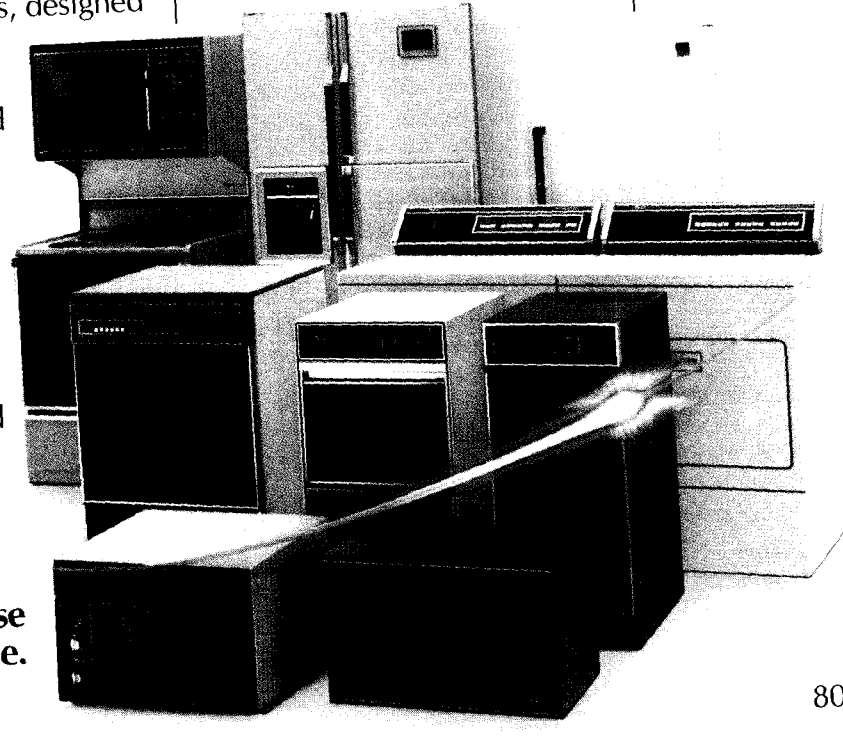

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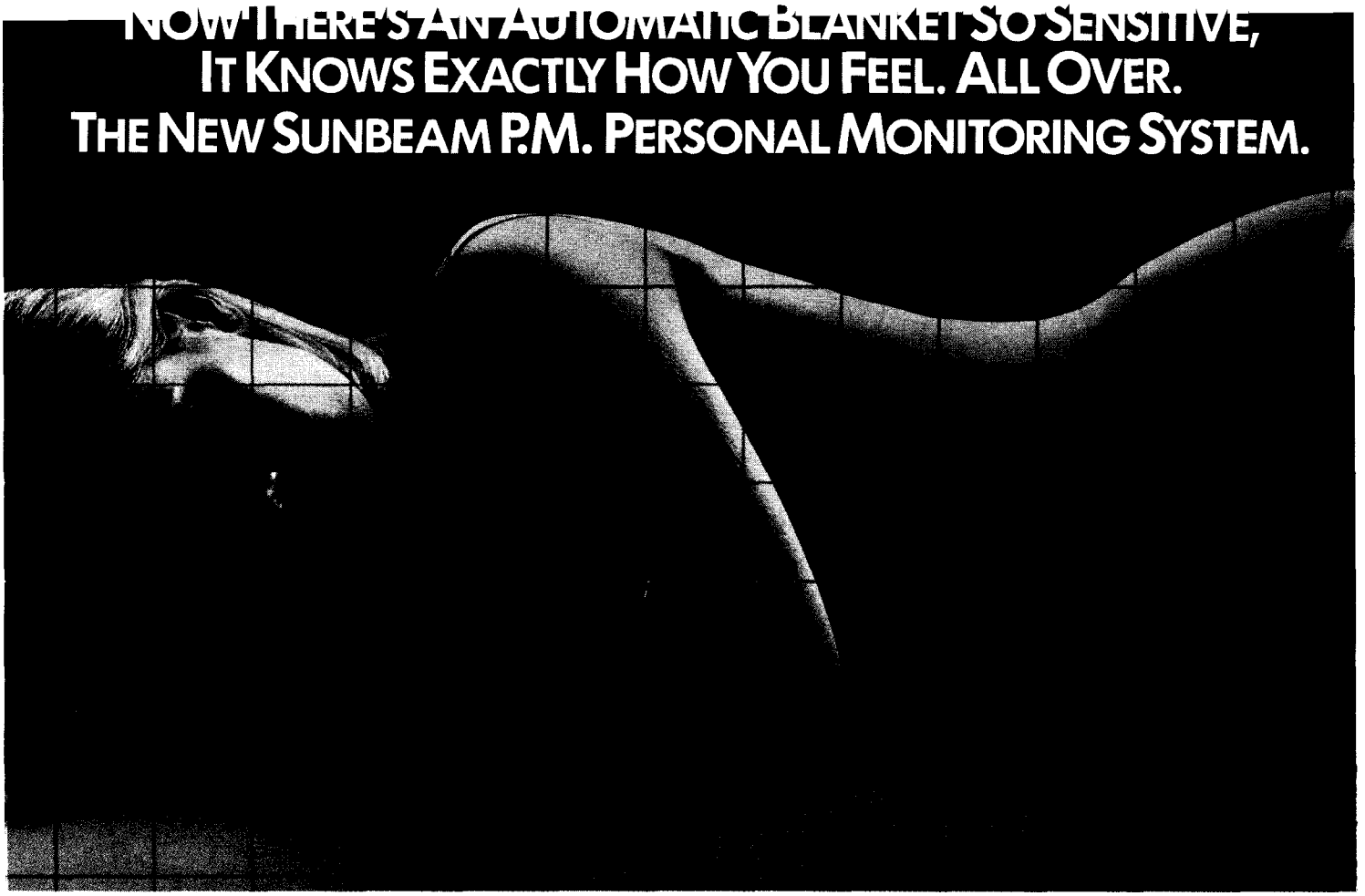
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me and I am eager to try it. I would appreciate very much your sending me the Colitis Club diet. No doctor heretofore has mentioned that certain foods might aggravate the bloating and gas common to IBD but it certainly has occurred to me that this could be a possibility.

Thank you in advance for any help you can give me; I certainly will appreciate it.

Margaret E. Cooper
Monmouth, Illinois

We're rushing a bottle of Citracal and the Colitis Club diet to you today. Please let us know if your bloating is relieved and we'll appreciate a small donation to help cover the costs of the next bloater who writes.

Vibrating Kidney Stones

I am 52 years old and have a long and painful history of kidney stones. I pass small stones about every two to three months. I've been hospitalized many times for stones, but had surgery only once.

Last year I bought my wife a Sears belt-massager exercise machine with a variable speed control so that you can run the speed up or down wherever you want it. This is one of those machines that women use across their hips to vibrate the excess fat off.

Shortly after getting the machine, I had a *bad* kidney-stone attack, and as the pain rapidly grew I knew I was once again faced with a mad dash to the hospital before I became completely incapacitated. I could mentally picture the stone trying to work its way through that small tube and becoming hung up and causing me so much pain. I got the bright idea that what I needed was vibration to help the stone move, and my wife's belt massager vibrates your whole body. So I got on the machine and ran the speed control up and down slowly for about two minutes. Admittedly, the pain at first was much worse, but after two minutes on the machine the sharpness of the pain had diminished some. I sat down and rested and in about 15 minutes the pain was back again. I got back on the machine and gave myself another treatment of the variable vibration, and after about 30 minutes I passed the stone at home.

Now whenever I have a bad pain from kidney stones I get on the belt machine and pass the stone usually within one to two hours' time. During my most recent attack last month, I passed the largest stone I have ever had within two and a half hours.

Of course I fully realize this home treatment would not work for everybody, nor for every kidney-stone problem, but if the stone is within the size range of stones that can be safely passed, this machine does seem to speed up the process and get you through the horribly painful long process of waiting for the stone to move at its own pace.

In my case, I have had regular IVPs done by my urologist at Emory University Clinic and I know that I am not carrying around any "Stag Horn " or other unpassable stones.

Although I'm sure that no doctor would recommend this solution to a patient, I thought you might find my personal experiences interesting. We kidney-stone victims get desperate for better solutions at times.

James W. Kerr, Jr.
Decatur, Georgia

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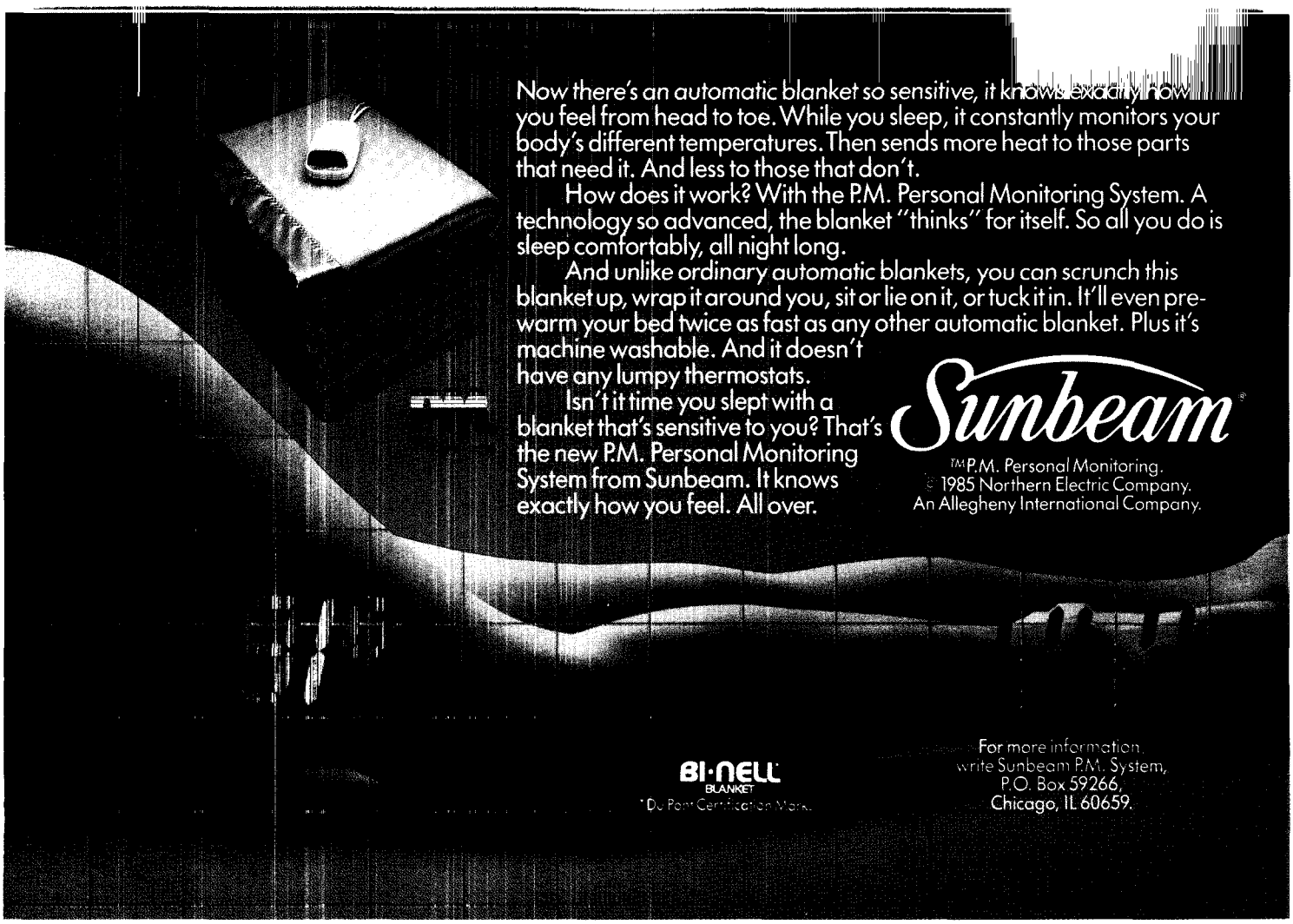
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For more information, write Sunbeam P.M. System, P.O. Box 59266, Chicago, IL 60659.

Recently I had a kidney stone converted to gravel at Methodist Hospital. I (and many others) thank you for your efforts in bringing this machine to Indianapolis. It has certainly saved many dollars in hospital costs by allowing one to return to a normal activity level quickly.

Robert Kirk
Indianapolis, Indiana

Hiccups

The May/June '86 *Post* had an article about hiccups and reports on efforts to control them. Through the years many suggestions have been made and nothing that I have read or heard of has been entirely effective in suppressing hiccups. I believe I have come upon a method that is immediately effective. It is simply deep breathing, not shallow breathing.

Two facts have been bracketed together. One is that hiccups are a signal that the blood supply is deficient in oxygen. Therefore, supply oxygen, and hiccups will stop. Oxygen enters the blood through the lungs, but only at the extreme end of the air passages. A paragraph on page 340 of the American Medical Association's book *Family Medical Guide* gives the process.

Essentially, the air entering the lungs carries oxygen which is passed into air passages which divide and subdivide into bronchioles. At the far end of the passages are balloonlike cavities through which the oxygen is passed from the lungs into the bloodstream. There are about 3,000 million of the cavities in the respiratory system. Through the thin walls of these alveoli the oxygen passes into the bloodstream. The blood carrying oxygen then passes to every part of the body where oxygen is essential to keeping the entire body viable. Oxygen is passed into the blood only at the point where the air passages are located at the extreme end. Hence, shallow breathing is not effective in ending an attack of hiccups.

So much for the facts. Now when I begin to hiccup, as I often do, I take a deep breath and that is the end of the attack.

Spectacular proof of the efficacy of deep breathing came to me during one of my stays in a hospital. A man in the room with me had a prolonged attack of hiccups following major surgery. For more than an hour his body was racked with spasms. Finally I suggested he try deep breathing three times. He took them and immediately the hiccups stopped. Shortly he was snoring peacefully.

Robert C. Kemper
Alton, Illinois

Familial Epilepsy

You have such good medical coverage in *The Saturday Evening Post,* so I am writing to you. I would like to see a good article on the subject of epilepsy. I would really like to know about the heredity of epilepsy. I have heard pro and con on the subject. My dad had epilepsy, and he drowned while having a seizure at the age of 46. I had epilepsy from the age of 14 until I was 21. I did have some seizures after my first brain tumor at the age of 35. My son Brian started having them at the age of 6 and he is now 21. My daughter Beth started having epilepsy at the age of 8 and she is 19 now.

Mary Jones
Canton, Ohio

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What a Pickle

In answer to Renee Hallett's letter in the September '86 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* about her mother that has diabetes, I am enclosing a recipe for pickles that contain no sugar. They are very simple to make, and are delicious. I hope she will try it, and like it.

Saccharin Pickles

Small pickles
2 quarts vinegar
2 quarts water
1 cup dry mustard
3 teaspoons powdered saccharin
1 clove garlic

Scald jars, add pickles, and the well-mixed ingredients above in each jar. Seal tightly.

If powdered saccharin is not available, ask your pharmacist how many grains to use, and the difference powdered or tablet form would make.

Mrs. Francis Hinds
Oil City, Pennsylvania

Ringing above the Collar

I was interested in the letter of Marina Herzog, "Mal de Ménière" (September '86), inasmuch as I suffered from Ménière's disease for over three years and, although I consulted the best ENT doctors in this "medical" city, I was not offered any help. Tests were done to rule out tumors, etc. The ringing, zinging noises in my ear accompanied by dizziness which immobilized me, together with vomiting and diarrhea, made life most unpleasant.

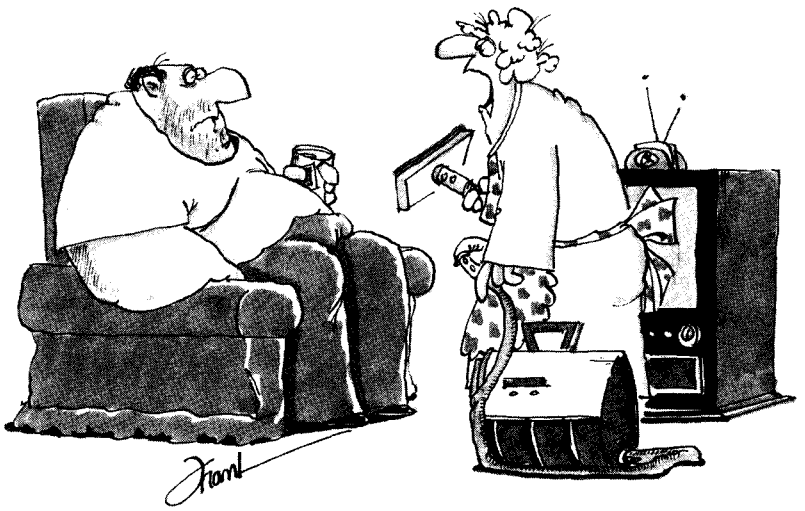
I was made aware of help through a physician friend of mine whose husband had suffered similar symptoms and did not get help until he ran across an article suggesting that high doses of nicotinic acid and certain B vitamins might help. It did. I finally located a reputable ENT doctor in another city who used the treatment with his patients with success. He put me on nicotinic acid (Nicobid) 125 mg twice daily, plus a B-vitamin preparation. I responded almost immediately and have been free of attacks, continuing now for almost a year on the treatment. The loss of hearing in my ear has been significant but the tinnitus and dizziness are controlled.

Clarice Bandow
Madison, Wisconsin

Vitiligo

In response to Mary Szilasi's letter concerning vitiligo in the September '86 issue of the *Post*, I have had the condition for several years. The American Academy of Dermatology, 1567 Maple Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60201, has pamphlets on the condition. Trioxalen treatments work less than 50 percent of the time on this pigment-destroying condition.

J. Travers
Santa Ana, California



"Raise your feet. I want to clean the stadium."

Lactose Intolerant

You mentioned Lactaid, to be used in milk, in an article or letter in *The Saturday Evening Post*. A year ago I was advised by my doctor to use this product in my milk and I can say it has really helped me with problems of gas.

I would like a copy of your colitis diet as I feel it would help me also as I have periods of colitis.

I can hardly find Lactaid in local drugstores. I order it from AARP.

Clara Wilkening
Bluff City, Tennessee

Fishy Excuse

I was at my dentist's office and was happy to see a copy of the *Post*. It brought back memories of a certain day over 50 years ago.

At lunchtime all the students were eating in the classroom, when a teacher asked me if I would go on an errand for her to get a sardine sandwich on toast. I went to the junior-high-school cafeteria looking for the sandwich, then ran to drugstores and local restaurants near our grammar school, but couldn't find her sandwich. When I came back to her classroom she was very upset that I was so long. I told her no one had a sardine sandwich on toast. She shrieked, "I asked for *The Saturday Evening Post*!" Out I ran to the drugstore and got her magazine. It still makes me laugh to think of that day.

Pat King
Glenview, Illinois

By Cracker!

Your magazine is superb! I enjoy Scottish "oatcakes" (a crisp cracker made of oat flour), but I have found none made in the United States commercially. I would appreciate this recommendation passed on to manufacturers.

I have several good recipes for homemade oatcakes if anyone is interested.

Nancy Eckert
Athens, Texas

Editor's Note: We're all interested in your recipes for homemade oatcakes!

You *Can* Go Home Again

"Little Houses on the Prairie" in the July/August '86 issue has over-

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D. **Lowell Davis**
"Feelin' His Oats"
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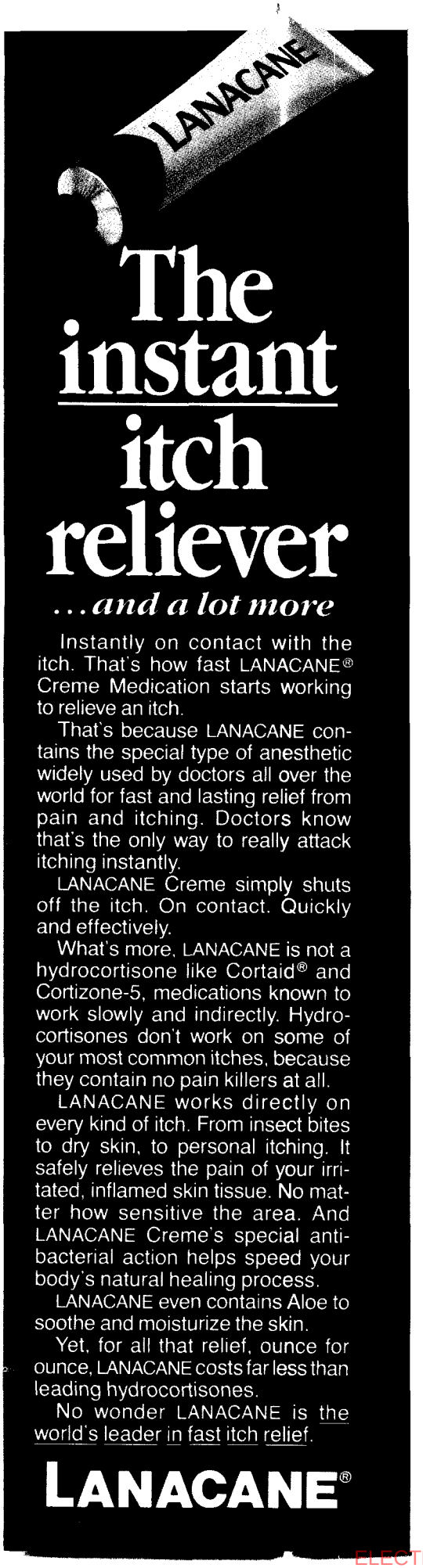
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whelmed me with nostalgic recollections.

I grew up in the De Smet, South Dakota, area, the longtime home of the Ingalls family and artist Harvey Dunn. In 1932 I came East but have long been aware that both Laura and Harvey have been deservedly memorialized in their home community.

This article by William T. Anderson is so precise, so informative, and so succinct that I have made up my mind to return to my "roots" in October to see firsthand what has been done to the old Wilder haunts, and to view the Dunn collection at the South Dakota Memorial Art Center at the state university in Brookings.

A tidbit of history concerning De Smet: The name memorialized a Belgian priest, Father De Smet. He explored the Missouri River but never did come close to the town site that bears his name. As railroads were built, the railroad companies made provisions for community business centers at intervals of about ten miles. The companies provided names, but honored local suggestions. In this case there were many, so the agreement was reached that all proposals should be put in a hat and the first one pulled out should be the winner. It was De Smet.

Do continue to make the *Post* the hands-down winner in feature-story reading.

Ray H. Smith
Frederick, Maryland

Malignant Melanoma

Again your articles and photos of malignant moles have saved a life.

In a recent issue the photo of a melanoma mole caught my eye, and I realized it almost perfectly matched the one on my husband's upper back. With a little coercion he had his examined, and the surgeon did catch the malignant melanoma in its beginning stages.

He will carry a scar on his back but not the melanoma. Thank you!

Bette Killion
Address withheld

Easy as ABC

It was a delightful article concerning Sue Dickson and her "Sing, Spell, Read & Write" curriculum. That is the way we learned to read in the "teens" and I can't recall any problems with illiteracy, and learning was fun. The English language is like the people in the United States who use it —a melding of words from many languages and very interesting to learn it and its origins.

I am concerned, however, about "Cutting Your Medical Bills," and buying drugs at chain drugstores rather than independent druggists. Drug Emporium, such a chain drugstore that has been selling discontinued, outdated drugs, was fined recently more than half a million dollars. *U.S. News and World Report* (December 3, 1985) outlines the "big profit in deals for pharmaceutical products that may be ineffective or outright counterfeits."

Some people are confirmed "pill poppers," thinking "the more the better" will restore health, and "low-cost medicines" appeal to them. A conscientious, well-trained pharmacist is often a "guardian angel" in that he can detect serious side effects or reactions to drugs he is dispensing and perhaps alert the attending physician of such.

F. Zetty
Columbus, Ohio

I was so impressed by the Sing, Spell, Read & Write article that I ordered the complete program so our company can set up a reading school for our employees and their children.

We intend to invite people we do business with to attend our school. Illiteracy costs us all a ton of money. Now we can really do something about it at the grass-roots level.

Thank you for publishing the piece, and please extend our gratitude to Holly G. Miller.

James J. Milne
Bellevue, Washington

Slow-Mag Lag

A customer informed me that your May/June '86 issue carried an article by Bill Still pertaining to a slow-release magnesium tablet. I have not been able to locate such a tablet. I would appreciate your forwarding a copy of this letter to Mr. Still. We have had several requests and that prompts my action.

J. H. Brezinski, Reg. Ph.
Milton Pharmacy
Oak Ridge, New Jersey

Editor's Note: You may order Slow-Mag time-release magnesium chloride by writing to: Healthcare Technologies, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

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WITHOUT A PRUDENTIAL RETIREMENT REVIEW TODAY, THE COST OF LIVING MAY LEAVE YOU SHORT OF CASH TOMORROW.

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Post People

With two Grammys and a gold record to her credit, gospel's ***Sandi Patti*** should be a household name. Still, when her rendition of the "Star-Spangled Banner" closed Liberty-weekend festivities in July, more than 1,000 startled TV viewers called the ABC switchboard wondering, "Who *was* that voice?" So stirring was the performance that Sandi was drafted by the U.S. Army and the National Football League for encores. A summer swing through Europe wowed residents of American military bases. Her latest concert tour includes stops in Denver and Chicago for pregame NFL pomp and pompons.

"My father was going to devote his life to peace," recalls ***Camelia Sadat***, the daughter of Egypt's late Anwar Sadat. In his memory, Camelia hopes to aid the peace process by founding the Sadat Peace Institute, which will underwrite scholarships and exchange programs.

"The day my father announced he was going to Jerusalem, the Arab nation called for his assassination," Camelia says. Later, Sadat wrote his epitaph. She recites it by heart: "President Mohammed Anwar el Sadat, / Hero of war, hero of peace, / Lived for peace, martyred for his principles."

The much-traveled "Today Show" weatherman ***Willard Scott*** has been the recipient of many keys to many cities, but being named an honorary resident of Wormingham is a first for the NBC veteran. The vote of the citizenry was unanimous, according to Mary Anne Barothy and Michael Ruggiero, the representatives of Perennial Pictures Film Corporation, which produces Mirthworm films. Wormingham—as video fans know—is inhabited by Mirthworms, animated characters featured in such films as "A Merry Mirthworm Christmas" and "A Mirthworm Masquerade."

Holly Coors

Preserving a piece of history is one of ***Carol Laxalt***'s favorite causes. The photogenic wife of Nevada's Sen. Paul Laxalt actively supports the restoration of Ford's Theater by assisting in the historic facility's annual fund raiser. The theater, site of Lincoln's assassination, today houses a collection of Lincoln's memorabilia.

Where's the "Beav"?

Back on television, of course. Not that he and his famous sidekicks ever left. Besides "I Love Lucy," "Leave It to Beaver" is the only show to enjoy a continuous run (thanks to reruns) since it debuted in 1957. The updated version, however, features key characters from the original sitcom: Beaver (***Jerry Mathers***), June Cleaver (***Barbara Billingsley***), and Wally (***Tony Dow***).

Trivia time: What imaginary town was home for the Cleaver clan? Bonus: Name two of the boys' best buddies. (If you remember Mayfield and the neighborhood pals Lumpy Rutherford and Eddie Haskell, you qualify as a bona-fide Beaver buff.)

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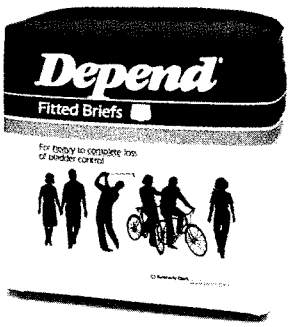

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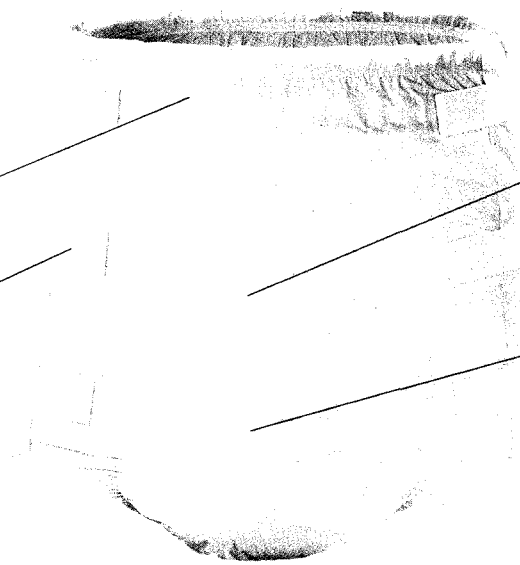

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WHY FATHERS ARE A CUT ABOVE THEIR SONS

by Bob Greene

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

There is only one major difference between my generation of men and my father's generation of men.

My father's generation knew how to carve a roast.

This occurred to me the other day when a male friend of mine, in a state of panic, was frantically looking through cookbooks. The reason was that he and his wife were having people over to dinner, and he was going to have to carve the turkey.

My friend had no idea how to carve a turkey, just as he had no idea how to carve a roast. Ever since his wife had casually announced that the dinner menu would consist of turkey, he had been losing sleep and imagining how he would react at the big moment. The guests would be seated at the dinner table, the wife would carry the steaming turkey from the kitchen, everyone would lean expectantly toward his plate . . . and my friend would stand there, carving utensils in his hands, without a clue about where to start cutting.

I sympathized. Like my friend, I haven't the foggiest idea how to carve a turkey. And let's be honest: Turkeys are generally eaten only on special occasions. The real test of a man's carving skills is whether he can carve a roast. I can't do that, either.

I have taken an informal survey of men in their late 20s, their 30s, and their early 40s. It is almost unanimous: Virtually none of us can carve a roast.

Carving a roast used to be the very definition of manhood. If you were a husband and father, you were the person responsible for hacking up the meat. Maybe you never went near the kitchen—but when the meat was carried out to the dining table, it was your turn at bat.

Most of my memories of childhood tend to get a little foggy, but in the meat department the scenes are crystal clear:

We would be at the dinner table. The meat would be hunkered down on a wooden base; it seems to me now that the meat and the base were placed on some sort of separate small table right next to the dining table itself, but I can't be sure about that. In any event, there were little troughs cut into the wooden base, to catch the juices from the roast.

This whole setup was just to my father's left; my father, of course, sat at the head of the table. He had been home from work for about 45 minutes; he was still wearing his white shirt and tie from the office, although he had taken off his suit jacket, and now he had another duty—he had to carve the roast.

I recall him holding utensils in both hands—this is getting dim, but it seems that there was a long, wooden-handled knife in one hand, and in the other hand an elongated rod used to sharpen the knife. I sense him running the knife back and forth over the sharpener; logically the sharpener should have been replaced by a fork or another knife at some point, but I'm not sure. Not knowing how to carve a roast, I have no idea of what the correct tools were, or are.

My father would ask each of us how much we wanted. Then he would carve. We would each pass our plates to him. He would carve precisely the right amount of meat, then put it on the plates. And then we would eat.

This all sounds simple enough. It's deeply symbolic, though. What happened between generations? One day there was a whole country filled with men who knew how to carve roasts. The next day the same country was filled with men who couldn't carve a roast if a gun were held to their heads. Who taught our fathers? Why didn't our fathers teach us?

Social custom undoubtedly has had a lot to do with this. During our fathers' generation, families did not eat meals boiled inside plastic bags in individual portions; families did not eat meals heated under tin-foil coverings. As odd as it sounds now, families shared meat cut from the same slab of beef; there was actually food that didn't come precut and enclosed in cardboard with a colorful picture of itself printed on top.

Also—and I may be wrong here—it seems that people did not eat out as much then as people do now. Today restaurants have become almost an entertainment medium; people have become used to eating in restaurants so often that restaurants are reviewed and rated by critics just like movies and plays. And of course the fast-food places have added a dining alter-

continued on page 111

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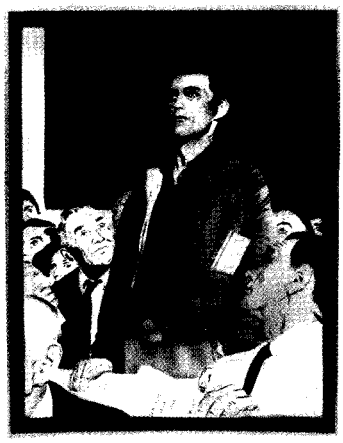

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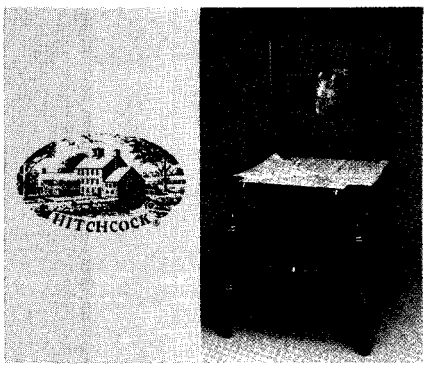

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THE RETURN OF THE LEGENDARY LUPIN

A favorite legume of ancient Rome is now headed for American tables in several new forms, including a high-protein, nonstick pasta.

by Charles W. Phillips

Legendary lupins are protein-packed pods with a past. Munched on by Roman emperors, endorsed by Hippocrates, and preserved at Pompeii, the high-in-lysine little beans have been soaked to sweetness for centuries. But look out—they're about to be "discovered" again, this time with a twist.

Though there may be nothing new under the sun, there's definitely something new under the sauce. Sweet lupin flour is now the base of such nutritious noodles as spaghetti, macaroni, and rigatoni. Health-food stores are stocking these pasta products, and naturalists are touting the bountiful bean as a discovery equal to sliced bread. In fact, bread baked with lupin flour or a lupin-triticale blend is described by an innovative Minnesota baker as a "hot item" in the marketplace.

Lupins might have forfeited this new wave of interest had determined German plant breeders not launched plans 60 years ago to screen thousands of lupin plants. Their goal was to identify and then to cultivate a "sweet" variety, free of bitter alkaloids. Nature had endowed these legumes with bitterness to ward off pests and predators. But man could fool mother nature. In fact, before the researchers ever began, farmers learned that if they washed the beans and soaked them for at least a week, an incredible edible resulted.

Early fans of lupins probably didn't appreciate the beans' high protein content or their richness in amino acids, lysine, threonine, and methionine. The beans merely tasted good, and that was good enough. They doubled as vegetables, added zip to antipasto, created satisfying gruel for babies, could be fed to livestock, and enriched the overworked soil. To this day, in several underdeveloped parts of the world, the wild strain of lupins is grown, harvested, soaked for days, and then eaten. Happily, the process is simpler stateside, where sweet lupins flourish, producing as much protein per acre as soybeans, at a far lower cost.

Lovely lupins aren't just good to look at; their fiber-filled beans can be made into "incredible, edible" breads and pastas.

"This is an extraordinarily functional source of dietary fiber," explains Victor Gary Riestenberg, the director of food development at Good Earth Agri Products, Perham, Minnesota. "The sweet lupin hull flour is 87 percent dietary fiber and blends well into traditional white-flour-based foods without tainting them brown or making them coarse or heavy. In fact, we find the addition of sweet lupin creates finer textured baked goods that retain moisture and stay fresh longer."

Lupins take on even broader nutritional value when combined with triticale flour, a cross between durum wheat and natural rye. (The name triticale is a mix of the Latin words for wheat, *triticum*, and rye, *secale*. Each grain has its own qualities, but grains grown side by side cross-pollinate to produce seeds with characteristics of both. The resulting plant, dubbed triticale, became a commercial crop in the 1950s, thanks to experiments by Canadian scientists.) Triticale's nutty flavor, high fiber, and lysine, which blend well with lupins, bring added moistness, body, texture, flavor, and of course, nutrition.

Together, lupins and triticale combine in such balanced food products as "pasta with a plus." The plus factor is the high-fiber protein and lysine content. A pleasant "minus" should also be mentioned—this pasta has 14 percent fewer calories than the ordinary variety, and the noodles don't stick.

The harmonizing duo of lupins and triticale (or each as a solo performer) are "naturals" in recipes for granola, pizza crust, curried pilaf, and macaroni salad. Combined in pasta, they not only defy stickiness but also stand up well during reheating without collapsing into mush. On its own, triticale shows promise as the key ingredient in a distinctive natural bread; lupins can be munched as a condiment or used as a meat extender, much like soybeans.

Persons concerned about world hunger are eyeing these inexpensive crops with renewed interest. Different strains of lupins have been developed to mesh with a variety of growing conditions. Unlike soybeans, lupins don't require rich soil, costly processing, and transportation to and from processing facilities. A whole-grain food that can be grown in marginal soil, lupins actually help restore chemical balance to the acreage. Once

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harvested, they can be eaten green or dried and ground into meal or flour for use in gruel and baking.

Even for people unswayed by nutritional content, unconcerned with economic value, and unmoved by crop hardiness, lupins have something to offer. As the Caesars, Hippocrates, and the residents of Pompeii all knew, the beans taste good, and sometimes that's good enough.

Sunny Honey Breakfast Buns
(Makes 16 small rolls)

Combine and let stand until dissolved and frothy:
1 cup warm water
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon yeast

Add:
4 tablespoons oil
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup honey
½ cup water
1 cup lupin flour
3 cups unbleached flour
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Combine and knead 10 minutes. (You may knead in additional ½ cup unbleached flour as necessary.) Let dough rise until double.

Form into rolls. Place in greased 9"x13" pan. Brush with egg whites and sprinkle with sesame or poppy seeds. Let rise. Bake at 375° F. for 25 minutes.

Cottage Pasta Bake
(Makes 6 servings)

4 ounces lupin elbow macaroni
¼ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon margarine
1½ cups cream-style cottage cheese
1 cup dairy sour cream
2 teaspoons poppy seeds
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
Dash bottled hot-pepper sauce
Grated Parmesan cheese (optional)

Cook macaroni in large amount of boiling, salted water till tender; drain well. Cook onion and garlic in hot margarine till tender. Combine noodles and onion mixture. Stir in remaining ingredients except Parmesan. Turn into a 10"x 6"x2" baking dish. Bake at 350° F. for 25-30 minutes. Sprinkle with paprika and pass the Parmesan.

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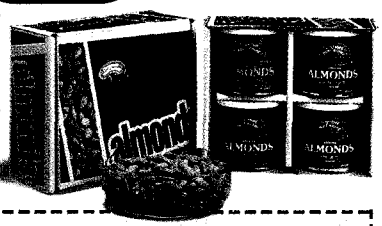

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APPLIANCES THAT CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

Don't let your water heater, washer/dryer, or other home conveniences take you to the cleaners.

by Jack Hayes

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Most home appliances look much as they did ten years ago. Refrigerators, ranges, water heaters, and dishwashers still come in the same familiar shapes and sizes, yet a substantial difference is barely noticeable to the consumer: Almost all run on less energy than ever before.

The Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers (AHAM) says the typical refrigerator, clothes washer, or dishwasher purchased today uses one-third less energy than its counterpart a decade ago used. Freezers, remarkably, run on less than half the energy they required in those more fuelish times, and air conditioners and gas clothes dryers are about one-sixth more efficient.

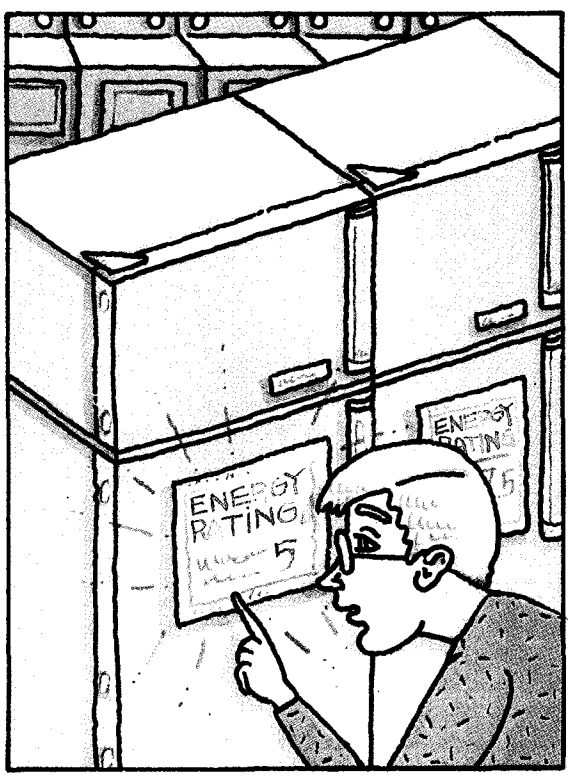
The result is energy savings for the consumer.

Just how much do individual appliances contribute to energy bills? Gulf Power Company, which serves the Florida Panhandle, gives the following breakdown:

heating and cooling ....42 percent
hot water .....27 percent
lighting and other
appliances .....31 percent

Refrigerators take about eight cents of every energy dollar; freezers, seven cents; clothes dryers, five cents; ranges, four cents; dishwashers, two cents; and clothes washers, one cent.

Homeowners who want to start saving money should think first about the big-ticket items: furnaces and air conditioners. The high-efficiency models sold today, which can save hundreds of dollars a year in operating costs, allow a quick payback for the investment.



Dollarwise, selecting an appliance with a high-energy rating makes good sense for homeowners.

Hot-water heaters that gobble more than a fourth of the typical homeowner's energy dollar also need attention. Units more than ten years old can be replaced with models that use solar-support or heat-recovery systems. But you don't have to buy a new appliance to reduce your water-heating expense. Insulating blankets installed on your existing unit will reduce heat loss and thus save you money.

Changing hot-water-use habits—in clothes-washing, dishwashing, and personal bathing—can also lead to savings. A survey by the Procter & Gamble Company reveals that the typical dishwasher is run 25 percent less than it was 15 years ago. In 1971 dishwashers ran an average of 416 cycles a year. By 1984 annual use had declined to 291 cycles.

The survey also showed a change in clothes-washing habits. In 1971 about one-fourth of all homeowners used a hot-water wash cycle followed by a warm-water rinse. By 1983 only 7 percent of homeowners were washing this way; 44 percent were using a warm-water wash cycle followed by a cold-water rinse.

"There's no reason in the world to use a warm-water rinse," says Jan Cooper, a consumer-education manager for the Maytag Company. The reason: It takes ten times more energy to heat the water for a warm rinse than to run the dryer for the extra time required for cold-rinsed clothes.

Personal habits also affect the efficiency of refrigerators and ranges. Studies show that energy consumption can vary by 30 percent among homeowners using the same model of refrigerator or cooking the same meals on the same model of stove.

Joy Schrage, a home economist at Whirlpool Corporation, has some suggestions for staying at the lower end of the energy-consumption spectrum. She recommends that homeowners spend a few minutes a month vacuuming the condenser coils on their refrigerators and freezers with a crevice-cleaning attachment. Dirty

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coils can waste a lot of energy, she says: "They get coated with dust—especially if you have a pet in the house that likes to lie in front of the refrigerator."

Often-opened refrigerator doors also cost extra money. Yet many people —especially children—"shop" for snacks with the door wide open. Schrage recommends locating snack foods in a specific spot to cut down on the time the door stays open. Some new models offer snack compartments reachable without opening the main door.

Oven doors are another temptation. Every time a heated oven is opened, the inside temperature drops 25 to 50 degrees. An oven with a window and a light is a smart investment for cooks who can't resist peeking. Pre-thawing of frozen foods will also save cooking time—and energy.

As for what kind of energy is cheapest—gas or electricity—there is no clear answer. Both have increased dramatically in cost in the past ten years. The price of a kilowatt-hour has doubled; the price of a therm of gas has tripled. Local price and availability as well as the cost of the hookup are key factors to weigh in deciding between gas and electric appliances.

Nevertheless, range-cooking and clothes-drying are still regarded as more efficient with gas. Maytag's Jan Cooper says two loads of clothes can be gas-dried for about the same cost as one load in an electric dryer. However, during their lifetime, gas ranges with standing pilot lights may use 30 percent more energy than those without.

Selecting an energy-efficient appliance has become one of the homeowner's simplest tasks. Since 1980, the Federal Trade Commission has required "EnergyGuide" labels on many large appliances. The most energy-efficient products tend to be the most expensive, but paying more may be worth it, considering, for example, that an efficient refrigerator may save you as much as $75 a year in operating costs.

The key to such energy savings is to fit the appliance to your family size and your expected needs. Don't be like the Florida woman who replaced her old 16-foot manual-defrost refrigerator with a 26-foot side-by-side model with automatic defrost and then called to ask if she couldn't just unplug it at night to save on electricity.

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SOLVING THE PUZZLE: MEDICATIONS AND YOUR MOUTH

If you are taking prescription drugs, it may be wise to brush up on the ways they can affect your teeth and gums.

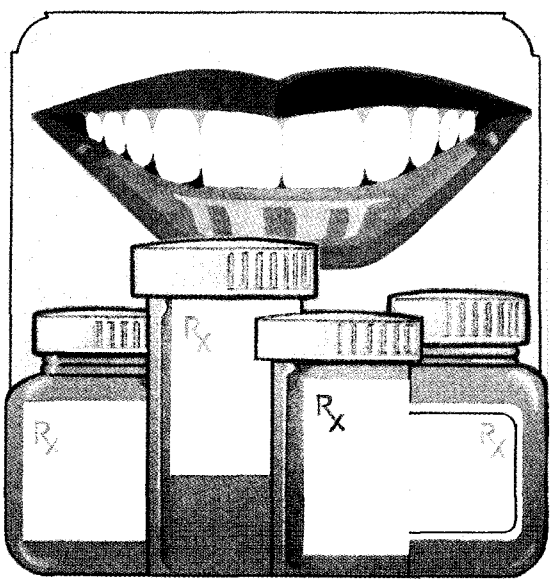
by Laurie S. Senz

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Judy Miller couldn't figure it out. She brushed her teeth and flossed regularly. So why, she wondered, were her gums growing puffier and redder each day?

Her dentist didn't have the answer, either. He asked her all the routine questions and even inquired about any medication she might be taking. "I'm not taking anything," Judy replied. "I'm healthy."

Judy was lucky. Before her gum inflammation grew worse, her dentist sent her to see Geraldine Ferris, a periodontist in Altamonte Springs, Florida. "If I didn't know better," Dr. Ferris said, "I would say you're experiencing a classic reaction to oral contraceptives."



"Oral contraceptives," Judy echoed. "Do you mean to tell me that my birth-control pills are causing my gum problems?" Dr. Ferris nodded. It wasn't the first time she had encountered a patient who regarded birth-control pills as a non-drug, not worth telling the dentist about.

"I see a lot of gingival effects from the birth-control pill," Dr. Ferris says. "It's very common. A lot of women taking it experience some oral effects, but not everyone needs treatment."

Dr. Ferris says birth-control pills can cause inflammation to gums and loose teeth and worsen existing periodontal disease. "The superficial changes include bleeding, puffiness, inflammation, itchiness, and soreness," she says. "In the later stages they can even include a loosening of the teeth. I've had a number of cases," she adds, "where the reaction was dramatic enough that the patient had to change her brand of birth-control pill or take one with a lower hormone content."

Unfortunately, the birth-control pill is not the only medication that can adversely affect the oral cavity. Such other commonly used drugs as Dilantin (used to treat epilepsy), Procardia, and Cyclosporin A tend to create a fibrous tissue that, if untreated, can overgrow teeth in much the same manner that ivy overgrows a wall. Deep pockets caused by this overgrowth of gum tissue may lead to periodontal disease. Even antibiotics can cause adverse side effects, says Dr. Diane Stern, an oral pathologist in Fort Lauderdale Lakes, Florida. "Women taking such antibiotics or steroid medication as prednisone are all susceptible to yeast infections," Dr. Stern says.

Another antibiotic, infection-fighting tetracycline, also has an oral drawback. Tetracycline given to a child whose primary teeth are still forming may cause permanent staining of the teeth, although the stains themselves may not become visible for several years afterward.

Probably the most common side effect of medications is dry-mouth syndrome. Symptoms of dry-mouth syndrome, or lack of saliva, include a need to sip fluids frequently throughout the day or to keep a glass of water by the bedside and an inability to chew a dry cracker without a liquid to wash it down. A lack of saliva may not sound like a serious problem, but it is. "As blood is to the body, saliva is to the mouth," explains Dr. Leo Sreebny, an oral pathologist and dry-mouth specialist of the School of Dental Medicine at the State University of New York at Stonybrook.

Saliva is not just water. It has in it many important properties vital to maintaining the health of our mouths, and some medications can interfere with this role. For instance, saliva. . .

—bathes the teeth and cleanses them of food particles;

—helps limit the growth of bacteria that can cause cavities and periodontal disease;

—preserves and remineralizes the teeth by bathing them with calcium and phosphorus;

—moisturizes, lubricates, and protects the delicate mouth tissues;

—aids in the digestive process by initiating the enzymatic breakdown of food;

—provides the moisture needed to enable the taste buds to do their job;

—helps you to swallow food.

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Roger Summers learned the effects of dry-mouth syndrome the hard way. A doctor had prescribed Elavil to treat Roger's depression. Roger suddenly discovered he was developing cavities. His dentist was perplexed about the cause of Roger's decaying teeth: Roger had been too embarrassed to tell his dentist about his medication.

Eighteen cavities later, Roger saw Dr. Sreebny. It didn't take Dr. Sreebny

continued on page 102

Drugs That Cause Dry Mouth

"The most common classes of drugs that can cause dry mouth," says Dr. Philip C. Fox, a senior investigator at the National Institute of Dental Research, "are the antihistamines and the anticholinergics that interfere with the involuntary nervous system. Other groups of drugs that can also dry up saliva secretions are tranquilizers, antidepressants, antipsychotics, antispasmodics, antihypertensives, diuretics, appetite suppressants, and certain anti-inflammatory drugs like Motrin." The following medications are just some of the approximately 400 drugs that can cause dry-mouth syndrome.

Brand Name	Drug Classification
Actifed	Antihistamine/ Decongestant
Benadryl	Antihistamine
Chlor-Trimeton	Antihistamine
Compazine	Antiemetic
Dimetane	Antihistamine
Dimetapp	Antihistamine/ Decongestant
Donnatal	Antispasmodic
Diuril	Diuretic/Anti-hypertensive
Elavil	Antidepressant
Eutonyl	Antihypertensive
Haldol	Tranquilizer
Ismelin	Antihypertensive
Lasix	Diuretic/Anti-hypertensive
Librium	Tranquilizer
Lomotil	Antidiarrhea
Ornade	Antihistamine/ Decongestant
Preludin	Appetite Suppressant
Serpasil	Antihypertensive
Sinequan	Antidepressant
Sudafed	Decongestant
Tenuate	Appetite Suppressant
Thorazine	Tranquilizer
Triavil	Antidepressant
Valium	Tranquilizer

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OPEN FORUM

REWARD: CELEBRITY WANTED

A physician's gloved finger can feel prostate cancer early enough to prevent lethal spread. Tragically, more than half our males don't avail themselves of this easy test.

by Rose Kushner

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller did it.

So did Shirley Temple and Julia Child.

And Ann Jillian is still doing it.

These celebrated women tell the world they lost their precious breasts to cancer and that the surgery hasn't ruined their lives.

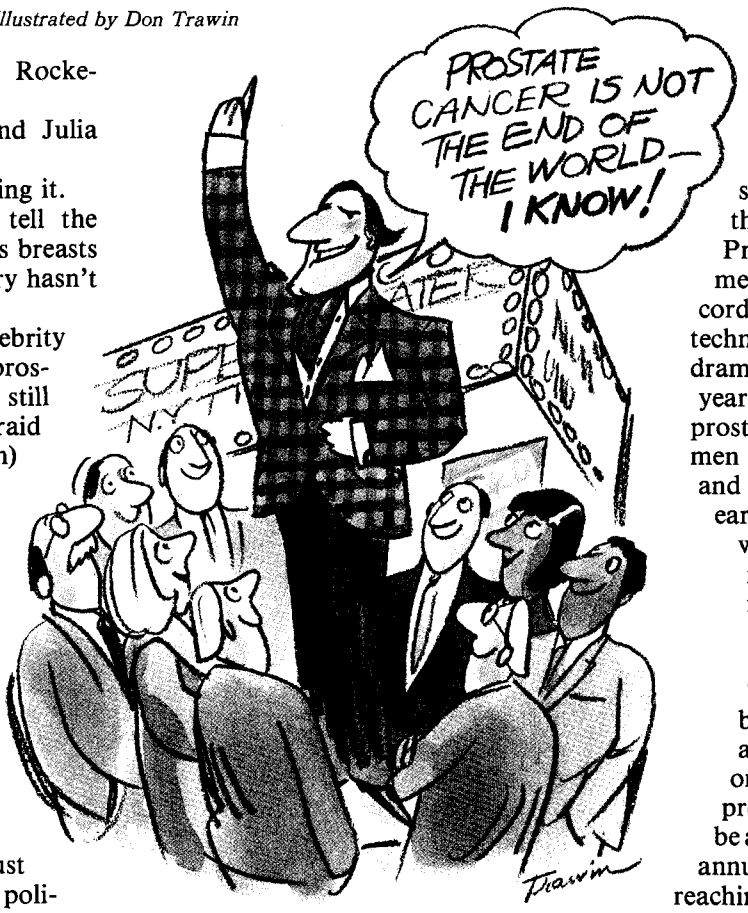
But not a single male celebrity has ever admitted losing his prostate gland. Why? Are men still quivering in "the closet," afraid that women (and other men) will think they've lost their masculinity?

It's not as if there aren't tens of thousands of males in the United States who could preach the gospel of early detection to their brothers. According to the American Cancer Society, 86,000 men were diagnosed and treated for prostate cancer in 1985, and about one million men are living with the disease. There must certainly be one well-known politician, movie star, or athlete among these hundreds of thousands of Americans who will stand up and claim a reward that's worth more than the best-paying lottery.

What would the lucky man win?

The satisfaction of knowing he helped saved the lives of about half the estimated 25,000 men who die of prostate cancer every year.

Thanks to courageous women like Ford, Rockefeller, Temple, Child, and Jillian, there's probably no woman in the country who doesn't know that a lump is a signal to make an appointment with her doctor for a breast exam. But no prominent prostate patient has come out of the closet to tell his brethren about the importance of making an appointment to have digital rectal exams of their prostate glands every year after their 40th birthdays.



What America needs is a male Betty Ford or Happy Rockefeller to stand up and announce there is life after prostate cancer.

Unlike breast cancers, prostate tumors can't be found by any type of self-examination; they have no easy-to-feel or easy-to-see symptoms. The only way to know if the walnut-sized gland, located high in a man's pelvis just below the bladder, is too large or too hard is by having a doctor's gloved finger palpate it by entering the rectum through the anus. That's what "digital rectal" means.

Is it possible that men refuse to let their doctors do the vital examination because it seems "undignified," perhaps uncomfortable?

Possible—but not probable.

The rush of men to doctors for proctoscopies and colonoscopies after President Reagan's intestinal tumor was found in the summer of '85 contradicts this theory.

Can it be that men are afraid loss of the gland will leave them impotent, infertile, and incontinent?

If this is the reason for men's refusal to be examined and reluctance to speak out, they must be told that times have changed. Prostate surgery no longer means loss of masculinity, according to experts. Surgical techniques have improved so dramatically within the past few years that treating a localized prostate cancer doesn't doom men to impotence, infertility, and incontinence—if it's found early and treated by a surgeon with training and experience in preserving the nerves surrounding the gland.

The key life- and manhood-saving words are "found and treated early" by "a surgeon with training and experience." Urologic oncologists believe radical prostatectomy would already be a medical relic if all men had annual digital rectal exams after reaching 40.

That's why men need a celebrity. Men need someone who will stand up and say, "My doctor did a digital rectal exam, found my tumor early, and knew how to do a prostatectomy without cutting any nerves. I'm not only alive but can satisfy my wife and could even have more children, if we wanted to." Apparently a disease has to attack a celebrity to break into television, and no such man, so far, has been willing to tell the world he's had his malignant prostate gland removed.

What would happen if movie and television idols announced that they no longer had their prostate glands

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but had dozens of women friends anyway? Men would line up outside urologists' offices to wait for digital rectal exams.

There's no other way to find a tumor early, before it has already spread beyond the gland itself. A prostate that's enlarged and hardened by cancer doesn't cause any symptoms until the tumor is advanced. It is wrapped around the urethra as it leaves the bladder, and symptoms of the disease that a man can notice—urinary difficulty and back pain—don't occur until it is too late to have life- and manhood-saving treatment.

Actually, the majority of men with prostate cancer have no symptoms at all, and this is why an annual digital rectal examination by a doctor is so important. If the prostate feels large or hard, a needle biopsy is done to see if any cancer cells are growing in it. Two blood tests—acid and alkaline phosphatase studies—can also be helpful in making an early diagnosis.

If a man doesn't see a doctor until he has pain, or if he finds blood in his urine, he probably has advanced disease —either stage C or D—and he is considered by most experts to be inoperable. Most treatments, surgery or radiation, are palliative; all hope of cure is gone.

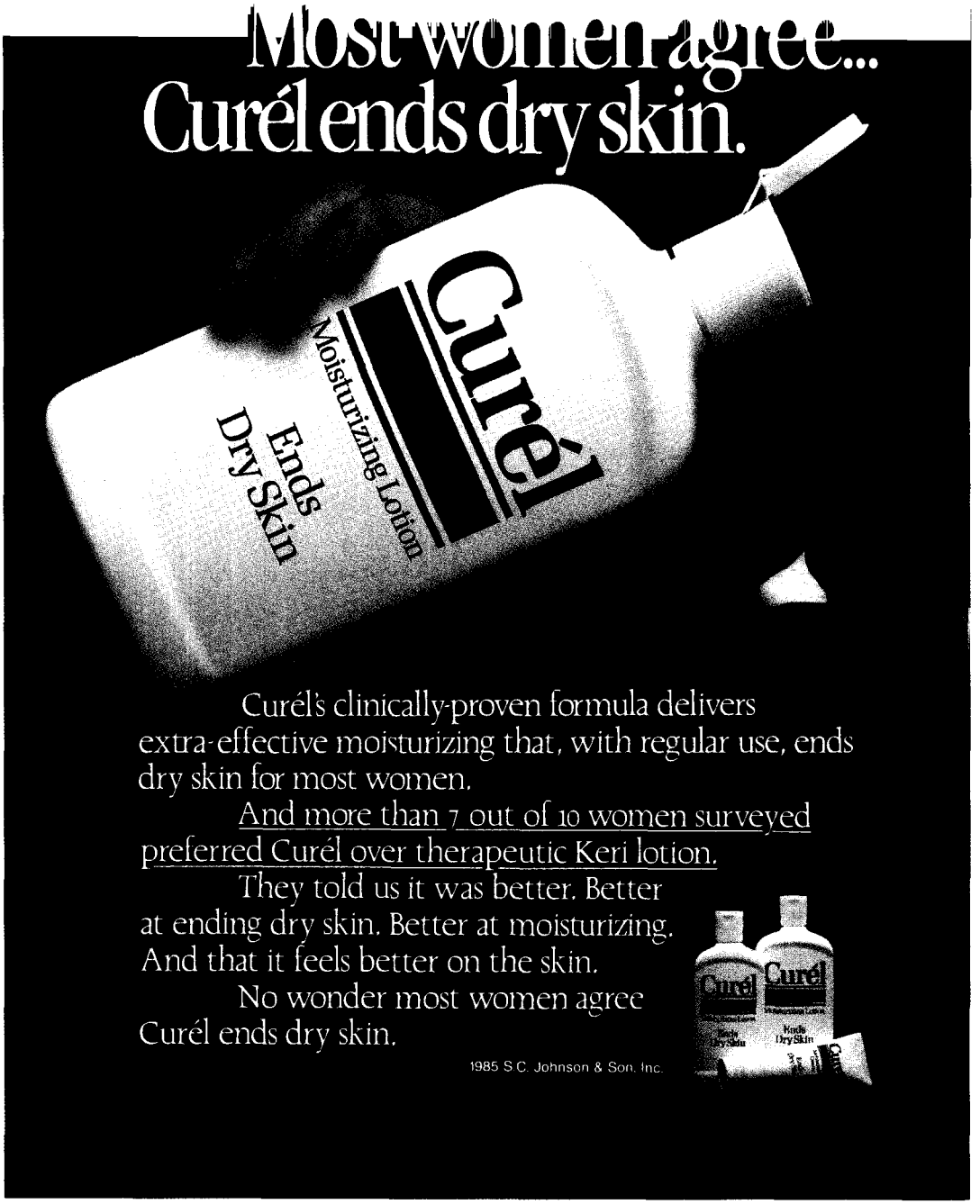
So women are far ahead of men. Women have early warning symptoms of breast cancer they can find themselves, and—thanks to newspapers, magazines, and such top-rated TV shows as "Dallas," "St. Elsewhere," and "Cagney and Lacey"—women know that finding the tumors early means their lives won't be changed.

Now men must be told that a prostatectomy doesn't have to mean severed nerves and muscles that can leave them impotent and incontinent —if the tumor is diagnosed early enough and the operation is done by a trained and experienced urologic surgeon. It's no longer necessary for thousands of terrified men to meekly follow their doctors into operating rooms for devastating surgery. Men need a celebrity to tell them that having annual digital rectal exams may give them life without penile implants and diapers.

Several years ago, a national television reporter decided that the time had come to do something about this information gap. She searched in vain for a prominent prostate patient to introduce a talk show on which experts would debate various therapies. Finally, she was forced to invite a woman who had fought for choices in breast-cancer treatment—but the program never appeared. The producer thought it inappropriate for a female to argue that males be offered various available treatment options for prostate cancer. So, because no man was courageous enough to admit he had the disease, millions of television viewers lost the chance to learn about this common male malignancy.

When the prospective emcee was told the show was scrapped, she wasn't surprised. "Men just won't go public like women have," she told the reporter. "That's what it would take to make men aware of how important digital rectal exams are to find prostate cancer early so they don't need radical surgery.

"It's just like breast cancer was. If a celebrity finally stands up and speaks up, we women will fight for their rights too."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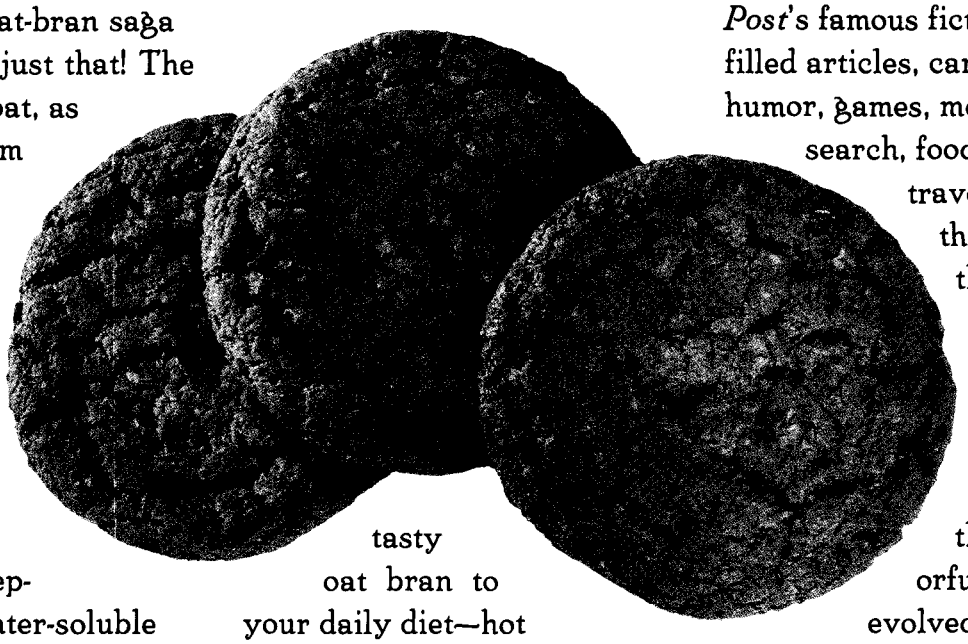

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Dr. James Anderson

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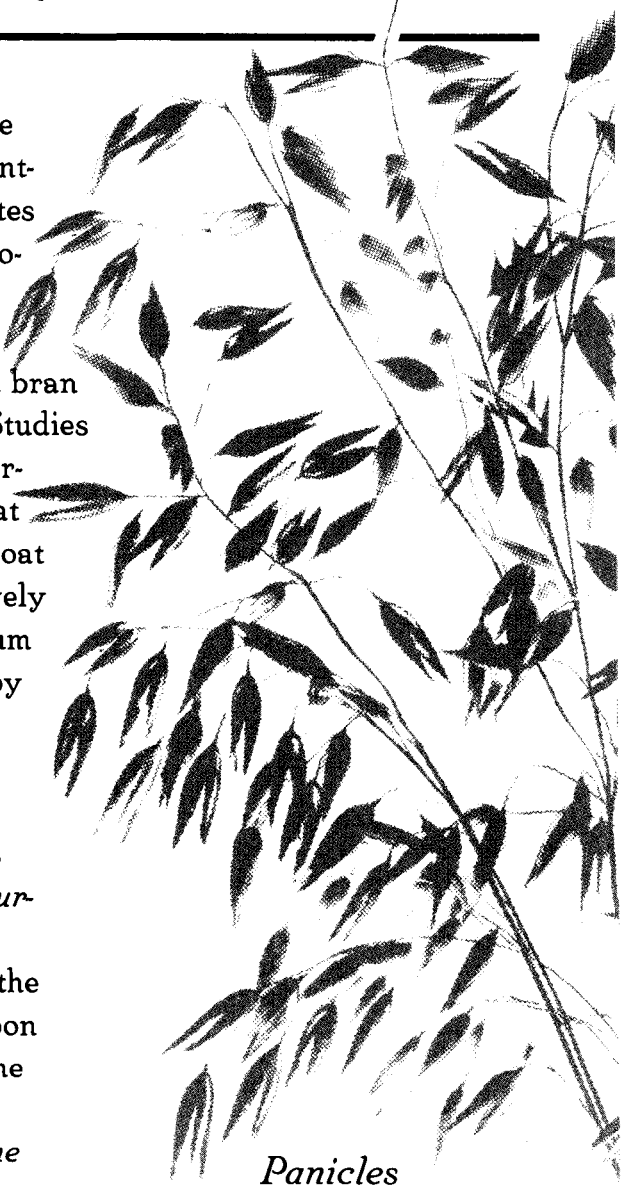

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A SUMPTUOUS THANKSGIVING MADE SIMPLE

Whether you're talking turkey for 2 or 12, you can make it easy with this step-by-step guide to a delicious, mostly microwave meal.

by Jacquelyn Nyenhuis

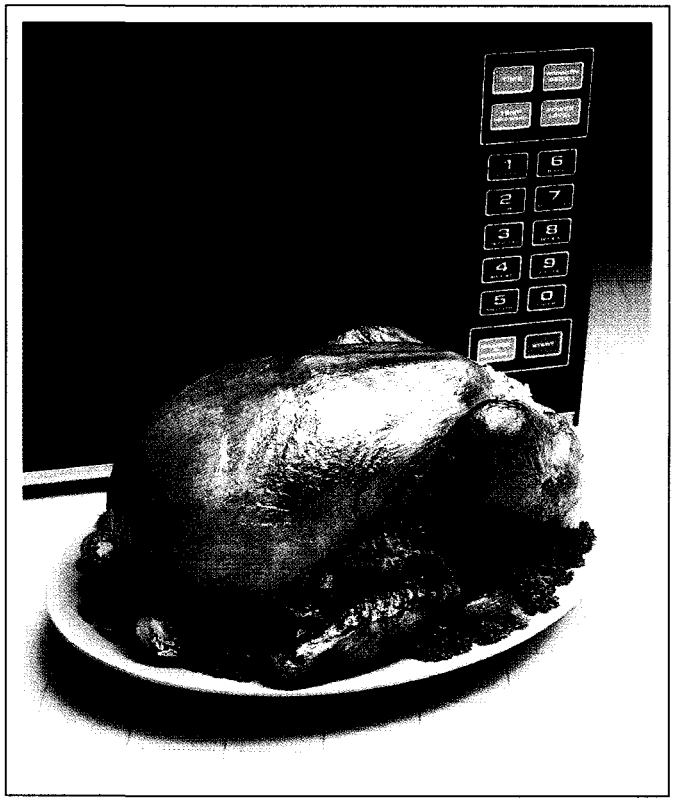
Preparing Thanksgiving turkey with the trimmings is a tall order, even for the most experienced of cooks. To save you time and peace of mind when the holiday comes around, we've devised a menu with a step-by-step time guide for a feast that serves up to 12. The menu features traditional Thanksgiving foods that adapt well to the microwave.

The turkey is cooked first in the microwave, and then browned in the conventional oven just before serving. The result is an extra-moist bird with a crisp, golden crust. This method works well because it frees the microwave oven the hour just before serving so that side dishes can be microwaved too.

Wild rice, favored for its nutty flavor and high fiber content, is a perfect side dish for turkey. Shaped into a ring, with a filling of snow peas, it makes a handsome addition to a festive Thanksgiving table.

Soufflés have a reputation for being difficult to prepare and easy to ruin, but our Soufflé Stuffed Sweet Potato shells come out light and fluffy every time. The delicious filling is made with the potato pulp combined with seasonings and fluffy whipped egg whites.

To facilitate preparation, the rice, snow peas, sweet potatoes, and salad can all be made a day in advance, then heated a few minutes before serving.



Menu:

Seasoned Tom Turkey
Wild Rice Dressing with Snow Peas
Whole-Wheat Rolls
Soufflé Stuffed Sweet Potatoes
Cranapple Molded Salad

Two days before cooking:
1. Place turkey in drip pan and place in refrigerator to thaw.
2. Prepare turkey broth as directed in tip for Wild Rice Dressing. (See recipe next page.)

Day before:
1. Prepare Wild Rice Dressing, cover, and refrigerate.
2. Prepare Soufflé Stuffed Sweet Potatoes. (See below.)
3. Prepare Cranapple Molded Salad. (See below.)

Early in the morning:
1. Set table.
2. Unmold gelatin, cover, and refrigerate.

Three hours before meal:
1. Prepare turkey and microwave as directed.

One hour before meal:
1. Place turkey in conventional oven.

Thirty minutes before meal:
1. Arrange pea pods in rice ring.
2. Heat rice ring and pea pods as directed.
3. Heat Soufflé Stuffed Sweet Potatoes as directed.

Fifteen minutes before serving:
1. Carve turkey.
2. Heat whole-wheat rolls 2-3 minutes or until warm.

Perfect Turkey Every Time
(Makes 12 servings)

14-pound turkey, thawed
2 apples, quartered
1 medium onion, quartered
1 stalk celery, quartered
Margarine or unsalted butter
Onion powder
Poultry seasoning

When turkey is completely thawed, remove giblets and set aside. Remove any excess fat from cavity. Wash turkey well; pat dry. Place apple, onion, and celery in main cavity. Sew opening closed and tie wings to body. Secure legs with string. Wrap wing tips to prevent overcooking. Place turkey breast-side down on microwave roasting rack or in 9"x13" baking dish.

Cover turkey loosely with wax paper. Microwave at High (100%) for 35 minutes. Cover. Microwave at High until heated through (30-35 minutes). Microwave margarine, onion powder, and poultry seasoning in small glass dish on High until margarine is melted (1-1½ minutes). Brush the turkey breast with melted mixture.

Bake, uncovered, in preheated 375° F. oven 40-60 minutes or until golden brown and meat thermometer registers 165° F. Let stand 15 minutes before carving.

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Wild Rice Dressing with Snow Peas
(Makes 12 servings)

2 cups wild rice
*5 cups defatted turkey broth**
1 medium onion, chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 cups sliced mushrooms
1 tablespoon parsley
1 teaspoon salt substitute, if desired
¼ teaspoon thyme
½ cup slivered almonds
1 teaspoon cooking oil
2 packages (6 oz. each) frozen snow-pea pods

Combine rice, turkey broth, onion, and garlic in 3-quart casserole. Cover with casserole lid. Microwave at High (100%) until boiling (10-12 minutes). Then microwave at Medium (50%) until rice is tender (35-40 minutes). Add mushrooms, parsley, salt substitute, and thyme; cover. Microwave at High until mushrooms are tender (3-4 minutes). Combine almonds and cooking oil in small dish. Microwave at High until lightly toasted (1-1½ minutes). Stir into rice mixture. Spoon rice mixture into 1½-quart ring dish and pack lightly. Turn rice out on serving platter. The rice ring can be covered and refrigerated up to 2 days.

Just before serving, place plastic liner that holds frozen pea pods under running water. Gently separate pea pods and arrange in center of rice ring. Cover with plastic wrap. Microwave at High until pods are tender (5-7 minutes).

*Tip: To make turkey broth, combine 6 cups water, 1 onion, 1 stalk celery, 5 peppercorns, 1 sprig parsley, and turkey giblets in 2-quart casserole dish. Microwave at High 15-20 minutes or until broth is seasoned. Strain broth; discard vegetables and giblets. Refrigerate broth so fat can easily be lifted from broth.

Soufflé Stuffed Sweet Potatoes
(Makes 12 servings)

Sweet potatoes need only a few seasonings to bring out the best flavor. Here is a holiday recipe that eliminates the fattening ingredients often added to sweet potatoes.

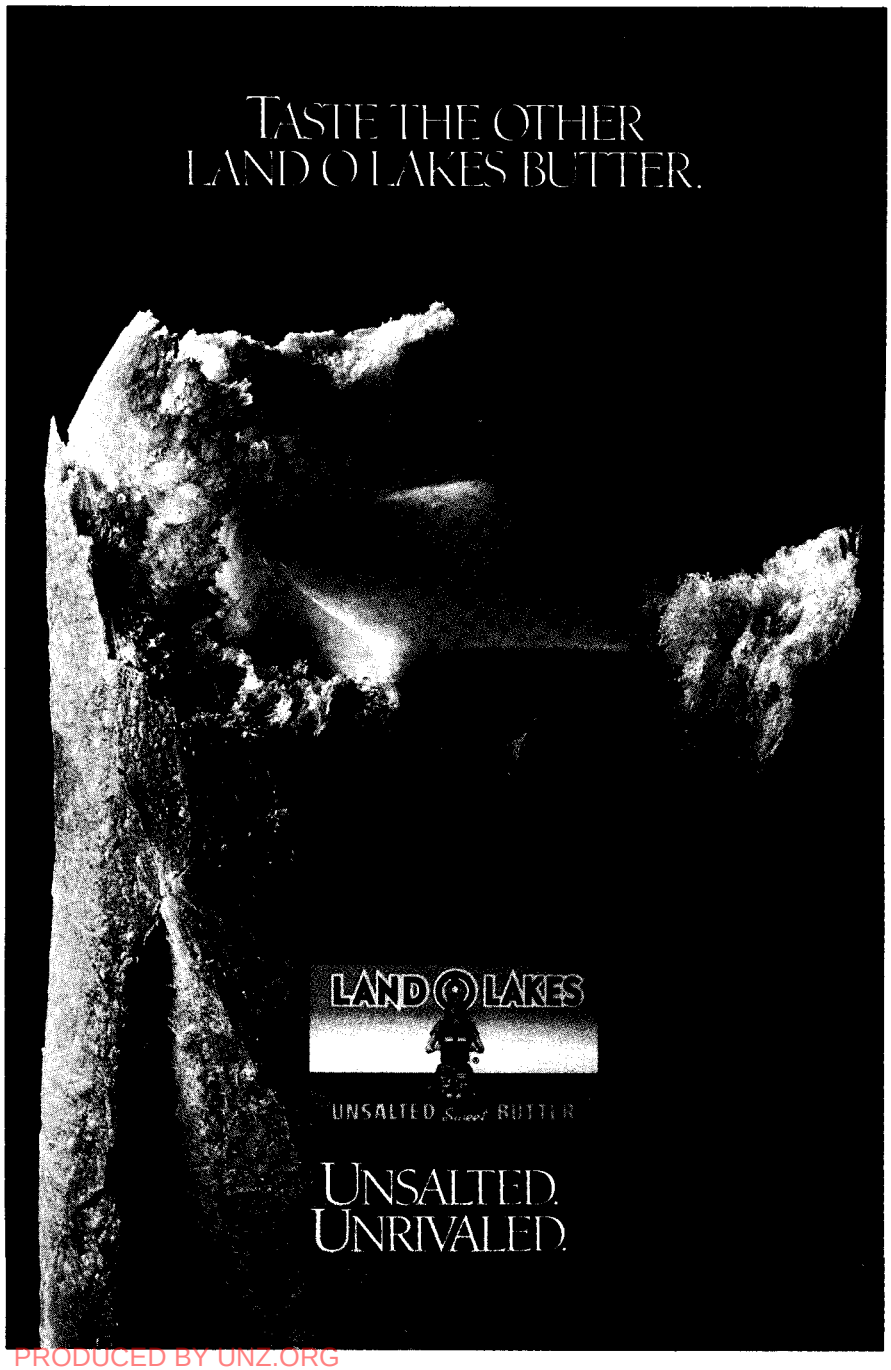
6 small sweet potatoes
½ teaspoon salt substitute, if desired
2 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon allspice
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup raisins
½ cup toasted pecans

Prick sweet potatoes several times with fork. Place in microwave on paper towel. Microwave at High (100%) until potatoes are tender (15-18 minutes); turn potatoes once during cooking. When potatoes are cool enough to handle, cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out centers and leave ¼" shell.

Combine potato pulp, salt substitute, egg yolks, and allspice in mixing bowl. Beat until smooth; add milk gradually. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar to form soft peaks. Fold egg whites and raisins into potato mixture. Spoon soufflé mixture into each potato shell. Top each potato with pecans. Place stuffed potatoes on serving platter. Cover with plastic wrap. Potatoes can be refrigerated up to 1 day before serving.

Just before serving, microwave stuffed potatoes on High until heated through (9-11 minutes).

continued on page 98



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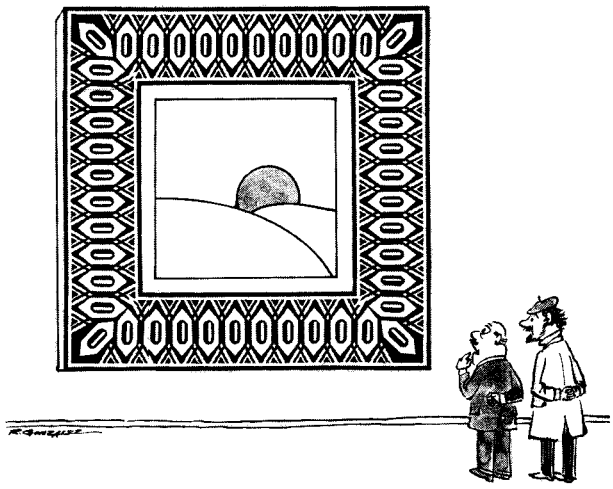
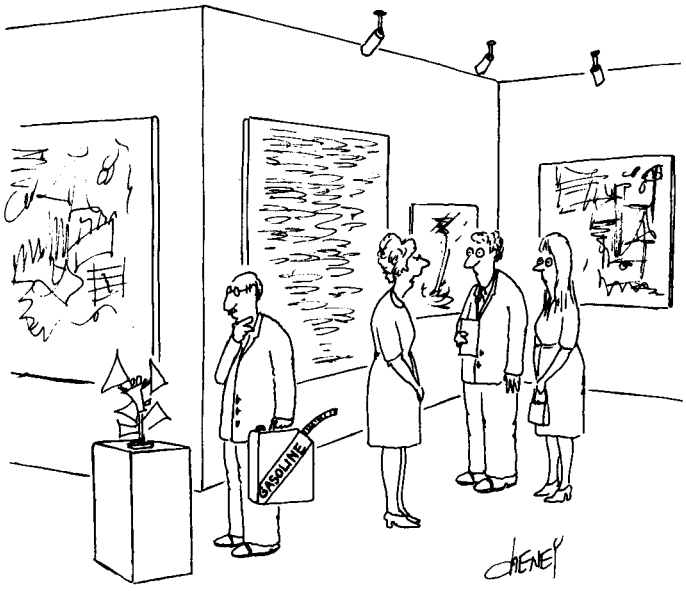
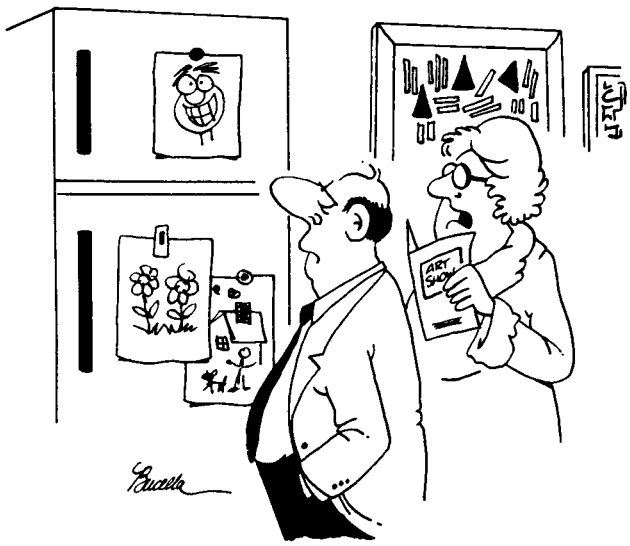
SM-ART ALECKS



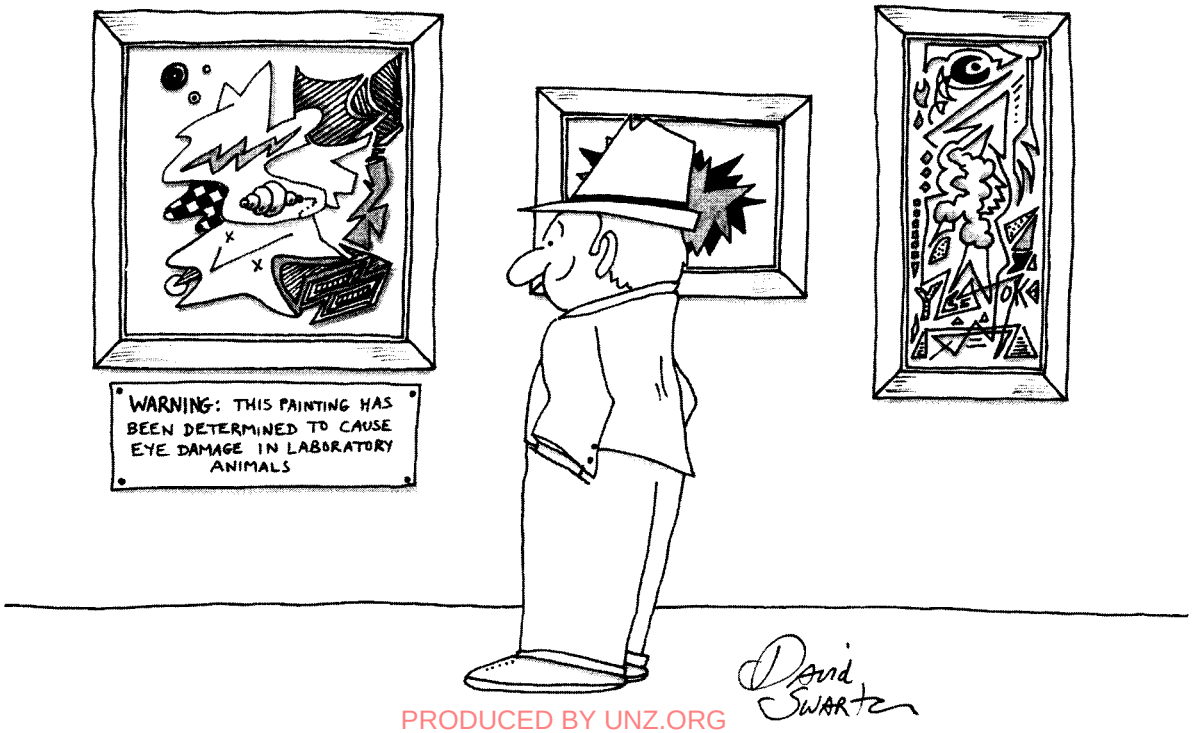
"I love your painting, but who do you say did your framing?"



"Charles has very strong opinions when it comes to art."



"These three are some of his earliest works."



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No. AL139TM.

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Quality you can see and feel

The materials in our kit may be better than those used in the original *Swift*. The keel section and frames are pre-cut plywood, ready for quick assembly. The *Swift's* hull is planked twice; once with thick, flexible limewood for strength, then overlaid with planks of African walnut for lasting beauty.

You don't have to make the fittings – we've done that for you. Our kit contains ready-to-use blocks and deadeyes of rare, yellow boxwood. We include eyelets, bracers and belaying pins – over 70 parts of solid brass! Even the cabin door hinges are brass, as are the 250 miniature nails you'll use to fasten the planking to the hull and deck. And, since the original wooden *Swift* had no plastic parts, our kit doesn't either – anywhere!

Creative? And how! Overwhelming? Not a bit! But be prepared for hours of the most challenging, engrossing, relaxing fun you've ever had.

An "everything you'll need" special offer, with free tools and handbook.

We want to introduce you to this great hobby, now! So we've made it easy for you to get started. Our special offer includes the *Swift* kit plus all the tools you'll need to build her: pliers, hammer, knife, file, tweezers, sandpaper, glue, wood oil, and more. You'll also receive a free copy of "Ship Models from Kits," a 110 page beginner's guide. You don't have to buy anything else. The tools normally cost $17; the book retails for $7.95. But they're yours, FREE when you buy the *Swift* kit at its regular low price of $29.95 (plus $3.00 for delivery).

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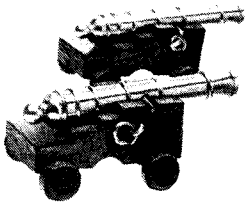

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VETS ON PETS

AVOIDING BAD-DOG SYNDROME

Don't be hounded by your pet's bad behavior—try some remedies that work.

by H. Ellen Whiteley, D.V.M.

Several years ago, when I was a relief veterinarian in New Orleans, a Mrs. Durosso brought in her two-year-old cocker spaniel, Goldfinger, to be defanged and declawed. "It's either the surgery or putting him to sleep," Mrs. Durosso moaned. "He is just plain mean!"

I had never had such a request before. I was at a loss to know what to do. Finally, I persuaded Mrs. Durosso to let me hospitalize Goldfinger and look for possible physical causes for his unreasonable behavior. It turned out Goldfinger was suffering from a problem rare in dogs: hyperkinesis, or hyperactivity, similar to the syndrome in human children. Goldfinger's disposition improved after medication and obedience training, though he was never likely to win any "Model Dog" awards. He did, however, live to lose his teeth to old age rather than to surgery.

Most dogs' behavior problems are not so severe or so difficult to diagnose as a Goldfinger's. They usually originate from instinctual and quite natural canine behaviors, often sustained by naïve owners. It's easier to nip such inappropriate behaviors in the bud with proper puppy training than to treat them after they've been reinforced through years of habit.

The most frequent complaints I receive from readers involve such destructive animal behavior as chewing and digging.

Inappropriate pet behavior is better nipped in the bud through proper puppy training than treated after years of habit.

Chewing

Puppies like to chew, especially when they are teething, but owners should not reinforce the chewing behavior by playing tug of war with a puppy or by allowing it to chew personal belongings, items easily destroyed, or items that resemble leather or fabric. Instead, give the puppy a meat-scented nylon bone, available at most pet stores. If the puppy continues to chew on the wrong objects, distract its attention and reintroduce the nylon bone.

Older dogs that chew because of boredom or separation anxiety should be treated with punishments and rewards. If your dog has selected one or two places to chew, try using remote punishment. Plant engaged mousetraps around the "chew" area to provide negative reinforcement. Or try one of the new punishment mats, powered by a nine-volt battery that generates intense, high-frequency sound waves when stepped upon by a pet. The sound emitted is inaudible to humans, but dogs find it extremely irritating.

If you prefer positive reinforcement, try instituting a daily exercise routine to keep your dog occupied. Schedule exercise at the same time daily, and try not to miss a day. When you leave, praise your pet and toss it a nylon chew bone. Heap additional praise upon your dog if it refrains from destructive chewing while you are away.

Digging

Many pet owners are dogged by another problem related to chewing: digging. Dogs dig for various reasons. Some dig from example, trying to mimic their owners, whom they have seen digging in the yard or garden. The treatment is simple: Don't let the dog watch you dig. Where I live in western Texas, dogs like to dig for prairie dogs. The best treatment—the only I know of—is to eliminate the prairie dogs.

Northern breeds of dogs often dig cool holes in which to escape the summer heat. The solution, short of air-conditioning the doghouse, is to provide a cool shelter. Boredom, again, may be the cause of most digging activities, and exercise, such as a game of ball in the area the dog likes to dig, may decrease digging. Teach your dog simple voice commands, such as "Come," "Sit," and "Lie Down," and use them when it is found digging. If all else fails, clip the dog's nails close and use remote punishment.

Barking

Perhaps nothing is more disturbing to dog owners and their neighbors than incessant barking. If you encourage your puppy to bark in the hope it will become a good watchdog, don't expect the dog to be quiet when guests arrive for dinner.

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Dogs bark out of boredom or loneliness, for vocal communication, and to protect their territories. Most become problem barkers if their behavior is rewarded—for example, by letting them in the house after they have barked at the door for five minutes.

The night barker that sleeps all day and bays all night should be run hard before bedtime to induce sleepiness. If barking has already become habitual, a spray with a water hose may help get the "stop barking" message across. Once you've started punishment, try to use it in every barking episode. Truly frustrated owners of barking dogs may resort to numerous ingenious devices, from muzzles to collars that produce electric shocks or shrill sounds when the dog begins vocalizing.

The best treatment is to correct barking in puppies before the behavior becomes a habit. An urban dog should be taught early to remain quiet upon voice command. You, the owner, should be the dominant figure, not the dog.

Soiling

Personally, I know of nothing more frustrating than supposedly "housetrained" dogs that have "accidents." The problem may arise from ill health and then continue as a habit after the dog has recovered. In such cases, you'll have to retrain the dog; it should be taken outdoors frequently and praised when it defecates or urinates in the proper place.

When your pet has an "accident," clean the soiled area immediately, preferably with the dog out of sight so it won't become addicted to the attention caused by the incident. Most materials can be cleaned with a solution of liquid detergent, warm water, and white vinegar (1/4 cup per quart), followed by a cool-water rinse. Do not use ammonia—it has a urine smell. Because dogs do not usually like to defecate where they eat and sleep, you might move the dog's bed and dishes to the area where the accidents occur.

Another kind of soiling is submissive urination, an unconscious act that occurs in response to dominant treatment. Punishing or scolding only makes submissive urination worse. Training to build the animal's confidence may be the best treatment. Teach the simple commands "Come," "Sit," and "Stay." Use a gentle voice and no physical force. Give praise even for small achievements. Crouch down when confronting the animal, and don't lean or stand over the dog; your behavior may be perceived as dominant by your dog.

Begging

For the begging dog, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Give absolutely no attention to a begging pup. Do not reward it with tidbits from the table. No dog needs the highly spiced table foods some owners like to offer as treats.

When dealing with a recalcitrant pet, keep in mind that, while you communicate verbally with your dog, it may be responding more to your movements, bearing, and tone of voice. Don't be too hasty to punish; many of our pets' bad behaviors are shaped by us.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. Whiteley:

We hope you can help a frustrated gardener!

We have a small, well-cared-for garden that attracts a neighborhood cat every evening. He scratches the soil and leaves his deposits for a regular morning cleanup. We can't plant any edibles such as lettuce, beans, etc.

What can we use or do to keep this nuisance from our garden which he claims is his?

The owners have the law for protection; we have none. We have purchased every repellent we know of, but nothing has helped.

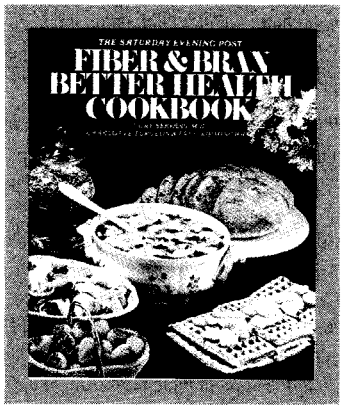
What advice can you give? Thank you for any help.

R. Omark
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear R.,

We have frustrations enough with our own animals without the added stress of someone else'. Your case may be the true test of remote punishment: Is there a way to install a sprinkler that activates at the approximate time of the cat's visits? Another suggestion is to create a new potty area for the cat in a more appropriate place.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.



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SPEAKING OUT

WHO SHOULD CONTROL EDUCATION?

We must find a way to put traditional values back in our schools without resorting to censorship or tyranny.

by Bob Slosser

A terrible tension is developing in this country: Who will control education? The dilemma provokes all manner of scare words—censorship, pornography, Marxism. Antagonists are manning the battlements.

First picture the father and mother who deplore the antitraditional values and the vulgarity they believe their 14-year-old daughter is being taught at public school. Then picture the crosstown couple up in arms against challenges like "obscene" or "anti-American" regarding their 14-year-old son's textbooks and assigned reading material.

The first couple want their child taught about the country's religious heritage, about the Biblical account of Creation as well as about the theory of evolution, about literature that does not depend upon explicit discussion of sex and violence or upon the use of dirty language.

The second couple want their child to be "free" to read anything, to grapple at an early age with the "realities" of life, to make his own judgments about religion, lifestyle, and history.

Complicating this stand-off is the role of professional educators. A majority of them, siding with the second couple (or indeed leading them), prefer to break the "anachronistic shackles" and to make the schools a "marketplace of ideas." They want the couple with traditional values to let the professionals run the schools.

Professional educators and the second couple—those emphasizing the freedom to "do your own thing"—have held a decided edge in American education for years. I'm not sure if their edge is the result of numbers or of decibels, but I tend to think it's the latter. Although this group has been forceful, hard working, and outspoken, I'm not sure it would carry the day in a public vote about who should be educating children.

I am convinced that parents are, beyond challenge, ultimately responsible for educating children. They hold final authority. In most cases, obviously, parents delegate a good deal of the teaching to others—usually to school systems. And that probably works—but not if they delegate total responsibility and authority as well. That's what we Americans have done, and we're trapped in our terrible dilemma.

Through parental abdication, the professionals decide what our children are to read and to learn, and then they undertake the teaching—usually following a model that says there are no absolute values and, even if there were, that classrooms are to be "value neutral."

In some states, aroused parents are beginning to reassert what they perceive as their God-given right to guide their children's education, especially in textbook and curriculum content. Naturally, they're running into vocal opposition; we hear talk of "censorship," "redneck," "Nazi," or worse.

I want to make it clear I'm troubled by outright "censorship." I fully realize that good literature often involves some sex, violence, or foul language. Good writing insists upon conflict and confrontation as its backbone. But it does not insist upon incessant obscenity and bad taste. Although literature must often delve into controversial philosophies and social theories, it should be truthful, honest, just. Therefore, parents need to be thoughtful and discreet in their attempts to influence what's read in the public schools. Similarly, educators need to be judicious and sensitive in recommending reading matter for their classes. The two groups *can* work together, if only they will stop shouting long enough to hear the voice of goodness and righteousness.

Dr. Richard Baer of Cornell University, a longtime student of ethics in education, takes issue with those who argue that public schools are a genuine

continued on page 98

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Why men and women over 40 often miss the best sex of their entire lives.

BY PAUL A. FLEMING, M.D.

The years between 40 and 65 can be years of sexual frustration and failure and withdrawal from sex. Or they can be the start of sexual activity that is frequent and sensitive and especially loving–and that can be enjoyed until the end of one's life.

After 40, expect some changes in your sexual reactions.

Man or woman, you may be slower to achieve readiness for sex. Your climaxes may change. So may the tempo of your love-making and the frequency of your desire.

These changes are normal. But if you misinterpret them and worry that your sexual life is tapering off — you could begin to withdraw from sex altogether.

That would be an awful shame.

No need to give up on sex—ever.

Sex over 50, 60, 70 and beyond —good sex—is a real option for almost all people. And it can be the most rewarding sex of all.

That's what prompted me to begin work on a newsletter, SEX OVER FORTY, and to circulate a sample first issue to eminent people in both medicine and therapy.

Their reaction was enthusiastic.

Sexual help like this is not available anywhere else.

The words SEX OVER FORTY will not appear on any envelope that we send you.

You can read it at home, without hurry or embarrassment. You can read it over and over until you understand fully. No more hunting in bookshops for snippets of information that can worry you further. No more "what did he say?" after a tense, quick visit to the doctor.

SEX OVER FORTY often describes ways of making love (ideal for people over 40) that many are embarrassed to say they want to try. You and your partner can read about them, separately, then discuss them together with more comfort.

Dr. Fleming counseling a couple in his office.

SEX OVER FORTY discusses sex like I do in my private practice. When telling a woman how to help her mate regain an erection, I actually show her how to hold her hands, how to move, what comforting things to say.

Becoming more creative lovers.

We cover the major sexual fears and problems that confront people over 40. But we are not over-focused on problems. Each issue is filled with specific ways each partner can become a more sensitive, creative and spontaneous lover. For example:

- How to strengthen sexual muscles.
- The role of sexual lubricants.
- When your partner wants sex more (or less) often than you do.
- Vitamins and herbs for improved sexual functioning.
- Mid-of-night sexual opportunities.
- How to end premature ejaculation.
- Impotence: 11 ways to tell whether it's physical or psychological.
- Female climax: how to improve it.
- Sex after divorce: how to approach it.
- After heart attack: good, safe sex.
- What men need to know about he female sex organs.
- Common medications: how they can affect your sexuality.
- Multiple orgasms: achieve them now, even if never before.

Case histories are included to clarify: so are medical illustrations. Plus special monthly departments worth reading.

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SEX OVER FORTY A practical, authoritative newsletter directed to the sexual concerns of the mature adult

Vol. 1, No. 1 1982 all rights reserved Health & Versatile Publications, Inc. San Antonio, Texas

Sexual Changes in Men Over Forty

This article will help you to understand and recognize the normal bodily changes that you may experience. It will also deal with and respond to some of the myths that you have heard. You will find that you can adapt to most of the alterations in your sexual responses without any loss of sexual pleasure. Some of these changes can even help you be a better sexual partner and make your overall sexual experience more enjoyable.

There are gradual alterations in normal physiology that a man experiences as he matures. These changes affect all parts of his body. Unfortunately, those changes which affect the man's *sexual* functioning are dreaded by many men as an inevitable signal that an active sexual life is over for them. When, for instance, a man notices that erection is not as spontaneous, or if it has failed to occur on occasion, he may assume that his sexual ability and sexual functioning are fading and may soon be gone.

Such an assumption can be very frightening. We often do not realize how much of our feelings of self-esteem, self-worth, masculinity and competence are dependent on our successful sexual functioning. It is amazing how important it is to each of us as men that our penis gets hard when we think it should and that it functions the way we think it's supposed to. If our penis starts to function in a different way than we are used to, and we interpret this as a sign that soon it will stop functioning altogether, it can be devastating.

"Just because your legs aren't as strong as they were when you were twenty doesn't mean you give up walking or running."

You have noticed, if you are over forty, that your legs may not be as strong as they were when you were twenty, yet you do not assume that this means you can't walk or run anymore. It may mean that you will walk a little slower and run a little less, but you will still get where you are going. If you didn't run much when you were younger, and have recently taken up jogging, you may even run more now. Why should you feel, because your sexual "muscles" are also not as strong as they were, that you will have to stop having sex? On the contrary, as you will see, some of the changes which come with maturing may actually help you to be a better lover.

"You probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection and you will require more direct physical stimulation by your partner."

The sexual physiologic changes which come with maturity are predictable and clearly definable. First of all as you become older you probably will become slower to obtain a spontaneous erection. When you were in your late teens or early twenties you probably became erect in a matter of seconds upon entering a sexual situation.

Front page of Premier Issue (greatly reduced in size).

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He's Furry Greedy

The ad read, "Wanted: male Persian cat for breeding purposes; $15/hour."

"You mean," one caller asked, "for three hours I'll get $45?"

"Yes," said the woman who placed the ad.

"And," the caller continued, "if it takes eight hours, I'll get $120?"

There was a pause. "Sir," the woman asked, "exactly how old is your cat?"

—Kris Lee

Wedded Hiss

"Dad, what advice would you give a teen-ager who wants to marry a . . . ."

"Don't, son."

"But I haven't asked . . . ."

"But you have."

—James Curnane

The Mouths of Babes

The usher told the young couple bringing their baby into the theater that if the baby cried, they would have to leave. "But we'll refund your money, of course," the usher added.

The couple agreed and went in to watch the movie. After a while the wife said, "I think this is about as bad a movie as I've ever seen."

"I think so, too," the husband replied. "Shake up little Jason."

—Martha J. Beckman

Musical Boots

The teacher helped her first-graders put on their galoshes before going home one wet day. "These aren't mine," little Tommy announced, after the teacher had just spent ten minutes jamming a pair onto his feet.

Just as she pried them off again, he declared, "They're my sister's, but mom said I could wear them today."

—Bobbie Mae Cooley

A Bitter Pill

"Please," he pleaded with the doctor,
"Can you prescribe a pill
That will make me smarter?"
The good doctor said, "I will."

In a week, the man returned;
"I don't feel smarter," he complained.
Thereupon the dose was doubled,
And the man's dejection waned.

After a month, his impatience grew.
He cried, "I feel like a martyr!
Is this pill a placebo, Doc?"
The doc replied, "You're smarter!"

—Muriel Kovinow

Double Vision

I look in the mirror and what do
I see?
My youth reflecting back at me.
A face that's smooth, with skin
so fair;
Sparkling eyes and shining hair.
For the moment, at least, I really
don't care
That I can't find my trifocals anywhere.

—Arleen C. Bailey

Sunken Treasures

His trouser pocket had a hole;
And one day, when he took a stroll,
Quite unawares, he walked about
A mile, and then his change ran out.

—G. Sterling Leiby

All Work and No Play

Success is a thing I would like
to know.
I admire all those who win it.
They could teach me a lot, but it tires
me so
To see how much work they put in it.

—Lida Smith

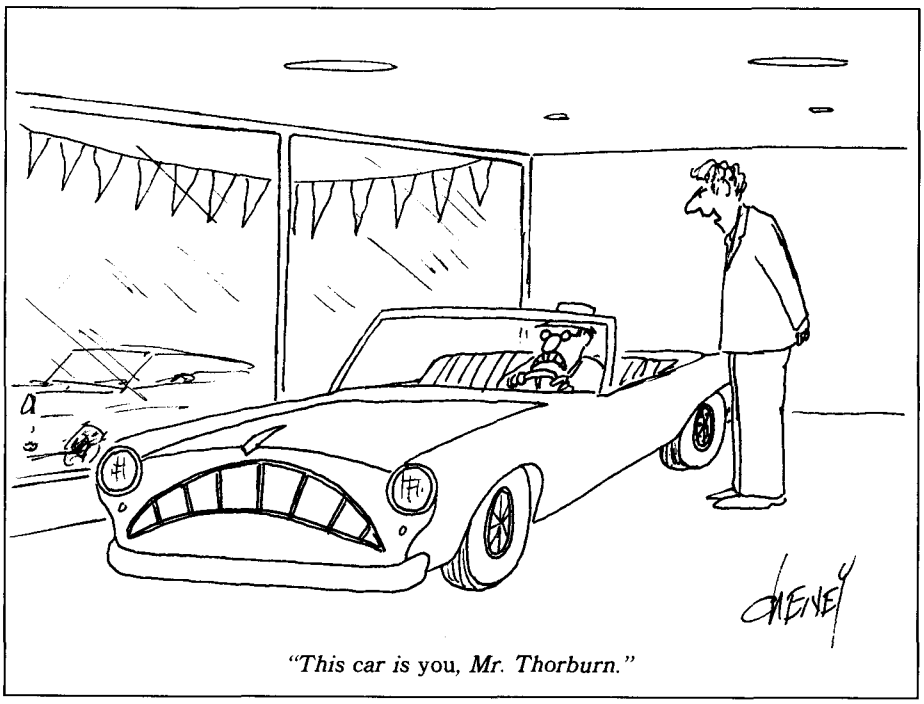
Walking a Thin Line

Legally, the husband is the head of the household, and the pedestrian has the right of way on a city street. Both are legally correct and within their rights—as long as they don't try to prove it.

—George E. Bergman

Long-term Investment

"I've changed my mind about adding to our national debt," the politician declared. "With modern medicine doing so much to prolong our



"This car is you, Mr. Thorburn."

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lives, I'm afraid we're going to have to pay it off ourselves."

—Thomas LaMance

A Real Go-getter

The personnel manager found a large group of applicants in her waiting room after she had advertised a job opening. After ushering the first young man into her office, she said, "We need someone who can really think on his feet. Can you show me that you're capable of doing that?"

Without a word, the young man sprang to the door and announced to the waiting applicants, "O.K., you guys, you can all go home—the job's just been filled."

—Carolyn Gilbert

Hot Tip

My age no longer can I fake.
Now it's known from town to farm.
The candles on my birthday cake
Last night set off our smoke alarm.

—Frank Walsh

Joker's Wild

He who laughs last is often funnier than the joke itself.

—H. Duane Black

On Borrowed Time, Too

Some people are inclined
To drive in manner bizarre
As though they owned the road
When they don't even own the car.

—Ruth M. Walsh

Keeping in Shape

"You know, people might like you better if you'd just smile a little every now and then. Did you know it takes more muscles to frown than it does to smile?"

"All well and good. But did you ever stop to think maybe I need the exercise?"

—A. Richard Hedd

Blind Faithless

When the pilot made a stop at the city airport, he saw that one of his passengers was a blind man with a Seeing Eye dog. Realizing the dog had been on the plane a long time, the pilot asked if he could walk the dog for the man.

"Thank you," the blind man said. "I was wondering how I could arrange that."

When the pilot returned and the plane took off again, the blind man realized it was very quiet. Calling the stewardess, he said, "I don't hear anyone talking. Weren't there a lot of other passengers on this plane?"

"Yes," the stewardess answered. "But when they saw the pilot with your dog, they all decided not to continue the flight."

—Agnes W. Thomas

No Reason for Sneezin'

Stanley started sneezin'
For no apparent reason.
His mother cried, "Come quick,
Our Stanley's very sick!"
His father, thinking "flu,"
Asked, "Whatever can we do?"
The doctor, known as Kate,
Said they soon must operate,
Said her diagnosis shows
He's allergic to his nose.
When Stanley heard the news,
He canceled his ahchoos.

—Charles Ghigna

Run-on Sentence

Some folks who come to visit us
(Forgive my surly pique)
Stay longer in an hour
Than others in a week.

—Evelyn Amuedo Wade

Going Bananas

I don't approve of Darwin's plan,
Making monkeys kin to man.
It's not that I deny the tie,
My lonely, only question: Why?
Seals and swans have graces plenty.
Apes, I'm told, have hardly any.
Various beasts I'll hail as brother,
But not the monkey! Pick another!

—Patricia Maloney

What Goes Around Comes Around

They ask, "Why don't you ever write?"
They scold, "You never phone!"
I tell them that their dad and I
Are trying to make it on our own.

—Diane Brandi

A State of Mind

"You know," a man remarked to his 105-year-old aunt, "I've often wondered if, as people grow older, they feel older in spirit."

"No, they don't," she replied. "I've asked them."

—Oliver E. Frazier

Channeled Rebellion

The truth is out; my friends now know
I've never watched the "Late, Late Show."
What's even worse (they're all on guard),
I just renewed my library card!

—Kay Alvarez

Parental Abuse

He resists. He protests. He ignores. He rebels.

You talk. You plead. You reason. You threaten.

Or, you spit in the wind. The result is the same.

—Svanhild Bettum

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THE AIRTIGHT CASE FOR AIR BAGS

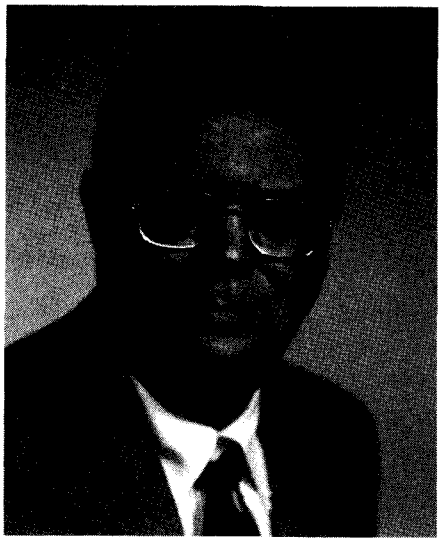
Air bags versus safety belts—an either-or situation? No, the president of the Allstate Insurance Group says. He's convinced that motorists need both safety systems, and here's why. . . .

by Richard J. Haayen

Last year, Joseph Anderson III's life was saved by an air bag he didn't know he had. Anderson, driving his secondhand 1974 Oldsmobile at more than 50 mph down an unfamiliar road near Irwinton, Georgia, missed an abrupt turn and plowed into a solid dirt embankment. He escaped with only a bruised lip and scratches, thanks to a "hidden" air bag, factory-installed 11 years earlier.

"It took me awhile to figure out what had happened after the crash," Anderson said. "I got out of the car, looked at the deflated bag on the steering wheel, and said, 'What's that?' I didn't know what it was. If I buy another car, give me an air bag!"

No one has stronger feelings about the need for air bags than the more than 400 persons who have been saved from death or serious injury by air bags. Out of the way and out of sight until they automatically inflate in crashes, air bags keep occupants from slamming into steering wheels, instrument panels, and windshields.



"Air bags add such a dimension to highway safety," says Allstate's president, Dick Haayen. "Nothing should delay implementation of these automatic restraints to complement safety-belt benefits."

Don Schanche, Jr.

Joseph Anderson III will never forget the night of June 30, 1985, when an air bag he didn't know his 1974 Olds had inflated on impact and saved his life.

At Allstate we know this from personal experience. Survivors' testimonies have crossed my desk many times over the years as part of regular reports on our corporate air-bag-equipped automobile fleet. Frankly, the same glowing comments that please me also frustrate me. Why? Because they prove the value of air bags beyond a shadow of a doubt—yet delays continue in making the technology available to the public.

Many Allstate employees have driven air-bag-equipped vehicles since 1972, when we ordered 203 specially equipped Mercuries to become the country's first fleet operator of air-bag automobiles. Since then, our air-bag-equipped fleet of Chevrolets, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Volvos, and Ford Tempos has totaled more than 1,100 cars, traveling more than 30 million miles in a variety of weather and traffic conditions; the cars have been involved in more than 270 crashes, 10 sufficiently serious to deploy air bags.

Our first air-bag inflation in a crash—the initial real-world deployment by any air bag—occurred in October 1972, when an Allstate car collided with an oncoming 14-ton garbage truck. The bag inflated properly though the car was struck between 30 and 60 degrees right of front center. (Our air-bag system is designed to deploy in head-on as well as in frontal-area crashes such as this, these two types of crashes being the deadliest.)

Our second and third deployments of airbags were night crashes at high speeds in open country; each, oddly

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If you want to quit smoking for good, see your doctor

New knowledge about the smoking habit

Two major factors in cigarette smoking have long been recognized—psychological and social factors. Now research has clearly revealed a third important link in the habit—*physical dependence on nicotine,* which slowly but surely develops in many smokers. When people first start smoking, their bodies must get used to the nicotine. After smoking becomes a habit, their bodies may *depend* on getting nicotine.

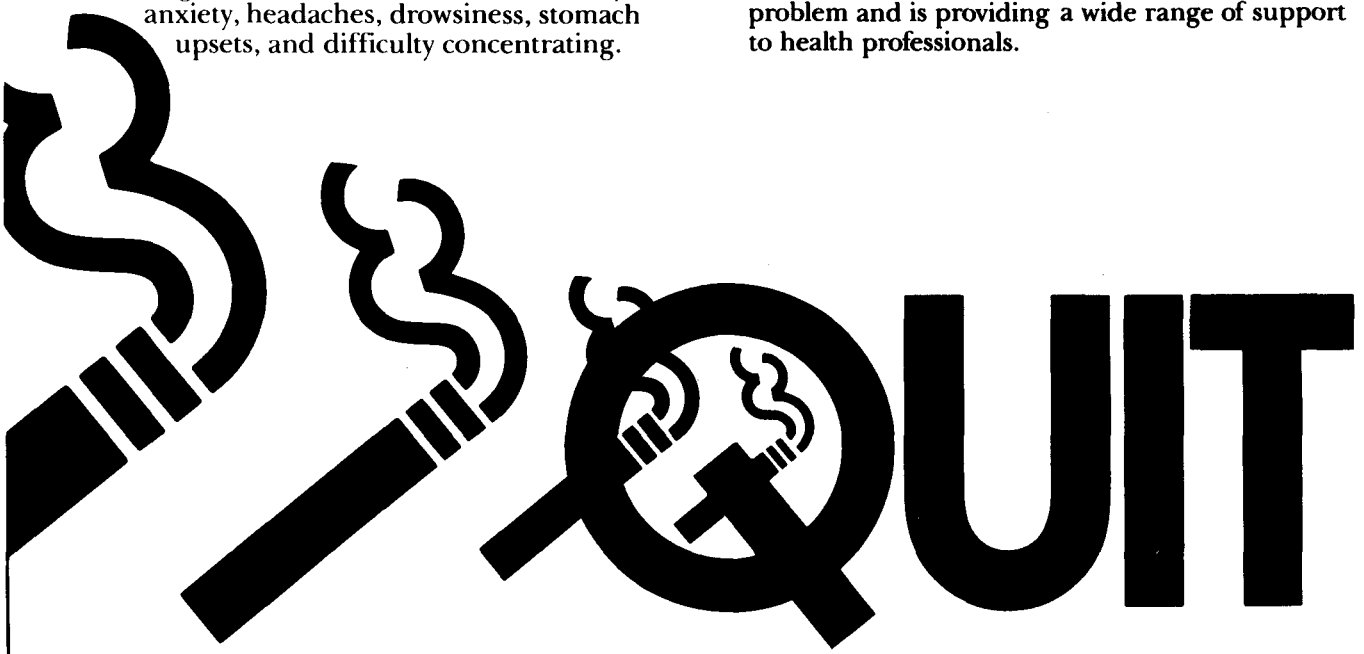
Why a total program approach is needed to break the habit

When smokers try to quit, the body often reacts to the withdrawal of nicotine. This can result in craving for tobacco, restlessness, irritability, anxiety, headaches, drowsiness, stomach upsets, and difficulty concentrating.

Because these effects can defeat even a strong willpower, your chances of quitting successfully are greater with a program that provides an alternative source of nicotine to help alleviate tobacco withdrawal while you concentrate on breaking the habit.

How your doctor and Merrell Dow can help you succeed

If you are determined enough to sustain a strong effort, your chances of breaking the smoking habit are better than ever. Now your doctor can provide a treatment to help control nicotine withdrawal symptoms, materials to help you overcome the psychological and social factors, plus valuable counseling and follow-up. Merrell Dow has conducted extensive research into the smoking problem and is providing a wide range of support to health professionals.



Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc.

Dedicated to improving the health of Americans

LAKESIDE PHARMACEUTICALS Division of Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio 45215

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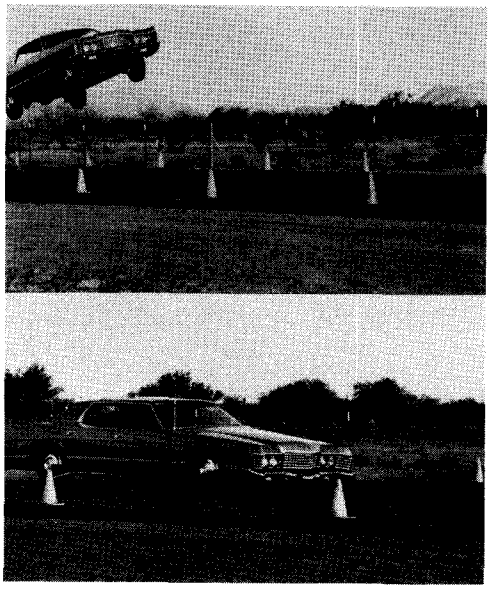
6-7440 (N1012) MDR-026R

enough, killed a huge bull on the highway, one near Globe, Arizona, and the other near Clodine, Texas, two months later. The performance of the air bags in both instances was perfect.

Darrell Collins, then an Allstate field sales manager in Houston, hit a 1,600-pound Brangus bull near Clodine. Collins was driving one of our air-bag-equipped fleet cars, a 1973 Chevrolet Impala; he recalls the speed at impact to have been about 65 mph (a legal speed then). The car's left front flipped the bull up and over the top of the car; the bull hit the left rear fender. "The first impact was like hitting a solid wall, stopping the car almost immediately. I have no doubt that without the air bag, I would have been killed or seriously injured," Collins said. The deploying air bag pushed aside but did not break his eyeglasses.



Tests prove reliability against inadvertent bag firing. A car flies 40 feet and lands with force, yet the bag isn't supposed to inflate—and doesn't. Sensing devices activate only in frontal crashes. A test after the jump showed the bag to be perfectly operational.

Allstate's interest in air bags had developed four years before Collins' accident, when a 1969 safety presentation to Allstate's management prompted executives to visit several laboratories where air bags were being tested. After in-depth study, the executives agreed that air bags were a practical way to protect auto occupants in serious frontal crashes. The company was convinced that air bags, as the greatest single advance ever in automobile-accident loss control, would bring major reductions in deaths, suffering, and economic loss. We were concerned, however, that this promising device might never reach the highways without someone becoming a major public advocate, so we decided to assume the advocacy role and demonstrate our own confidence by investing in an air-bag-equipped fleet to test the system's performance in everyday use. Before assigning the vehicles to our employees, we launched an extreme-testing program to verify the complete reliability of these cars. In our tests at the Dynamic Science Laboratories near Phoenix, cars with live occupants were crashed at high speed into concrete barriers.

These dramatic tests and 14 years of operating a large research fleet have helped Allstate document the effectiveness of air bags. In all crashes involving deployment in Allstate cars, injuries to drivers and passengers have been limited to, at most, minor cuts and bruises. The bags always operated as expected, with no instances of accidental release or failures to inflate in an appropriate crash situation. Our experience is part of the accumulation of indisputable evidence that air bags, combined with safety-belt use, provide the most effective system to prevent loss of life and critical injuries in the deadliest kinds of auto crashes.

Of the more than 44,000 traffic deaths in the United States in 1985, about 23,500 were occupant fatalities in passenger cars. It's estimated that more than 13,500 of these persons, riding in the front seats of passenger cars, were killed in front and front-angular collisions. Automatic crash-protection systems—especially air bags—are designed for maximum protection. Their record of preventing or sharply reducing deaths and serious injuries in more than 1 *billion* miles of actual travel is unparalleled in highway-safety annals. We believe more than 10,000 deaths and more than 100,000 major injuries could be prevented annually by full front-seat air bags installed in all cars on the road.

Concerned groups and people aware of air bags' capabilities concur on their potential. Their superior protection has been known for years to such safety groups as the National Safety Council, the insurance industry, the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the American College of Emergency Physicians, the

Arnold Arms, M.D., walked away from a head-on collision with a Kansas City, Kansas, transit bus because his car was equipped with an air bag. "I survived certain death and was able to look after a passenger on the bus and make sure she was safe," he says.

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$5 Santa Bears

As part of a nationwide publicity campaign, a leading New York firm will give away one of its most expensive stuffed animal toys—the Famous Nationally Advertised™ Santa Teddy Bear™—for the astonishing publicity price of only $5 to every person who writes to the company address (below) before Midnight, December 25, 1986.

This *original* publicity ad must accompany your request. No copies or photostats.

These are the same famous Santa Bears™ nationally advertised in leading media across America. They have the authentic "huggable-soft" plush bodies, perky ears, and adorable frost-nipped noses that have captured the hearts of children everywhere.

Irresistibly *lovable,* they are great big *huggable* bears that your children can actually put their arms around and really make friends with. Each one is dressed in a cherry-red pom-pom cap and jaunty muffler dusted with delicate white snowflakes—handsomely outfitted for the holiday season.

The cutest dolls you've ever seen, these cheery, fuzzy Santa Bears are perfect "pals." Every child in America would love to own one—so don't miss out by responding too late. These are among the fastest selling and most expensive stuffed animal toys ever sold by this multi-million dollar firm. *Yet your publicity price is only $5.*

These Santa Bears will *not* be sold at this price by the company in any store. There is a limit of two (2) bears per address at this price, but if your request is mailed early enough (before Dec. 17) you may order up to 7. Each Santa Bear is covered by the company's full one-year money-back guarantee.

To order, mail this original publicity ad (no copies or photostats) together with your name and address and $5 for each bear. Add $2 shipping per bear. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. *Make check payable to RBM Ltd.* Mail to: **RBM, Santa Bear, Dept. 150-113, Box 1206, Westbury, NY 11595. (R44750)**

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National Head Injury Foundation, the American Trauma Society, and the American Medical Association, as well as many other medical organizations. U.S. Secretaries of Transportation in every administration, Democratic and Republican, from President Nixon's to President Reagan's have determined that the air bag is the most effective occupant-restraint system in the deadliest types of crashes.

Air bags, and the seat belts already in all cars, restrain occupants *after* an automobile is stopped abruptly in a crash (the "first collision"). It's the "second collision," as the victims continue moving forward at the vehicle's pre-crash speed, that kills and maims: The moving occupants are slammed into the car's hard interior or are ejected. The purpose of air bags and seat belts is to ensure that when a car stops dead, the passengers don't.

Insurance and medical groups and the vast majority of safety experts agree that safety belts and air bags are not alternatives—they complement each other. We need both.

Because more than 114 million automobiles on the road are not equipped with air bags, safety-belt use is particularly important. Safety belts are most effective in low- to moderate-speed crashes and in rollover and ejection-risk accidents. They lose some of their effectiveness in higher-speed impacts. Air bags prevent injury and death far better in frontal and near-frontal crashes at impacts beyond the 25 to 30 mph range. And for occupants who do not use seat belts, air bags provide crash protection vastly superior to no restraint at all.

After years of complete unavailability, air bags are again being sold to the public by an increasing number of automakers in the United States. Mercedes-Benz, which offered air bags as an option on several 1984 and 1985 models, has installed driver's-side air bags as standard equipment on all 1986 models. BMW and Volvo include a driver's-side air bag as standard equipment on some 1986 models. Porsche will also offer an air bag as standard equipment on at least one 1987 model. An air bag will probably be available, too, on the 1987 Honda Legend and the Korean Hyundai.

Ford is the one American automaker now equipping cars with optional driver's-side air-bag systems. General Motors announced early this year that it will offer air bags as a driver's-side option in an unspecified number of 1988 models, and Chrysler has indicated that its Laser will have driver's-side air bags available in the 1988 model.

Ford's air bag, offered on its four-door Tempo and Mercury Topaz models beginning early this year, costs about $815, much more than if installed as standard equipment in all cars. The cost of driver's-side-only air bags produced in quantities of one million or more is estimated at $234, and full front-seat air bags at $341. Edsel Ford, general marketing manager for Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Co., recently estimated that if the industry mass-produced 10 million air bags, the price could come down to $200. But even at current prices, who can put a cash value on safety?

The big breakthrough for the pub-

continued on page 102

How Air Bags Work

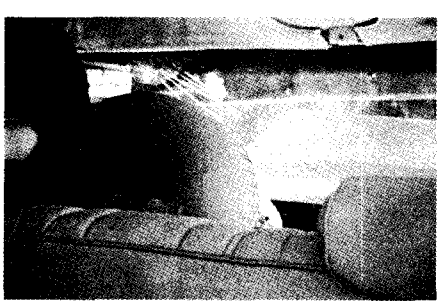
Concealed air bags—driver's-side bags in the steering wheel, passenger-side (when offered) in the right dashboard—are ready to work when needed in the higher-speed crashes causing most injuries and deaths. All air-bag-equipped cars have some form of monitor—such as a light on the instrument panel that glows brightly for several seconds each time you turn on your ignition and then fades out—as an indication your air-bag system is operating properly.

Air bags deploy automatically when crash "sensors" or "detectors" trigger an inflater, in moderate or serious frontal-area impacts only. Air bags do not deploy in minor "fender-benders," in panic braking to stop suddenly, or from going over violent bumps or potholes.

Nitrogen gas fills fabric air bags to peak inflation in about 1/25th of a second after the car's impact with another vehicle or a fixed object. Though occupants continue moving forward when a car is abruptly stopped in a crash, an inflated air bag serves as a soft, energy-absorbing pillow to cushion faces and bodies as they fall into bags rather than steering wheels or other hard interior surfaces. The bags then deflate rapidly as the crash ends.

In Hollywood's *Moving Violation*, Vic Rivers, a stunt driver, was to steer a "police" car into a cement block wall.

Usually for such a scene the driver jumps into the back seat before impact. But this shot required a close-up.



Rivers nixed the crash unless an air bag was used. Allstate provided an equipped fleet car and the camera rolled.

Following impact, equal to 65 mph into a parked car, Rivers emerged, unhurt, through a window.

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Fact:

"Scarlett," the 1978 first issue in Edwin M. Knowles' landmark series of collector's plates inspired by the classic film Gone With the Wind, cost $21.50 when it was issued. It recently traded at $325.00—an increase of 1,412% in just eight years.

Fact:

"The Sound of Music," the first issue in Knowles' The Sound of Music™ series inspired by the classic film of the same name, is available now for $19.50.

You can draw your own conclusions from the facts above. We at the Bradford Exchange have already drawn ours. As the world's largest trading center for collector's plates, we think "The Sound of Music" could go up in value just as dramatically as other plates in important movie-theme series from the Edwin M. Knowles China Company.

Consider the evidence.

It's a genuine work of art.
"The Sound of Music" is the first collector's plate ever created by the major American artist T. Crnkovich. Each plate is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, and the edition is strictly limited to 150 firing days.

It's a historic work of art.
"The Sound of Music" is the first plate in the only limited-edition collector's plate series ever to celebrate the beloved musical *The Sound of Music*, and the plate is officially endorsed by the Estates of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II.

And it's likely to increase in value.
Movie-theme plates from Knowles China traditionally rank among the most profitable on the entire plate market. In fact, the 1984 first plate in Knowles' *The King and I*™ series has already risen in value to an exceptional 256% of its original price.

Of course, not all plates go up in value; some go down. But our market analysts have identified "The Sound of Music" as the plate market's next likely winner. All the evidence points to a possible early sellout. So place your order for "The Sound of Music" today, while it's still available at the original issue price of $19.50—*before* it's had a chance to increase in value.

Complete the buy-order form and mail it to:
The Bradford Exchange
9345 Milwaukee Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60648

"The Sound of Music" by T. Crnkovich © 1985 Knowles
First plate in *The Sound of Music*™ series from the Edwin M. Knowles China Company
In full color on fine china.
Diameter: 8½ inches

Risk nothing with the Bradford Exchange 365-Day Guarantee.

At any time within *one full year* after you receive your plate, you may resell it to us if for any reason you are not completely satisfied. We will issue you a check for everything you've paid, including postage, without the necessity of a resale transaction.

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577-91506

Buy-Order Form

Please respond by
November 30, 1986

The Bradford Exchange
9345 Milwaukee Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60648

YES. Please enter my buy-order for "The Sound of Music," first plate in *The Sound of Music*™ series.

Limit: one plate per customer.

☐I understand that I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed the $19.50 issue price plus $1.94 postage & handling for a total of $21.44 upon shipment of my plate. (Illinois residents add $1.50 sales tax.)

Signature _____

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please respond promptly. Because plates are produced in a limited edition, we can guarantee availability at issue price only until the edition is sold out. We'll ship your order in four to six weeks.

501

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THE AMAZING DR. HENRY HEIMLICH

Happiness for him was the Surgeon General's order: "The best rescue technique in any choking situation is the Heimlich maneuver. I urge the American Red Cross, the American Heart Association, and all those who teach first aid to teach only the Heimlich maneuver."

by Robert McKay

The Heimlich Pattern

"I published a paper on my operation to replace the esophagus in 1953. That really opened my eyes. I couldn't understand why I was so severely attacked. The facts were all there; the method was proven. But it's a pattern I have subsequently come to recognize. At first I resented it. Then I began to understand it and anticipate it. Now I have come to look forward to it. First they say: All right, it will work, but only in some few limited instances. Finally they say: Yes, it does work, but there were other people who did this long before you."

The Heimlich Motto

If all your peers understand what you've done, then it isn't creative.

The Heimlich Corollary to the Heimlich Motto

Controversy is necessary to bring out the facts. Pain is a part of the process. You need courage and emotional control to survive it. After that, you will have confidence, no matter what.

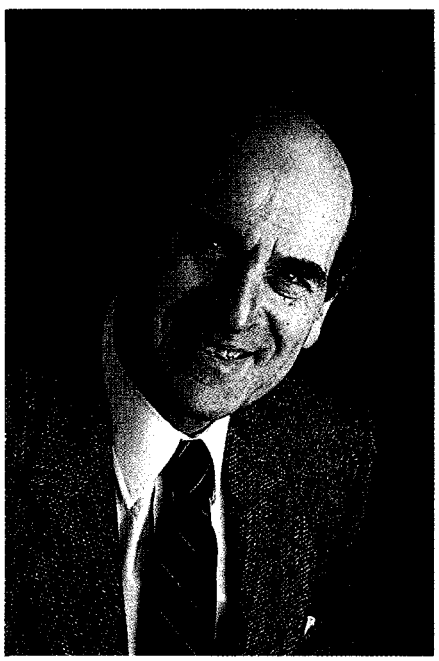
The Heimlich Maneuver

Imagine inventing something like this:

- It's free.
- It's simple and universal.
- It works.
- It's dramatic. It saves lives, thousands of lives.

The Heimlich Maneuver II

The idea for the maneuver came to Dr. Heimlich when he became aware that choking was the sixth-leading cause of accidental death in this country. An expert in the malfunctions and functions of the esophagus and



Dr. Henry Heimlich expresses delight over his recent victory in abolishing back slaps for the victims of choking.

trachea, he had no doubt he could arrive at some satisfactory, practical preventive technique. All that was required was some thought on the problem, a study of the exact mechanics, a period of experimentation with dogs, and then submission of a paper for publication. Word of mouth, excuse the pun, would do the rest.

The walls of his office are covered with testimonials from famous people and cartoons based on the maneuver. Woody Allen wrote a story about a doctor engaged in parallel research that did not pan out. Dr. Heimlich read it and wrote Woody a letter. "Your story was wonderful," he wrote, "and more true than you could know." He told Woody the story about the Red Cross doctors who had accused him of anesthetizing a patient and then forcibly lodging a chunk of meat with a piece of string attached in his trachea in order to test the procedure. Woody Allen wrote back: "Dear Dr. Heimlich, You are hilarious. I loved the part about the chunk of meat with the piece of string tied around it. Only a madman could have thought of that, and I'm sorry I didn't." Now Dr. Heimlich is able to tell everyone that Woody Allen thinks he's hilarious. The benefits of the maneuver continue, and increase.

The Heimlich Method

Dr. Heimlich delights in solving problems. His great passion in life, he says, is opera. He attends the local performances in Cincinnati and will often nap while listening to operas on the weekends. When he was just discovering this passion as a young man, he was too poor to afford anything but a ticket for standing room. Once inside, however, he and a friend would place their coats side by side on two seats in a favorable location. The coats remained until the occupants of the seats arrived, at which time the coats migrated to new perches. The coats moved throughout the house, eventually finding safe refuge and two choice seats for Dr. Heimlich and his friend by curtain time, all without once violating the decorum of the social

Son Philip Heimlich is an attorney in the county prosecutor's office in Cincinnati. He rehabilitates criminals. Philip's mother, Jane Heimlich, authors her own health newsletter.

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event. In another age, he would have wound up backstage with the Rolling Stones. Dr. Heimlich, through subsequent maneuvering, would later come to own all eight seats in the select Vanderbilt family box, and though he enjoyed the prime vantage and the prestige associated with it, there's no doubt finding his place by means of a cheap entrée and his wits was more fun. That's the Heimlich method—a combination of nerve and smarts, a confidence that he will always find his place, and that it will be a good one.

The Heimlich Institute

Once a month the loyal volunteers and supporters of the activities of the Heimlich Institute meet to discuss basically whatever Dr. Heimlich happens to be doing or wants to tackle that day. On this day, the doctor's 66th birthday, 11 people show up, a small crew that identify themselves variously as a radio reporter; a defrocked aerospace engineer; two Quakers; the Rev. Maurice McCrackin; a freelance writer; two volunteers; a woman who says, simply, "I'm just here"; and a man who says, even more simply, "I'm with her."

Dr. Heimlich thanks everyone for coming and pays special notice to the Rev. McCrackin, who, he says, has often put his own freedom on the line for peace. Then Dr. Heimlich settles back with a brown-bag lunch of a sandwich and an apple to watch one of his movies. It's supposed to be his movie on stress, but someone has crossed up somewhere, and it's his movie on the maneuver.

It's a creepy, creepy movie, on the order of the *Friday the 13th* flicks. Five victims choke in very convincing fashion, aided by the liberal application of blue makeup, and then there are the replays. The horror of it is heightened by the music, which changes from a cheerful domestic lullaby to a chilling, maniacal alert. Dr. Heimlich's younger son, Peter, wrote the music for the film. Peter played for years in a rock band; he is now working as a writer on the West Coast and submitting scripts to the television show "The Twilight Zone." He could submit his father's movie, splice in a love subplot; it would play.

Behind the lurid scenes of near-death lurks Dr. Heimlich, the angel of lifesaving, standing by the pool, stepping from behind the kitchen table just the way Rod Serling used to step into the picture. The victims in the film are saved by his famous maneuver, miraculously it seems, and he appears as the calm but capable sav-

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ior, the figure of hope, the one who knows what to do when all else would fail. Although he has never personally performed his maneuver on anyone, or even witnessed its actual administration, Dr. Heimlich savors this reputation. He likes it when he is described, probably accurately, as the man who has saved more lives than anyone else. He has headline clippings of all the famous cases: Ronald Reagan, Ed Koch, Liz Taylor, Cher, on and on. It never fails to amaze him how the maneuver pumps publicity, a bottomless well, as if working overtime to offset the official forces that retard his work and his recognition. It's an unfair fight; the maneuver is too good to be true; it could not be stopped; it's a gusher.

When he recalls an operation he performed in Cincinnati shortly after his arrival, an operation on a Moroccan boy who had been refused treatment at several other clinics, he says: "I restored that boy," and the sense of something miraculous is there. Medicine for him is more than a chance to patch a wheel and send the body back out on the road. It involves the romantic adventure of healing and saving people from certain death. It is an opportunity for heroic intervention, and the hero is Dr. Henry Heimlich. What is his maneuver but the laying on of hands?

Jill Pogue, Dr. Heimlich's personal secretary, welcomes everyone to the meeting and covers the minutes of the previous gathering once the film has concluded. She notes the work being done with the Micro-Trach for emphysema patients, and Dr. Heimlich adds that a recent case indicates it might be effective in the treatment of cystic-fibrosis patients. Jill mentions the maneuver, and Patriots for Peace, and oh dear, she says, laughing, what are our other programs? It's hard to keep track. Oh, yes, there's stress and the swallowing, in which stroke victims can be trained in the sequence of events that lead to restoration of the seemingly simple act of swallowing.

One of the people at the table is interested in the status of the cancer research: It's on hold for the moment. Dr. Heimlich is waiting for word from the Ecuadoran minister of health. There are red tape, political considerations. If Ecuador falls through, Venezuela is possible as a backup, but it would be more costly, and it would involve time, negotiations, and another possible refusal. Dr. Heimlich wants to do his research in a "malaria country."

"What about the actual treatment?" someone asks. Regretfully, Dr. Heimlich hedges, as he feels he must do on this subject: "We've got good evidence that this could be a means of treatment, but we don't want to discuss it in public because I don't want to hold out false hope. The work must be done first." He explains the basic ideas behind his theory. As with the maneuver, it is simple, elegant, and sounds too good to be true. It's like the movie *War of the Worlds*, in which the invulnerable alien invaders collapse and die when they fall prey to the common cold. Here the opposite applies: life from a fever. "So when we climb in a hot tub, what should we set the temperature to?" one man asks, joking. Dr. Heimlich laughs, but he says: "Well, the rate of cancer of the skin and scrotum appears to be lowest in Japan and Finland." In answer to another question, he says he believes his treatment would be effective against solid tumors, the most common forms of cancer, if not against leukemia. Would a case of malaria create an immunity against cancer for life? Dr. Heimlich isn't sure. He would like to study VA records of World War II soldiers. "What seems to be true is that you can have one or the other, but you can't have both, not at the same time," he says.

• • •

Talk turns to another Heimlich program, the Patriots for Peace. It's why most people are attending the meeting, although they are obviously in sympathy with every item on the institute's generous smorgasbord. Dr. Heimlich likes to say that one thing feeds another. The maneuver gave him a platform; the Micro-Trach emphysema work and the chest-cavity drainage valve he invented using a part from a $1.50 Japanese toy expand on that; the cancer work, if it could be demonstrated, would provide what he calls the ultimate thrust for advancing his other concern, world peace.

Dr. Heimlich is aware that when people hear "world peace," they think of a noble pipe dream. They think of one more well-intentioned person speaking out on a subject beyond his ken. Dr. Heimlich believes his program is different. He'd like to give the world a hug, make it cough up that bone lodged in its throat. He wants a stable economic relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States. That's it; after that, let the chips fall where they may.

"History is an endless progression of war. Wars end and immediately the build-up begins toward the next one. The only thing that's different now is nuclear weapons. They have forestalled war and possibly led to peace. Proponents of continued escalation say there are only two alternatives: nuclear war or continued escalation. War is out. But escalation is, too, because if it goes on, it will eventually lead to economic collapse and war. We can't continue with it, or we will be economically destroyed. There is a third choice, and that is to open relations with the Soviet Union in all respects, and for the best of reasons, the economic self-interest of both parties," he says.

Since the last meeting, Dr. Heimlich has flown to Bucyrus, Ohio, and taped a series of shows for a public-television station there. He relates the details of his trip to the group and savors the comic elements of his predicament: "I went out to the plane and this guy came up to me—he was dressed practically like a bum. He said, 'I'm your pilot.' Geez, I thought, I hope you fly better than you dress. Then he introduced another fellow, a guy dressed just like him. He said, 'This is Dr. so-and-so, from Bucyrus, and he's learning to fly on instruments.' 'Not on my time, I hope,' I told him."

Dr. Heimlich dissolves into delighted laughter, high-pitched, breathless: "Then we had to break the ice off the wings before we took off, huge chunks of ice. Then they handed me a blanket so I could cover my legs and keep warm during the flight. It belonged to the doctor, and I shared it with him, so the three of us are huddled up in the front, shivering. And the doctor, the doctor"—Dr. Heimlich is laughing

Dr. Heimlich's father, Phil, known to all as "Pop," is also creative—and well-known for innovative correctional reform. He lives at home with his son and, at 98, still counsels youths.

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so hard he can barely finish the story —"the doctor is leaning over me, shining a flashlight out the window to check out the ice on the wings."

The female radio reporter turns the discussion back to a serious tone. She says she sets her clock-radio as an alarm every morning, and every morning she wakes up to the news. It's a bad habit, she says: "By the time it's over, I'm so depressed I can barely climb out of bed. I've got to stop doing that, but what I want to know is, What can we do? In the face of such monstrous situations as terrorism and nuclear threat, such blind forces, what can I do? There doesn't seem to be anything I can do."

It is one of Dr. Heimlich's favorite themes, the undercurrent of his entire life, and he reassures the troubled woman, as helpless a victim as someone choking to death. "It's surprising how much an individual can do, amazing the effect an individual can have," he says.

Dr. Heimlich is not a charismatic man. He's far too understated for that. But he's deep; he's rooted; he's immovable; he won't flinch. Not when he knows he's right. He has a history of being right, in the face of doubters. He has a history of simple, elegant, too-good-to-be-true solutions that have worked. It is, however, somewhat ironic to find this singularly undiplomatic and uncompromising man suddenly at the head of the parade for peace.

Age has turned him philosophic. He has worked out a concept of the soul, and he is obsessed with things that last. The maneuver, he knows, will last. Beyond kings and presidents and even civilizations, that thing which bears his name and is so uncomplicated it seems it could have been developed ages long ago, the maneuver, will go on. Having tasted immortality, he yearns for more. What truly lasts? he asks. Ideas, he answers. Ideas last. He seeks an idea, the Heimlich Idea, a pure, unchanging piece of wisdom or rectitude. On his birthday, he feels the press of Time.

He does not consider himself infallible in all things. Flights to Bucyrus, his life as a man, son, husband, and father have taught him otherwise. He has been humbled; he has been burned. But he feels his life is marked by destiny, to effect a change, and the people in that room are touched by that feeling, along with hope, as the Heimlich Institute adjourns for another month.

(continued next issue)

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CAROL BURNETT: NO KIDDING

She's playing it straight in a new book about her life and a not-so-serious TV soap-opera satire.

by Leland Garton

Carol Burnett waves her robed arm from the doorway of her dressing room, the second of four or five long trailers parked side by side on a cramped lot.

"You sure know how to cut through the turnip patch," she yells as I make my way around the chain-link fence and over the already trampled vines. "I like that," she adds.

She had passed me earlier and recognized me, and had suggested we meet in seven minutes. I dawdled, and while I talked with Ralph Wood, a Fresno reporter who plays a Fresno reporter in Carol's new miniseries called (what else?) *Fresno*, she sent a messenger to find me. First lesson: Carol Burnett doesn't kid around. At least not all the time.

She's used to interviews from both sides of the tape recorder. While a student at Hollywood High she interviewed the actor Joel McCrea, considered becoming a journalist, then switched dreams and moved over to show business instead. She grew up looking at autographed pictures of Rita Hayworth, George Montgomery, Bob Hope, and others, all signed "To Lou," her mother, a writer. Like mother, like daughter? Lou would have approved, but Carol had other ideas.

For our interview she's discarded her bulky costume and slipped into something more comfortable—nothing diaphanous, mind you, just sturdy—in true Burnett tradition. Outside, Manhattan Place, a street that sounds as if it belonged on a board game, is busy. The CBS-MTM film crew is preparing for Carol's next run-through with Anthony Heald, who plays her younger son. For most of summer 1986, she has assumed the on-camera character of Charlotte Kensington, the widowed matriarch of the Kensington family, the famed

Once cast as the princess who could feel a pea under the bedding in *Once Upon A Mattress*, now Carol's into raisins.

Fresno raisin moguls.

"This," she says, referring to the long hours on the set, "is not healthy." She pours us some bottled water, the kind you see in Southern California supermarkets. "We eat on the run; we only have a half-hour for lunch, and when we get home we have to make a decision: 'Do I eat or sleep tonight?' Usually I opt for sleep, otherwise I miss precious hours of rest," she says.

She's concerned about nutrition, an about-face from her early years in San Antonio, Texas, and later in California, when her dietary staples included anything deep-fried. She cheerfully announces that, mending her ways, she has sworn off enchiladas almost entirely.

"I plan on using more common sense in the future when it comes to my eating habits," she promises stoically. "More fruit and vegetables. I don't eat much meat, fish, or poultry." Here she laughs before delivering her next line: "After all, you never know what they are doing to the water and all the other stuff."

Working long hours on the miniseries and squeezing in a book tour to promote her memoirs, *One More Time* (Random House, 1986), may put a crimp in her nutrition plans, but you can bet she'll try. Don't count on much will power during Thanksgiving, though. It's her favorite holiday "because there are no strings attached," and she plans to spend it eating with her daughters. "I love it all," she says, "the regular corny stuff—turkey, cranberries, stuffing, and sweet-potato pie."

"Rootless" for three years, she claims that she has lived out of suitcases—11, to be exact. "One for winter boots, one for winter coats and sweaters, another for my book manuscript, and so on," she recounts. Such mobility has taught her to prefer simple things. Earlier in her career, when success and money started to pour in, she indulged in posh homes and expensive cars, trying to prove to herself she had "made it." More recently she has settled into a new house with a small yard, a modest pool, and flowers. "Now it's home," she says.

Although she hasn't lived in Hawaii for several years, she would like to buy some land in Honolulu to be near her sister's family and her "best buddy," Jim Nabors. But California will do for the present, and the comedy *Fresno* is a natural. Although it's light fare, cast members are playing it straight. There are no on-camera winks, as one reporter claimed: The humor comes from the story line and the witty situations. *Fresno* is a satire, pure and simple, with a bit of truth present even in the ridiculous.

"I've met real-life people like Charlotte Kensington," she says of her character. "You can spot them. They're really into how they present themselves to the world. Charlotte is like a hamster on one of those wheels. She has a one-track mind. She's the kind of person who would do her hair while looking at her reflection in your glasses."

What Carol has learned about acting she has picked up firsthand from

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life and from her experiences at UCLA and with the Stumptown Players. Her initial training in theory came from working with Robert Altman. He taught her how to write a sketch about the character she was portraying so she could understand that character in-depth.

The exercise wasn't necessary for playing Charlotte, however. "In the script, Charlotte talks about her family, about how hard they had it when she and her late husband first started. You get the feeling that they must have been very much in love. But she's an over-the-hill Southern belle. She's into lip gloss, hair mousse, raisins, and her kids," Carol says.

Raising Cane, her scheming elder son, played by Charles Grodin, is one of Charlotte Kensington's ongoing concerns.

More than anything, the costumes, specially designed by Bob Mackie, helped Carol to assume her role. She says: "You know, children are the best actors in the world. They become whatever the costume they are wearing *tells them* they are. This happens with adults as well. Go to a black-tie dinner and watch. They would all act differently if they had on sneakers."

Burnett also learns from other actors. She says of Dabney Coleman, her miniseries adversary: "I see how he conserves himself, how he is right on the money every time, how he doesn't embellish it with anything. He is as simple and as true as you can get. That makes it twice as funny. I just hope I'm more of that."

She admits to changing a lot over the years. ("We don't stop going to school when we graduate.") Not afraid to own up to mistakes, she takes herself to task when she thinks she's out of line. She also has a track record of taking to task other wrongdoers. Her most notable public battle, with the *National Enquirer*, challenged the flamboyant tabloid's 1976 statement that, while dining in a ritzy Washington restaurant, Carol Burnett had tried to share her dessert with others in a manner that clearly indicated she was tipsy. The story claimed she spilled wine on other diners, had water thrown on her, and had argued with Henry Kissinger.

In attempting to prove malice on the part of the *Enquirer*, Burnett's lawyer secured affidavits from two restaurant employees who swore they had informed the tabloid the story it was about to publish was not true. The $10 million lawsuit resulted in a $1.6 million award, but the sum was later reduced to $800,000. Burnett happily confirms, "I would have been happy with one dollar and carfare." In retrospect, she says she's glad she did it, but she is not too sure what she accomplished by the lawsuit. "I don't know what the long-term effect of my victory is," she says. "I think it has changed people's thinking about going after such publications if you can afford it. You can puncture that balloon if you are stubborn enough, and you could sink those rags if you only had the money."

From the financial settlement she established two $100,000 scholarships for the study of journalistic ethics at the University of Hawaii and at the University of California at Berkeley. If future journalists have benefited from her efforts, she too has learned from the experience. "To make anything work for you that isn't pleasant, you have to look at it as helping to create a balance in your life," she says. "You have to go through the falling down in order to learn to walk. It helps to know that you can survive it. That's an education in itself. The next time something bad happens you can say, 'I will survive.' "

She believes forgiveness is a key to good mental health, and she prides herself on not holding a grudge. "There's nothing more debilitating than rage," Burnett says. "It can make you sick. Yes, it's easier said than done to let something go. But *you can let it go*."

For 2½ years she dealt with her past and with forgiveness as she wrote what she calls a "letter to my daughters." The letter turned into a book, or what could evolve into a series of books. *One More*

Carol's sister Chrissy (left) lives in Honolulu; her eldest daughter Carrie is a regular on TV's "Fame," and her daughters Jodie and Erin are away from home attending college.

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Time covers the first 26 years of her life. She holds nothing back, and the reader, privy to the candid details contained in the letter, feels as if he'd steamed open the envelope. She views the letter as a legacy; she wanted her daughters to know what it was like for her to grow up. "I wish my mother had left me something about how she felt growing up. I wish my grandmother had done the same. I wanted my girls to know me," she says.

The three scenes she says were the easiest to write but the hardest to relive were the moments she last saw her father, her mother, and her grandmother alive. But recalling the typical things she did as a teen-ager, thinking that she was the only person in the world "going through it," brought laughter. "It tickled me to go back and relive those moments. My mother used to say, 'Some comedy is tragedy plus time,' " she concludes.

Burnett's voice takes on a different tone when she talks about her daughters. Warmth, pride, and hope are matched by a sparkle in her eyes. She pauses as she thinks about the girls and about their qualities she most admires. "Two come in mind," she says. "Humor and kindness. The girls are different, but each has humor and kindness. I admire those qualities in all people, but I particularly want my daughters to be thoughtful and kind. That sounds very Pollyannish, I know. It's also selfish because it makes you feel good when you help others. I've been helped by acts of kindness from strangers. That's why we're here, after all, to help others."

Burnett recommends memoir writing for everyone. She marvels at the insight gained by looking at herself at age 12 from her current vantage point. The exercise has caused her to view her parents in kinder terms. "To realize that, my gosh, they were doing the best they could with what they had! Of course, when I was 12 I didn't understand that. It's been a revelation to me. They were all right. A bit kooky, and crazy, and maddening, and all those things that we lay on our parents," she says.

Carol attributes her acting technique to on-the-job training with other actors and directors, such as friend Robert Altman (left).

The book's candor is refreshing, if not surprising. Burnett's honesty has been applauded on numerous occasions, most notably in October 1979, when she went public with her daughter Carrie's drug problem. Carol's plan—to offer the facts and avoid the circulation of gossip and unfounded stories—worked, as fans enthusiastically supported Carol's determination to help Carrie. The teen-ager was rehabilitated in a no-nonsense drug-abuse program in Houston. Today Carrie is a regular on the TV series "Fame," and she volunteers time to speak to schoolchildren about the dangers of drugs. Carol's second daughter, Jody Hamilton, is a junior at the University of the Pacific, and her youngest, Erin Kate Hamilton, attends an Eastern college.

Even though her offspring are successfully on their own, Carol has yet to slow down. Before starting *Fresno*, she taped the "Carol Burnett Special—Carol, Carl, Whoopi & Robin" for ABC with Carl Reiner, Whoopi Goldberg, and Robin Williams. In the past four years she has done four shows for CBS and two for HBO.

Right now, though, she is starring in what CBS calls "a sweeping saga of greed, lust, and dried grapes," where she is "locked in a life-and-death struggle for supremacy against Cane Enterprises." As the raisin magnate Charlotte Kensington she'll be raisin' Cane, but as Carol Burnett she'll surely be splittin' seams. And after the dust has settled on the set, the last episode has been taped, and the first book has been promoted to best sellerdom, perhaps she can then finish moving into that new little California home, retire the 11 pieces of luggage, and put down roots one more time.

No kidding. ★

Whether the role you're playing is serious or funny, the right costume helps you get into the mood for the part, Carol says—and for her, the more outlandish, the better.

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TREASURES OF THE "ATOCHA"

After he spent 20 years looking for sunken treasure, Mel Fisher's ship finally came in—now he's trying to divvy up a billion dollars in bullion.

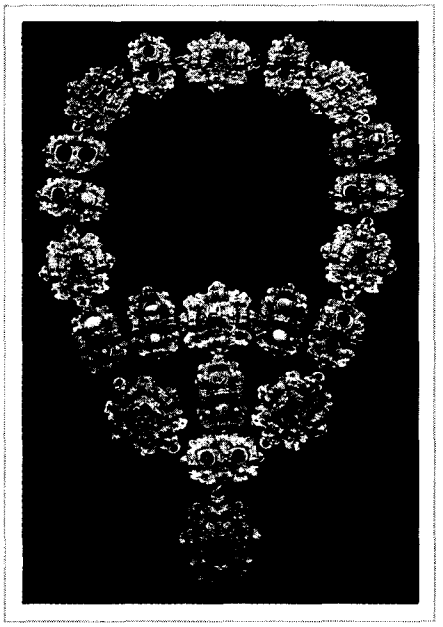
by Sam Stall

Forty miles from Key West (and 54 feet down) lies the wreck of the *Nuestra Señora de Atocha*, a Spanish galleon sent to the bottom in 1622 by a savage hurricane. Archaeologists documenting the ship call the crushed hull, littered with artifacts, a primary cultural deposit. Its finder—a treasure hunter named Mel Fisher—calls it simply "the mother lode."

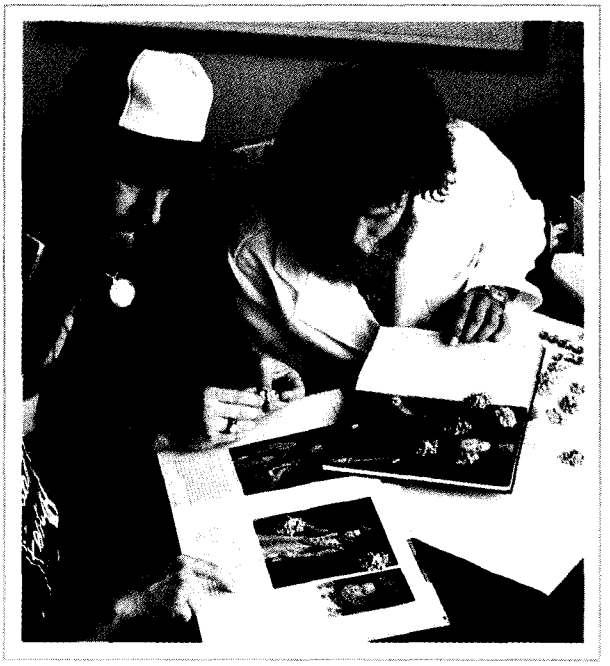
A tour of the Key West offices of Fisher's company, Treasure Salvors, reveals why. The squat, three-story building, wired with alarms and patrolled by armed guards, contains much of the cargo of the luckless *Atocha*. The haul includes 3,100 uncut green emeralds, 78 gold coins, 160,000 silver coins, 32 tons of silver (in more than 1,000 ingots), 115 gold bars and disks, and 78 gold chains.

The hoard is all on public display, arranged as if it were part of a small-time roadside museum. Gold chains worth thousands are draped over aquarium-quality coral pieces and festooned with plastic parrots. Silver ingots, valued in the millions, lie stacked like cordwood on the floor. Fisher reports that tourists come from miles around to behold the wealth. "One thing I get a kick out of is the busloads of kids we get," he says. "History was once boring to them, but once they see this exhibit, they get excited. I love seeing that." Fisher even lets young visitors climb the mounds of silver and gold and try on the heavy chains.

Fisher had to wait almost two decades for his ship to come in, but that tardiness is typical of the *Atocha*. It sealed her doom in the late summer of 1622. In that year, Spain ruled the New World with an iron hand, extracting its wealth to fill the imperial coffers of Europe. But Spain's domination of this rich trade was threatened by pirates and foreign navies. Enter the *Nuestra Señora de Atocha* and her sister ship, the *Santa Margarita*. Both were heavily armed escort galleons, members of Spain's awesome *Tierra Firme* fleet, charged with protecting treasure convoys from attack.



A necklace found on the **Atocha** *turned out to be the property of a Spanish princess, pictured wearing it in a 17th-century oil painting. The ornate piece was later reassembled by archaeological experts (below).*



Early in that long-ago summer, both ships made a lazy circuit of various ports of call in Central America and the West Indies and took on larger and larger loads of precious metals and wealthy passengers. The ships' last stop was Havana, where they linked up with a large convoy bound for Spain. The fleet hoped to make a speedy departure. With summer fading, the hurricane season was poised to begin.

But delayed by a calm, the *Atocha*, along with the other treasure ships, did not depart until Sunday, September 4. That day dawned fair and clear, and the wooden ships were soon lumbering toward the powerful Gulf Stream, which would sweep them back to Spain. But unknown to the crews, a hurricane had entered the Straits of Florida and was even then bearing down on them.

The blow fell on Monday morning. The sea was whipped into a frenzy, and howling winds drove the *Atocha* among sharp reefs and shoals. For two days, her crew battled the inevitable, even as the gale shredded sails and tossed the ship like driftwood. Finally, the *Atocha* impaled herself on a reef and went down. Crewmen on the *Margarita* watched the disaster and then shared in it when their own ship was hulled; it sank a few hours later. Three hundred eighty-seven passengers and crewmen went down with the two vessels, along with a king's ransom in treasure.

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Amazingly, an attempt to salvage the wrecks was made just four years later, in 1626, by a Cuban, Francisco Núñez Melian. By dragging the ocean bottom with grappling anchors, he retrieved a few silver bars and almost half the *Margarita*'s silver coins. The mother lode, however, eluded him. Núñez Melian wrote a lengthy report on his work, which was filed and forgotten. The search ended, the location of the wreck was gradually forgotten, and that, for more than 300 years, was that.

The story began again with Mel Fisher. Born in 1922 in Hobart, Indiana, Mel originally had ambitions, such as they were, that had nothing to do with treasure-hunting. Like a lot of Gary lads, he took a crack at steel-mill work. A single day wielding a sledge hammer convinced him he should explore the academic life. He studied engineering for a year and a half at Purdue University, then enlisted in the army at the beginning of World War II. Besides participating in the Normandy invasion, he managed to complete his engineering education while still in uniform.

After the war came another stint in the Gary mills. Fisher then moved to Chicago, Denver, Tampa, and finally to California, where he joined his parents at their chicken farm. The work wasn't much to his liking, so he

When Mel Fisher's ship finally came in after a 17-year wait, the diving crew had good cause to celebrate: a glittering cargo valued up to $1 billion. Fisher (at center) toasts his team and his treasure after collecting the first bountiful haul on July 20, 1985.

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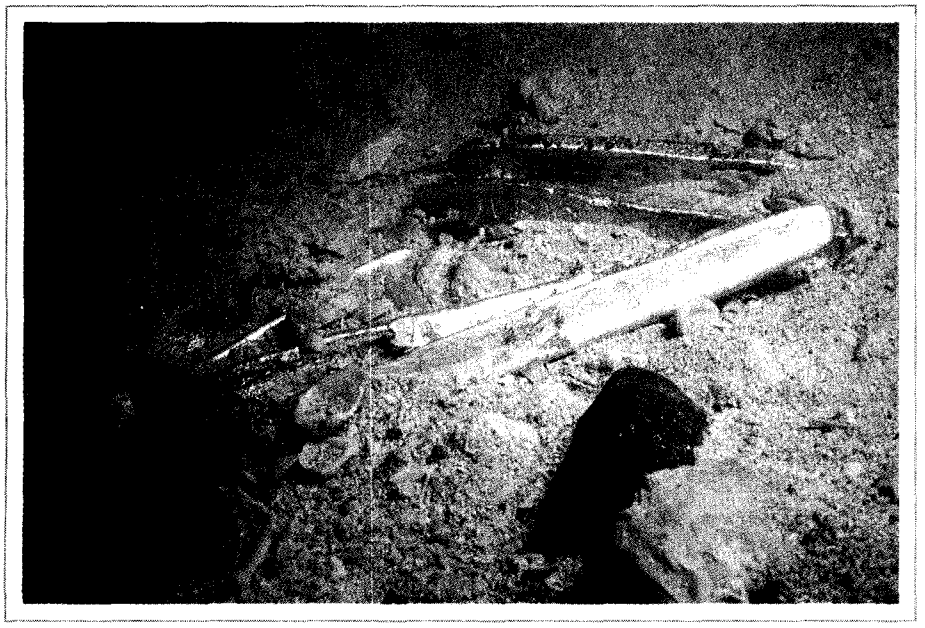
took up scuba diving and eventually opened a diving store called Mel's Aqua Shop. A proficient underwater cameraman, he created a weekly local television show featuring his exploits. "I ran out of stories for the movies," he says. "I had to think up a new script every week. Finally, I did one on treasure-hunting. I guess that's how it all started."

At the same time, Fisher was tinkering together a small, portable dredge for sifting gold from streams. He didn't find many nuggets, but the invention caught on with prospectors, and he made a tidy sum selling it. Fisher, then in his 40s, decided in 1963 to retire, move his wife and five children to Florida, and spend a year searching for sunken treasure. The family drove cross-country, and when Fisher arrived at the Atlantic coast, he parked his car at Vero Beach to stretch his legs and survey the ocean. The sight of the vast blue overwhelmed him. Jokingly, he asked a lifeguard if there were any Spanish galleons just lying around.

"He said, 'Yeah, there's one right over there,' " Fisher remembers. The spot wasn't too far beyond the surf line. The lifeguard said he dove the wreck each morning and collected lobsters from under its cannons and anchors. Fisher didn't get a chance to look at the wreck until years later, but the idea that his goal could be so close at hand lifted his spirits.

He purchased a boat and puttered around the tepid waters off Florida for the balance of the year. But just as his adventure took on an air of Don Quixote-like futility, another machine he tinkered together saved the day. Called a mailbox because of its resemblance to said receptacle, it was a large metal device that, when fastened to the bottom of a boat, could channel the prop wash straight toward the ocean floor. The resulting turbulence could lift away tons of sediment and reveal long-hidden wrecks. Five days before his self-imposed deadline of one year was to end, Fisher parked his boat over a bay near Fort Pierce and fired up the mailbox. "After using it 15 minutes, the whole bottom of the ocean was just covered with gold doubloons," he says.

The loot, which came from a fleet



Even Treasure Salvors divers won't find all the **Atocha***'s treasure, like these gold bars. "Your children and your children's children will be able to go to that wreck and find things," Salvors vice-president Bleth McHaley says.*

Before being retrieved from the ocean floor, each piece of sunken treasure from the wreck was photographed and plotted using a large metal grid.

Included in the booty are gold and ruby rosaries, a gold communion plate, daggers, swords, and a gold chain more than 12 feet long.

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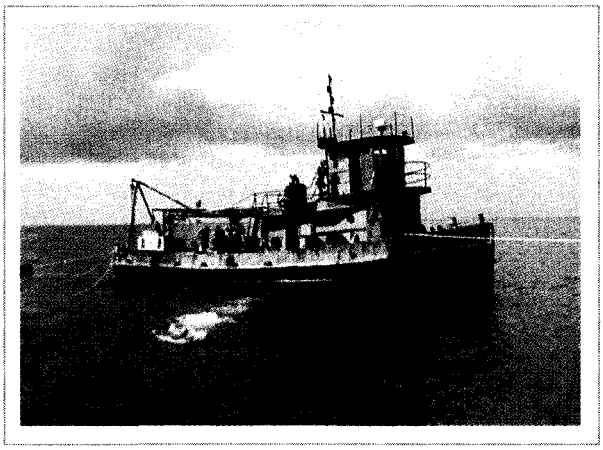
of treasure ships sunk in 1715, netted him several hundred thousand dollars. Fisher decided to use the windfall to go after bigger game. Just what that target should be was decided in 1965, when he read a copy of *The Treasure Diver's Guide*. The book rates shipwrecks with stars, the way travel guides rate hotels. The *Atocha* had four.

The book said the ship sank in the Middle Keys, which was dead wrong. Fisher originally gave himself another deadline—101 days—to find the *Atocha*, but that quickly went by the board as he became engrossed in the search. Using magnetometers, side-scan sonar, sub-bottom profilers, a pulse-detection sleigh, atomic-absorption photospectrometers, and the trusty mailbox, his boats scoured the ocean in a fruitless search for leads. "The first two years was just pure searching, back and forth," Fisher says. "We didn't find anything from the wreck. We searched more than 100,000 square miles."



At least one Treasure Salvors boat rides over the wreck at all times to keep away the curious.

Finally, two lead musket balls and an olive-jar neck were uncovered. Fisher was optimistic. "I told the guys, this is it," he says. "Looking at the olive jar, I could tell for sure it was from around 1622 and Spanish."

Still, the big break came not on the high seas, but thousands of miles away in the Archives of the Indies in Seville, Spain. There, Eugene Lyon, an acquaintance of Fisher's, was researching his doctoral dissertation among the library's moldering maritime files. In February 1970, he discovered Núñez Melian's report on the salvage of the *Santa Margarita*. It said the ship was located in the Marquesas Keys, more than 100 miles from Fisher's search area.

Treasure Salvors, Fisher's growing company, quickly moved to Key West, where Mel and his family took up residence in a houseboat. Slowly, the sea yielded tantalizing clues. In 1971, an anchor and a stack of gold coins were found. In 1973, divers pulled up three silver bars whose

Treasure hauled from the ocean bottom is logged on the spot. A particularly bizarre item in the inventory is an emerald-encrusted "poison cup." Legend claims the cup's interior stone can negate the power of such poisons as hemlock.

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markings matched those listed in the *Atocha*'s manifest. In 1975, bronze cannons from the ship were located. In 1980, the *Margarita* was discovered. Along the way, Treasure Salvors found and bypassed more than 100 lesser wrecks; their wares, which helped finance the continuing search, were nowhere near the potential value of the *Atocha*.

As Fisher followed this Hansel and Gretel trail on the ocean floor, disaster struck. In 1975, his son Dirk, his daughter-in-law, and a crewman were killed when their boat capsized in the middle of the night. "I almost quit when my son died," he says. "But I figured he would have wanted me to find the darn thing."

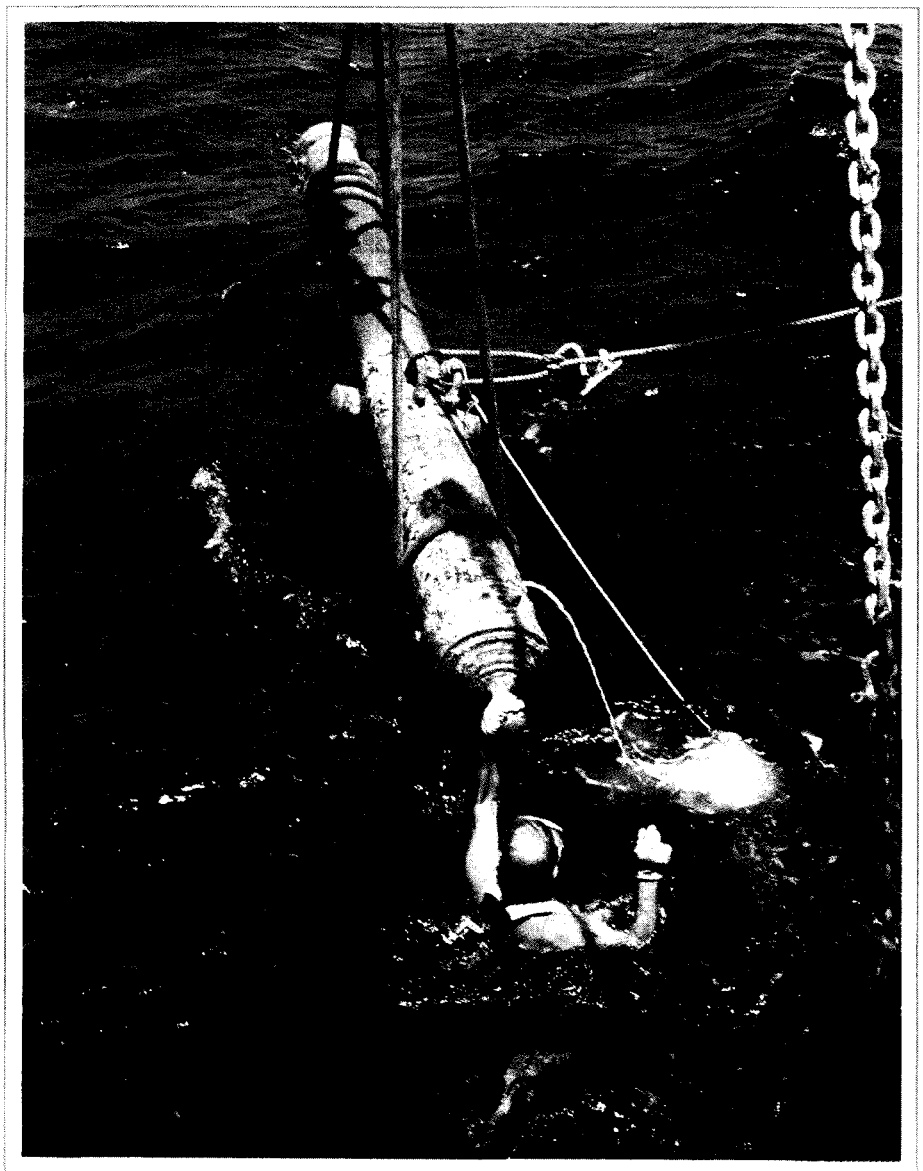
At the same time, Treasure Salvors was fighting a running legal battle with both Florida and the United States, which at various times had tried to claim from 25 to 100 percent of everything the company found. The harassment did not end until the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that neither government could take any of the loot.

With the discovery of the *Margarita*, it was assumed that the *Atocha* couldn't be far away. Still, the ancient vessel eluded her pursuers for another five years, until July 1985, when magnetometers on board a Treasure Salvors ship revealed the outline of a wreck on the ocean floor, 54 feet down and buried under several feet of silt. The mailbox was turned on, the debris was cleared, and there, rotted but still plainly visible, was the lower hull of the *Atocha*. The news was quickly radioed back to the company offices. A crowd gathered, and celebrations started, but Mel Fisher was nowhere to be found. Quickly, word was put out over the local radio station: "If anybody sees Mel Fisher, tell him he found the big pile."

"I was down at the local dive store, buying some equipment," Fisher remembers. "On the way back from the dive shop, about a three-block walk, I had a couple hundred people tell me."

What he found, exactly, is still being appraised. Treasure Salvors' resident archaeologist, when confronted with the task of surveying the wreck, called for help. Through some personal contacts inside the company, he found Resource Analysts, an Indianapolis contract archaeology firm. Its job was to wring out and document the historical significance of the wreck, even as divers lifted the treasures. "We will probably be here the rest of this year and probably next," says the company's president, John Dorwin. "The quantity of material is overwhelming."

From a historical point of view, finding a largely intact Spanish galleon was at least as important as locating the gold she carried. The construction techniques used to build such ships were a mystery before the *Atocha* find. "We've probably got as



Eleven bronze cannons—a rare find—were lifted from the **Atocha** *and the* **Margarita.** *The best of the lot was given to Queen Sophia of Spain in 1976.*

Back home again in Indiana, the former Gary resident Mel Fisher visits with his business agent, Mark Roesler, president of Curtis Licensing Company.

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much structure as has ever been excavated from a Spanish galleon," Dorwin says. "It's a major find."

Resource Analysts first plotted the entire wreck on a giant grid. Each new discovery was photographed where it was found, charted on the grid, logged, and then hauled to the surface. So far, the massive catalog of finds includes swords, early muskets, ham and sea-turtle bones (pigs and turtles were carried alive on the ships for fresh meat), and a large assortment of contraband wealth, such as crude gold ingots not listed on the ship's manifest. Several pounds of emeralds had been smuggled aboard by a lowly sailor. The gems were discovered in Havana, however, and the unfortunate swabby was executed just days before his mates sailed to their deaths. The incident, along with the emeralds, was mentioned in the ship's manifest.

After centuries in the ocean, much of the treasure is highly unstable when exposed to the air. One such item is a silver plate, washed in gold and engraved with an elaborate mythological scene. It must be kept in a vat of water, because exposure to the air corrodes the silver interior and causes the gold to flake off. Likewise, the timbers of the *Atocha*, if brought to the surface, would shrink and crumble. Once they have been examined by archaeologists, they will likely remain on the ocean floor just as they were found.

While Dorwin assesses the archaeological significance of the *Atocha*, his sister company, Analytic Resources, must list every piece of treasure so it can be fairly divided among investors. The job is every bit as hard as it sounds. "Basically, we have to inventory everything they bring up in much the same way a company inventories its stock," says the company's president, Michael Carlson.

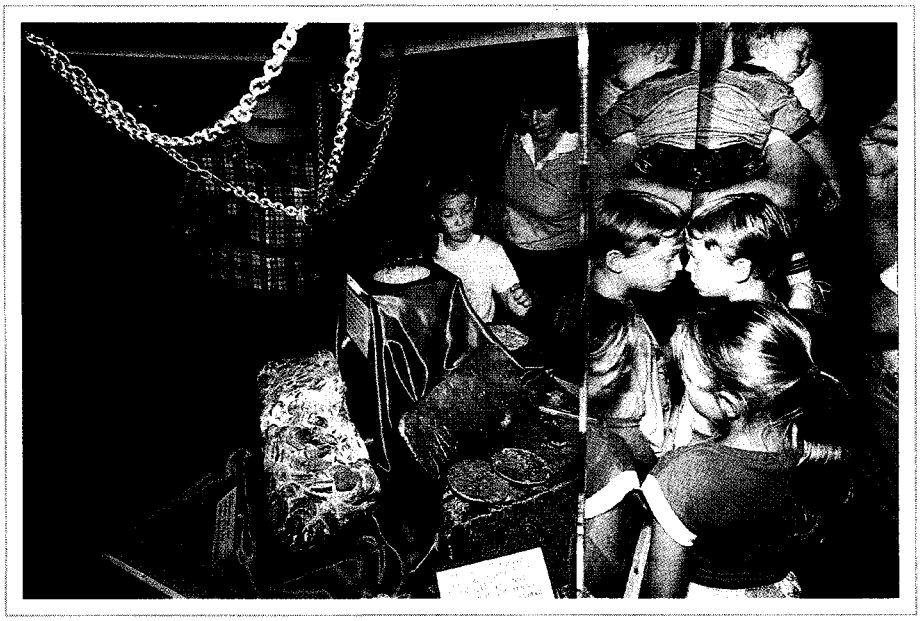
So far, "everything" is growing by leaps and bounds. In 1985 alone, 400,000 individual items were fished from the ocean. Each piece, from every silver coin in a treasure chest to every musket ball in a shooting kit, is digitally photographed via computer and listed with an evaluation of its quality, age, and other data. The object then receives an ID tag similar to a UPC symbol, which, when passed over a laser, can call up a computer listing of its vital statistics, along with the digital photo. Currently, 12 programmers are working 12-hour shifts in Key West to get the treasure into the computer system.

A fictionalized film based on Fisher's treasure quest airs this fall on CBS. His wife, Deo, shown with their daughter Taffi, will be played by Loretta Swit.

All this is vitally important for the division of the goods. Fisher sold hundreds of shares in his enterprise to investors. Some stockholders were tourists who plunked down $1,000 for limited partnerships while visiting his museum. Others have kicked in millions for a piece of the action. The wealth will be divided by a computer program, which will assign investors a certain number of points based on their contributions. The program will then search through the treasure listings for enough loot to satisfy each allotment.

Investors will be paid in treasure, not cash. "My feeling is that most of it will wind up in museums," Carlson says. Perhaps, but not before it visits the auction block. The New York auction houses of Sotheby's and Christie's both have representatives on the scene, trying to put values on the per-

continued on page 100



The Indianapolis Children's Museum hosted the only exhibit of the **Atocha***'s riches. Fisher was on hand to watch thousands of visitors sample life on a Spanish galleon. The museum displayed 70 items valued at $15 million.*

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LOOKING OUT FOR NO. 2

A 198-pound weakling gets sand in his face instead of in his backbone.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

If you were standing in line and waiting for a table at the El Rancho restaurant and car wash last Saturday night, I'm sure you saw that fellow sitting alone at a table for four and leisurely sipping his third cup of coffee while searching the classifieds in the New York *Times*. And when he finally got your hopes up by folding the paper as if to leave, he took out his Cross pen and contentedly began working the crossword puzzle.

I just want you to know that that wasn't me. I was the one sitting at the counter. And the minute I saw you waiting, I scalded my tonsils downing my cup of half-brewed tea, blistered my upper lip getting slapped with the tea bag, crammed the other half of my BLT in my pocket, stuck a stalk of celery behind my ear—and I was gone. Didn't even stop to pick up my $2.17 change. Not that it mattered. Overtipping is just another one of my failings.

It's my own fault for not taking the advice of Charles Atlas in my formative years. If I had eaten fiber and flossed my teeth, today I could be running along a Caribbean beach with a sun-tanned blonde beauty and kicking sand in the face of a 98-pound weakling. Instead, I am now a 198-pound weakling who gets not only sand kicked in his face but often a crayfish dropped into his swim trunks for good measure.

You've seen a guy start away from the self-serve gas pump with the hose stuck in his tank because a car has driven up behind him? That's me. Or let me show my age by holding a door open for a woman, and I'm there until everyone in sight has cleared. With my luck, that usually includes a kid leashed to an opinionated dachshund, a man with a bamboo fishing pole, a troop of straggling Brownies, and two men nursing a plate-glass window.

As for getting a drink at the water fountain in a theater lobby, I'm stuck holding the handle until every incoming patron and dehydrated kid in the joint have drunk until they slosh. After holding the handle through the first ten minutes of *Airplane VI*, I bought a copy of *Take Charge of Your Life*. From there on, no more Mr. Nice Guy. If the victim next in line expected me to hold the handle, he'd better be able to breathe through his ears, because his nose would be full of water. Or maybe I'd let the flow ebb so suddenly that in following it down I would be rewarded by seeing him deposit two front teeth in the basin.

But you know something, folks, I still couldn't do it. If my wife hadn't decided that we didn't like the movie *Rocky* circa *XIII* and hadn't picked me up at my old post, I could have been in the lobby until the theater closed. Fortunately there were only a few latecomers to take advantage of my open-faucet policy.

It's not that I haven't tried to become inconsiderate, arrogant, overbearing, egotistical, assertive, obnoxious, or whatever it takes to be able to uncork a door or send a stream of water up someone's nose. The books piled on my night stand must run 85 percent to self-helpers. *Looking Out for No. 1* is coverless, dog-eared, and underscored on every page. But I have yet to find a book that will keep sand out of my face and put it in my backbone.

I blame some of the problem on just plain bad luck. Let me dash into the bank to cash a $2 refund check for overassessment on our neutered dog, and the guy in line ahead of me is trying to get a $10,000 loan with an unpaid traffic ticket for identification. If I stop at the supermarket to buy a can of cat food for our dog (that's another story), the express lane is blocked by a woman wheeling a week's supply of groceries for seven

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tapewormy kids. Not only does she successfully argue that the "12 items or less" means 12 of each item, but after the checkout girl has changed the tape in her machine and has come back from the office with a roll of pennies, the woman disembowels her overnight bag to find a coupon that will knock ten cents off her tab of $63.82. She then writes out a check for the amount, recycles her debris to find her check-authorization card, and proceeds to balance her checkbook before my can of cat food can be rung up.

This year I waited until a rainy Monday morning at the height of the flu season to get my car license. Figuring that only a dummy would be out in such weather to get a car license, I'd pop in and pop out with my plate in five minutes at most. That's what I figured.

After driving around for a half hour, I was lucky to find a parking place only two blocks from the bureau door. Lucky, because it was at the end of the line of idiots who had come out to buy plates on such a day. Upon reaching the shelter of the doorway, around 1 p.m. (my watch doesn't run in wet weather), I couldn't resist looking back at the huddled masses behind me. Only there weren't any. Not only was I still at the end of the line, but by the time I had worked my way up to the window, I found only a sign saying they had closed early to celebrate the dogcatcher's birthday. On the way back to my car, it passed me on the winch of a wrecker towing it out of the 3 p.m. parking zone. I came down with the flu the next day.

Upon recovering, I went to Goodwill to ask if they could use a suit composed of 50 percent wool, 50 percent mildew, and spotted a bookstore window displaying *The Sky's the Limit*. This, I thought to myself, may at least get me off the ground. I'm glad I didn't think it to someone else, because the book didn't help. Not unless you can count a line it reminded me of—was it from Plato or Socrates?—"It's hard to soar with the eagles when you're working with a bunch of turkeys."

Undaunted (that's one thing in my favor, I don't daunt easily), the next time I waited in a supermarket—this time for the rescue squad to come and release a kid's leg from the cart ahead of me—I selected a paperback copy of *You Can Do It* from the literary lazy Susan. Reading it later that night, I found I couldn't put it down. One of the kids had spilled model-airplane glue on the cover.

There's no feeling like going to work the next day knowing that you can do it. I only hoped that I wouldn't be too ruthless with Ruth, my secretary, after sitting down at my desk and giving the buzzer a commanding push.

"Yes?"

"Would you come in, Ruth? I have some . . ."

"I'm sorry, but I'm pretty busy right now. Would you mind coming out here?"

I certainly would go out there. And I certainly let her know that I had some letters to dictate. She told me she had all this filing to do. And her suggestion—that if I gave her a hand with the filing, we could get to the letters that much sooner—seemed within reason. After all, good secretaries are not easy to come by.

But pity the poor girl behind the lunch counter at the department store that noon. Too bad she would be the victim of my rejuvenated ego—but what the heck, a man who can do it has to begin doing it somewhere.

"I'll have your Number Three," I finally announced, pointing to No. 3 on the menu in case she were deaf. "Only instead of the carameled apple . . ."

"Sorry, no substitutions," she interrupted, turning to restyle her hair by the reflection in the coffee urn. In the reflection, as luck would have it, she caught a glimpse of a long-lost grade-school buddy.

"Brenda, is that you?" the counter girl yelped, filling a water glass and offering her a menu. "Sit right down. The whitefish today is out of this world!" (And *had* been out of this world for at least a week, if my olfactories were any judge.)

"I just came in to say hello," responded Brenda, looking longingly at the menu. "I brown-bagged a watercress sandwich from home."

"You can't keep up your strength on a watercress sandwich, for heaven's sake," the counter girl diagnosed. Whereupon Brenda adjusted her 180 pounds of strength on a protesting counter stool and lost herself in the dessert side of the menu.

Taking advantage of the lull, I came right out with a resolute clearing of my throat.

"I'll be right with you, sir," the counter girl said. But first there were the no small matters of filling the steamer with buns, positioning the day's estimate of hamburgers on the grill, and subjecting a sack of fries to the hot-grease torture test. Not until she had surveyed and begun sectioning a tray of runny rhubarb pies did I conclude that if I were ever going to do it, I'd better be at it.

"Ahem," I said, looking her right in the back. "I'll have your . . ."

"Would you mind scooting down to the end of the counter, sir?" she asked, relieving me of my menu. "Lingerie and Toiletries like to sit together."

So I'm sitting at the end of the counter with a new menu, drawing faces on the sunny-side-up eggs, and filling in all the *O*s while Brenda, nine salesgirls, two stock boys, and the janitor decide what they'll have for lunch. Not until a trip to the fridge for a blueberry yogurt brought the counter girl past my lonely outpost did I have an opportunity to say, "I'll have your Number Three, *with* the carmeled apple."

A half-hour later, I was served a No. 4—split-pea soup and a toasted-cheese sandwich. I detest split-pea soup, and the sandwich had obviously been stepped on. I still left a 20 percent tip.

After holding the elevator door until the cage was full, requiring me to take the stairs, I stopped off at the book counter and bought a copy from a display of *How to Live with Yourself*.

It may be my only hope.

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LAST GASPS FROM A CRUSTY OLD ADMIRAL

When tensions ran high he would smoke:
he never took time out to conquer his addiction—
after all, he had a navy to run.

by Rear Admiral G. E. "Joe" Synhorst (Ret.)

As told to James R. Whelan and Cory SerVaas, M.D.

I had a navy to run. I thought I didn't have time to work on my addiction. In fact, I never really realized what an addiction I had developed until it was too late and I was too busy.

We used to laugh when my dad would smile and say, "Yes, I'd walk *ten* miles for a Camel," and we knew he meant it. We grew up during the Great Depression, and we'd sit around the kitchen table watching him roll his cigarettes with tobacco from a large, round can of red Velveeta.

He had a smaller, rectangular can to take to the field with him for pipe tobacco. But at the kitchen table he would seem to be especially relaxed and happy while preparing his next treat. He would lick tiny cigarette papers to moisten them so they would seal and not lose their lumpy contents. His large, burly fingers would look clumsy handling the flimsy cigarette papers. He would dance a jig to his own lyrics while mimicking dancers of the '30s, holding up the cigarette with its pinched ends as if it were a prized work of art. Later he would mimic President Roosevelt (whom he resembled a great deal) with his cigarette holder. When he went out on very special occasions, he would have a pack of Camels, and thus came his happy boast, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." Dad would vouch for that slogan.

During the Hoover and early Roosevelt years, rural electrification had not yet hit Iowa farm country. We depended on our squeaking windmill to pump water and on our own muscle power to distribute it to the ever-thirsty livestock and chickens. There wasn't time to smoke while "choring." Can you imagine smoking while milking a cow? Dad milked by hand. Let me tell you about that. You may not know that when you milk cows, you milk from the right side. Cows don't like to get milked from the left side. I guess there are no left-handed cows. A cow always manages to sleep on the right side, so when you get up and go to milk, you stick your head in the side of a frosty cow. The cow normally manages to get its tail in the muck, and there are these clinkers of frozen mud in its tail, so you sit there with your head in the side of a frosty cow with these frozen clinkers flapping on the side of your face.

One can't roll cigarettes while guiding a plow, either.

The reason my dad and his neighbors weren't dying from lung cancer, heart disease, or emphysema was that even roll-your-own cigarette tobacco was in short supply. I remember when my older sister Dorothy saved up the money she got for cleaning our chicken house to buy dad a brightly decorated gift canister of Velveeta for Christmas and wrapped it proudly. This took many Saturday afternoons of staying home while our parents went to town for their weekly trading, taking the eggs to the grocer and trading them for food staples for the next week. Forfeiting the trip to town and spending the afternoon shoveling chicken manure from the chicken house could net a nickel or a dime for Dorothy's bank, which she kept on the piano in the parlor.

Comdr. Gerald E. Synhorst assumed his first full command with the commissioning of the nuclear submarine USS *Tullibee* in June 1964.

Dad couldn't afford to buy enough cigarettes to develop lung cancer, heart disease, or emphysema. My dad didn't live long enough to die from his addiction, so I was left with only the happiest memories of tobacco use. Dad would pipe dream with his favorite corncob pipe: "If I were suddenly a millionaire I wouldn't tell. I would just go to town in my new Chevrolet with lighted cigarettes and people would wonder how I could afford it," he'd say. His idea of luxury was to show off with plenty of smokes.

My ideas of smoking prestige came later when I became a plebe at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis. My sister Cory, who had been working in

Rear Adm. Gerald E. (Joe) Synhorst was retired from the Navy at age 47. His career was abruptly shattered when his cigarette smoking left him with almost no lungs. Smoking causes emphysema, which destroys lung tissue.

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Gov. Bourke Hickenlooper's office, had sent me one of the governor's forms for aspiring naval academy applicants.

I found myself in a new environment, and every morning was like Sunday morning on the farm. After the rigors of early-morning rising and unrelenting chores and livestock feeding, academy life was luxurious. The height of leisure was to sit with a cigarette in "Smoke Park," where plebes (freshmen) couldn't go. You had to earn the right to sit and smoke with the big boys in Smoke Park.

(Left) Joe retreated to his room and refused to eat supper the night Pete, his pet pony, died of encephalitis. (Below) This wasn't Marlboro country—farmers had little time to smoke. Joe learned to operate farm equipment with his brother Abe. His forebears had plowed the ground with horses.

Somewhere at that time smoking became such a status symbol to me that I was smoking in Smoke Park with the best of them. We didn't know about lung cancer then, much less about emphysema or heart disease from smoking. We didn't know then that nicotine is a severely addictive substance and that for some, it becomes impossible to drop this wicked lady.

Just about everyone who mattered in my world smoked. Navy's football coach smoked. Our professors smoked. Military heroes smoked. Uncle Sam made sure even the servicemen smoked. Cigarettes for the military during World War II, when they weren't free, were three cents a pack, seven cents a pack. When we were permitted to go on cruise with the real Navy, one of the prize perks was being allowed to buy all the cigarettes we wanted for a few cents a pack. It made going on cruise with the Navy a

(Left) A plebe (first-year student) at the U.S. Naval Academy might feel socially insecure. Smoking was a status symbol, permitted in "Smoke Park" by midshipmen of sophomore rank or higher. (Below) By the time Joe married Elaine, he and most of his buddies were smoking.

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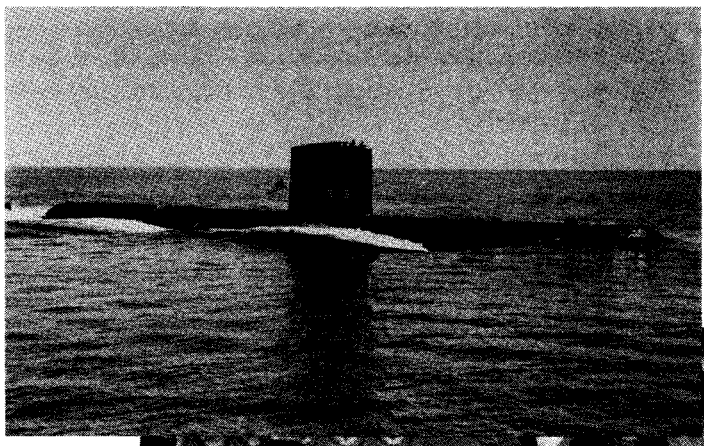
coveted privilege.

Later, we just gradually smoked more as pressures mounted. In dangerous waters 30 fathoms deep, where rival Russian subs could be lurking, pressures mounted often. We smoked. When carbon-monoxide levels became too high in the submarines, everyone might have to quit smoking temporarily, but when the air cleared we lit up again.



The USS *Swordfish* at Submarine Base in Pearl Harbor. When carbon monoxide (CO) levels rose too high, submariners would be asked to stop smoking until the air could be cleared. One carbon-monoxide accident left a submariner permanently brain damaged and incontinent.

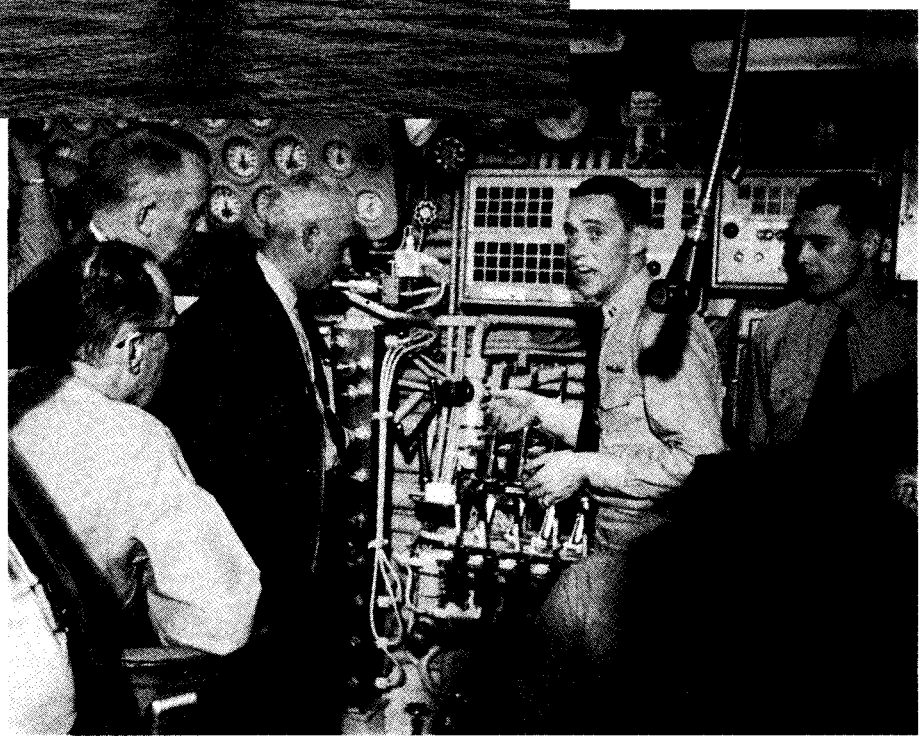
If smoking on submarines was double jeopardy, we didn't know it. If submariners would end up more often with lung disease than non-submarine smokers, we didn't know. And probably never would. Who would waste time with such an expensive long-range study? (Do airline stewardesses and pilots who smoke die or suffer more from lung cancer and emphysema? It will take about 20 years or more to learn the answer to that one.)

We were happy. Innocent of our time bomb. But the enemy was not the Russian surveillance sub watching us—the enemy was the deadly little white-and-brown weapon in our own hands. But we didn't know we were watching our good men commit suicide slowly—forsaking their posts. If we were forfeiting our country's proud warriors to the enemy, we didn't know it.

Promotion from sub duty to a desk job at the Pentagon might seem dull. But not if you happen to have responsibility for 140 American submarines all over the world; not when a sub is almost always in trouble, somewhere; not when you are trying to figure out what President Richard Nixon means when he tells our military commanders to instruct our forces to "lean forward in the trenches" as a warning to the Russians, and our submarines are already cheek by jowl with the Russians' anyway. So the hours were long, and the tension levels high, and the cigarette smoke thicker.

I wasn't terribly concerned about my own health. I really never was. *We had a navy to run.*

We celebrated ship launchings with a few glasses of champagne and many lighted cigarettes. Life was good. Our families were young and we were their heroes when we returned home.



Lt. "Joe" Synhorst, USN, reactor control officer, tells the Joint Chiefs how the USS *Nautilus* ballast system works.

We could beat our young sons at all their sports. We could beat them until, well. . .the boys were the first to notice that I was a little short-winded.

They began to win at more games. My nagging sister Cory would send packages of Nicoban she would buy in the drugstore. But "quality of life" was more important than having to listen to my sister's admonishments. To protect my quality of life I ignored my sister. I smoked happily and sent my orderlies out for more Marlboros.

When she begged me to come to Indianapolis to be hypnotized to overcome my smoking habit, I

Elaine and their four children, Paul, Barbara, Patty, and John (not shown), waited for the young engineering officer's return from submarine excursions.

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scowled. "We have a navy to run, woman. . .I can't mess with your hypnotist."

My wife knew she couldn't nag me. I had a VIP complex. For some reason Admiral Rickover had always picked me for advanced posts, causing my friends and a few relatives to introduce me as "Admiral Rickover's heir apparent."

The world was my oyster when on February 7, 1974, I was made rear admiral and on March 15, 1975, I was asked to take over all the subs in the Mediterranean fleet. We would need to live in Naples, Italy, for a two-year stint. It was the right career move for a man being described as Admiral Rickover's heir apparent. I had just had my yearly physical at Bethesda. The routine report came back just as it had done every year. "Good news, Admiral, you're in great shape. See you next year." It further explained, "Normal Chest."

But I wasn't in great

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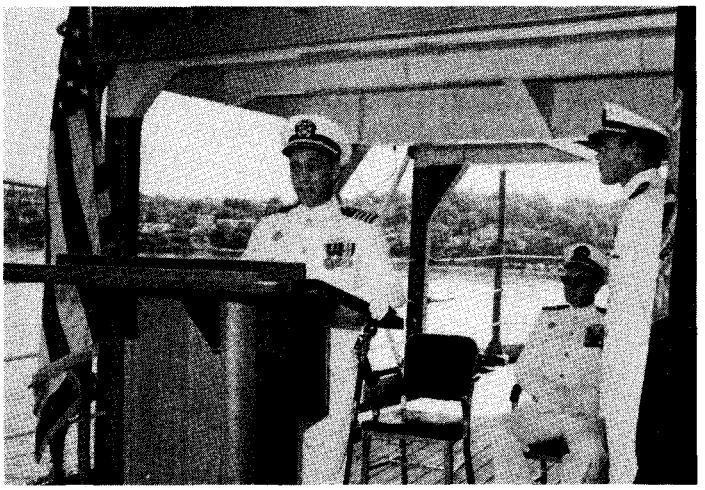

"Joe would have made a great fleet commander," said his last boss at the Pentagon. Cigarette addiction would end his career prematurely.

At Keelung, Taiwan, in 1960, Lt. Comdr. "Joe" Synhorst is congratulated on the performance of the *Swordfish* and its officers by President Chiang Kai-shek of the Republic of China. President Chiang cruised in the nuclear submarine for 3½ hours, during which time the *Swordfish* submerged to a depth of 400 feet.

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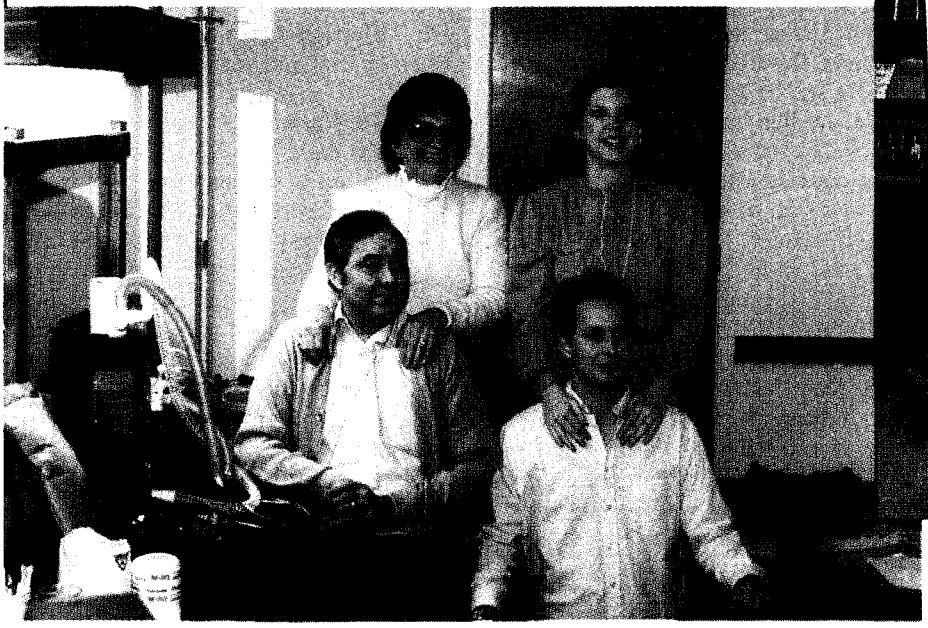
(Left) The survivors: Lorraine Synhorst was a naval officer's widow. Her first husband died from a smoking-related illness. Childhood friends, she and Joe married after Elaine's death.

(Below) Family and friends gathered to welcome a returning hero. Joe removed his nasal cannula to pose. The oxygen tube remains exposed.

(Above) When Joe was given an estimated five years to live, he worried that his mother would have to see him die. "Joe is looking old," she observed when he returned to Iowa from the Pentagon.

(Below) Joe's son John is an engineer with Texas Instruments in Dallas. When he married Margaret, they honeymooned in Iowa because Joe couldn't travel to the wedding—passengers' smoke makes travel on commercial airlines impossible for severe emphysema patients.



(Above) While Joe struggles for every breath in a hospital bed, remnants of better days hang above the mantel of his den.

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Liffey

He lost his best friend. Nothing could take old Liffey's place. He swore he'd

NEVER GET ANOTHER DOG

by Jean Heavey

Mr. McHugh woke with a start. Opening his eyes, he saw a shaft of sunlight already on the wall opposite. He pushed down the covers impatiently and half rose. Then he remembered about Liffey and felt suddenly hollow and empty. He lowered himself slowly onto his pillow and pulled back the bedclothes. There was no need, he told himself, to get up this morning to let Sally in from the dawn patrol.

The old man lay still, listening, trying to identify the noise that had awakened him. From the kitchen came the snap of the refrigerator door, the clink of dishes, and the rush of a faucet. Quite suddenly an aroma of boiling coffee permeated the room. The fragrance of it roused Mr. McHugh so that he flung back the covers and got to his feet hastily. For several seconds he had to rest his hand on the bureau to steady himself till the dizziness that always followed a bad night had passed.

One by one the familiar array of his special treasures on the bureau came into focus—his best pipe in its box, his wife's picture, a leather-bound Bible, and the electric razor he had never used. Finally his eyes came to rest reluctantly on the latest addition—a well-worn dog collar. He picked it up slowly and sat down on the edge of the bed. With careful deliberation he slipped the end of the oily collar through the buckle and fastened it securely. Then he stared thoughtfully at the empty circle cradled in his hands.

"You up, dad?" Sally called from the kitchen.

Mr. McHugh started. "Certainly, I'm up," he called back.

"The coffee's boiling."

The old man got to his feet again, placed the collar on the bureau, and began to pull on his clothes. He took his time, partly out of a sense of irritation with himself at having overslept and partly out of unconscious reluctance to face the changed pattern of his day. Ordinarily he got up after his daughter left with Liffey for the early-morning walk. By the time they came back, he had the coffee boiling and the dog's warm milk ready for him. Here, this morning, Sally had set up a new routine without as much as a by-your-leave.

Mr. McHugh made his way to the dinette in silence and sat down. Sally looked at her father's face anxiously. She noted the pouches under his eyes and the absence of his usual ready smile.

"How did you sleep, dad?" she asked cheerfully.

The old man shot her an indignant glance. "How do you think I slept," he demanded, "after what happened?"

"Oh!" Sally murmured.

The sooner he got his coffee, she thought, the better. Humming busily, she placed the steaming percolator on the table and laid a plate of scrambled eggs before her father. With quick efficiency she slipped bread into the pop-up toaster and then poured each of them a cup of coffee.

Mr. McHugh, watching her closely, pointed at her plate. "You forgot your eggs," he said testily.

"I thought I'd skip them, dad. If I'm not to have my morning workout with Liffey," she added with determined lightness, "I had better. Seems funny, doesn't it," she went on, trying to put what she knew her father must be thinking and feeling into words, "not to have him begging for tidbits?"

Mr. McHugh's cup dropped to his saucer with a thud. He gripped the edge of the table and leaned forward. Then his pent-up hurt broke loose. "You killed my best friend last night," he said resentfully, "and now you're making a joke of him."

Sally put her own cup down slowly. "Oh, dad!" she exclaimed. "How can you say that?"

"That's what you did," Mr. McHugh added stubbornly.

Sally looked at her father. She saw the anger in his face and, beneath it, confusion and hurt. She had often seen one of her pupils look like that—some boy whose manly pride struggled against an emotion he would not admit or did not understand.

"But you agreed, dad," she said quietly. "Dr. Wade phoned you from the office and asked you. I heard him."

Mr. McHugh stirred his coffee so violently that it spilled over the saucer and onto the fresh linen doily. "He took me unawares," he muttered. "You both did."

"But Dr. Wade explained it was the humane thing to do," Sally added. "The arthritis had spread to Liffey's spine, and his legs were giving out."

The old man's jaw set stubbornly. "I could have managed him."

"But, dad, Liffey was——" Sally began, and she bit her lip to keep herself from saying "Liffey was my dog." Although he had been given to her as a puppy, he had never been her dog, not really. With an Airedale's innate contrariness, Liffey had chosen her father for his master. In the years following first her mother's death and later her father's retirement from the Post Office, the two old boys had become boon companions.

Mr. McHugh poured himself another cup of coffee. "Your mother never would have had Liffey put to death. She loved that dog."

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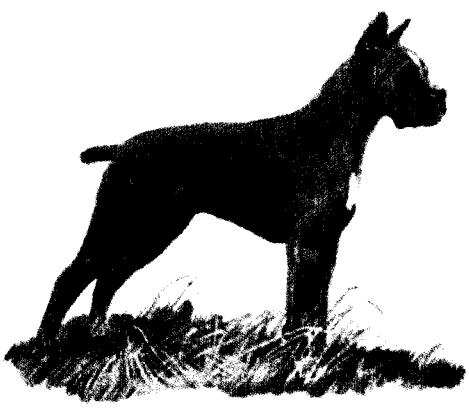
Tessie

The Kerry Blue



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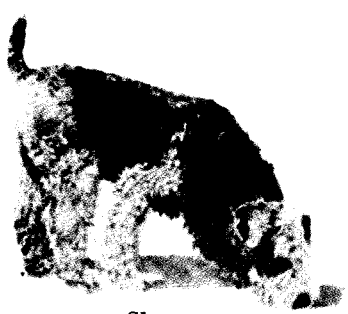

Shannon

Sally's cheeks flamed. "Oh, dad," she exclaimed, "you're being so unreasonable!"

She got to her feet abruptly and began to straighten up the kitchen with angry, hasty gestures. Mr. McHugh picked up the morning paper, ready at his elbow. Usually he briefed his daughter on the news as he read, but this morning nothing could be heard in the kitchen but the rattle of dishes and silverware.

"I'll take this into the living room," he announced finally. "Maybe it'll be quieter in there."

When Sally came into the living room, she found her father seated in his corner of the davenport. With his hands resting idly on the paper, he sat staring into space. Seeing him like that, brooding and alone, without the familiar figure of Liffey stretched out at his feet, Sally felt suddenly ashamed of herself. She sat down on the edge of the davenport beside her father.

"Dad," she said impulsively, "you'll just have to get yourself another dog."

Mr. McHugh sat up straight. "I'll never get another dog!" he exclaimed. "Never! No dog could ever take Liffey's place."

"Oh, I didn't mean another Airedale, dad; just a small dog, to take on your walks with you, one like Tessie, maybe."

"Tessie?"

"That small dog that belongs to Mrs. Whaley, in Section B. You know whom I mean."

"A lap dog!" Mr. McHugh snorted contemptuously. "What do you think I am?"

"But, dad, you'll be so lonely without Liffey."

"I'm never lonely," Mr. McHugh contradicted. "I haven't time to be lonely. I'm too busy."

He picked up the paper and gave it his undivided attention. Sally sighed with relief. If her father wouldn't have another dog, that meant they could move, then, out of the shabby, old West View at last. Without a dog, they could get an apartment in the Manor Arms, three blocks away. It would be wonderful to have everything fresh and new and bright! A reliable oven and drains that weren't clogged half the time!

"I'd better rush now," she said. Then she stepped across the room and began to strip the soiled slipcover from Liffey's chair, an overstuffed one by the window. "This can go to the laundry today, dad."

After she had removed the plastic undercovers from the seat and arms, she stepped back. "My, that looks nice!" she exclaimed. "I'd forgotten how pretty it is."

Mr. McHugh did not look up from his paper, not even when his daughter leaned down to kiss him on the forehead.

"I'm off now, dad," she announced. "You will take your walks as usual, won't you?"

"The mail goes through," Mr. McHugh answered with an emphatic nod.

Sally laughed. "Now, you sound more like yourself. The laundry's by the door, dad, and the money's on the bookcase. If you have time, will you see why the iron won't heat? There're sandwiches in the refrigerator and some soup you can heat. Good-by, now."

"Good-by," Mr. McHugh murmured, but he did not look up till he no longer heard Sally's heels clicking down the front stairs. Then he stared hostilely across at the unfamiliar-looking chair. Fresh and bright from beneath its coverings, it blurred his mental picture of Liffey, nestled comfortably on the seat with his bewhiskered chin resting on the arm and his old eyes blinking contentedly.

"Clearing him out," Mr. McHugh muttered, "before he's cold."

With a gesture of irritation, he tossed the paper to the floor and yawned aloud. Then he yawned again and rubbed his eyes. For a second he glanced at the afghan, invitingly arranged over the back of the davenport. Slowly he shook his head in rejection. He had known too many retired letter carriers to nap their lives away, men like Stephens and Gillespie, for instance, who had gone on the pension with him. Both of them had spent the better part of their days dozing on the davenport, only to end up, within a year after their retirement, stretched out in their coffins.

He settled himself more comfortably in his corner, folded his hands, and closed his eyes. In a few minutes his heavy breathing echoed through the room. After a while, he began to dream that he and Liffey were taking the seminary walk. The dog, full of mischief, pranced along with the leather lead in his mouth and tugged

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his head rebelliously from side to side. In the sun his black saddle glistened like silk. Somewhere behind them a motorman clanged his bell repeatedly. Only, as it grew louder, it sounded more and more like a buzzer.

Finally the familiar sound penetrated Mr. McHugh's consciousness and woke him. "Quiet, boy! Quiet——" he began, and then he stopped. The buzzer shrilled through the apartment again.

The old man rose from the davenport slowly. "All right! All right!" he muttered. Without bothering to speak over the house phone, he released the catch on the entrance. Before he opened the door, he heard the laundryman whistling his way up the stairs.

"Good morning, Mr. McHugh," he called. "Where's your old pal? Why ain't he sounding off?"

Mr. McHugh opened the door wide. "Good morning, Ben."

Ben dumped the fresh laundry on the nearest chair. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "That stuff gets heavier every day." He ripped the bill from the top bundle. "Two-forty today, Mr. McHugh. Where's Liffey? Why didn't he sass the bell when I rang?"

Mr. McHugh took the slip in his hand, checked it deliberately, and then paid Ben. "Liffey's gone," he said. "We had him"—he slipped into the easiest way of telling the news—"we had him put to sleep last night."

"What d'you know!" the laundryman exclaimed. "Why, only last week I said to the missus if ever I seen an old dog on his last legs, it was Liffey."

An old dog on his last legs. The words echoed harshly in Mr. McHugh's mind, where the image of the young and handsome Liffey of his dream still lingered.

"Yes, sir, I said to her if ever I seen——"

"There's the stuff to go out," Mr. McHugh interrupted and pointed to the laundry ready by the door, but Ben made no effort to pick it up.

"The missus always asks about Liffey on account of her Queenie being an Airedale too." Ben paused expectantly, waiting for the question that did not come.

"We've sold all the pups but one, Mr. McHugh," he rattled on, undaunted by the old man's unusual lack of response, "all but that solemn fellow I told you about, the one I call Sober Sides. The missus says we may have to give him to the old folks' home."

Mr. McHugh tapped his fingers on the bookcase impatiently. Somewhat abashed, Ben picked up the soiled laundry. "Well, I got to be on my way now," he announced. "You don't know of anyone who'd like to buy an Airedale pup cheap, do you?"

Mr. McHugh shook his head.

"Well, if you hear of anyone that does, would you give me a ring? I'll put the number here on the laundry slip for you." He scribbled the number hastily on the paper.

"Say——" he began, looking speculatively at the old man's strained face. "But I guess you won't be getting another dog."

Sally sighed with relief. If dad wouldn't have another dog, they could move out of the shabby, old West View at last.

"No," Mr. McHugh said. "I'll never get another."

Ben shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I guess you're right," he said, misunderstanding the old man's words. "It's like I keep telling the missus, none of us are getting any younger, are we? Well, so long," he added and started down the stairs. "Be seeing you."

Mr. McHugh shut the door hard. Then he crossed the room to the davenport and sat down again. " 'None of us are getting any younger,' " he quoted indignantly. "I might as well enjoy myself then."

He settled himself more comfortably. When the buzzer rang twice, he merely nodded his head in recognition of the mailman's ring. Then, refreshed by the self-indulgence of his leisurely morning, he went down to the entry for the mail.

Too late to turn back, he saw Mrs. Denton, the old lady who lived directly above and minded everybody's business, already at her mailbox. Hearing his step, she turned. "There's mail for you," she announced.

"It's a federal offense to interfere with the mail," Mr. McHugh said. He lifted the letters from the box and stuffed them into his pocket, but the gesture of indifference did not escape Mrs. Denton.

"Oh, I didn't touch your box," she protested. "I just looked in. Those letters are most likely for your daughter anyway."

Mr. McHugh opened the house door and held it for his neighbor. Without recognizing his courtesy, she stepped through.

She paused on the landing before Mr. McHugh's apartment and faced him. "I heard you had that old dog of yours done away with last night."

Mr. McHugh straightened his shoulders so that he looked taller than 5'10". "That's right," he said.

"I always say dogs don't belong in an apartment anyway," Mrs. Denton went on bluntly as she started up the next flight, "but you'll miss him. You won't know what to do with your time without him."

Mr. McHugh opened his door. "I can put it to good use," he flung over his shoulder, "minding my own business."

He shut the door behind him quietly and stood still, listening. In a few seconds he heard the door above bang shut. "I got her goat that time," he said with a nod of satisfaction.

Remembering the mail, he pulled it out of his pocket and examined it carefully. There were two letters for Sally, one from her college association and the other a bill from one of the department stores.

He laid the letters beside the laundry slip and glanced at the little clock on the table. "Only 10:30!" he exclaimed. Then he stepped into the kitchen to verify the time by the electric clock. "10:33."

He picked up the iron and examined it. "Cord's burnt out again," he muttered.

He got his metal tool kit from the cupboard and took out a small screwdriver and a rusty pair of scissors. Next he rummaged through the oddly assorted contents for some bicycle tape and finally dumped the box upside down on the table. Sighing, he sat down and began to rearrange the contents. Subjecting each article to a

continued on page 80

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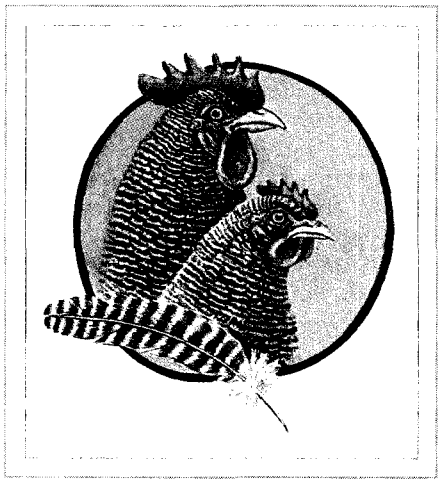

No matter what the subject is, the artist always finds a place for his wife's name, "Charlie," in his paintings.

LOWELL DAVIS: OZARK ARTIST

The "hobby" of capturing farm animals on canvas and in figurines has brought this Missouri artist-farmer fame, fortune, and most important to him, 40 acres of nostalgia he calls Foxfire Farm.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Lowell Davis would like you to believe he's a farmer, that painting and sculpting are only his hobbies. And as if to clinch any argument, this small, slightly stooped giant of the plate-art world wears jeans everywhere but to bed. (His wife, Charlie, draws the line there.) But he is by no means fooling a legion of buyers—some 2,000 distributors and 92,000 gift shops that handle his paintings and farm-animal figures in the United States and Canada. Lowell Davis is first and foremost an artist; his 40-acre Foxfire Farm, just outside Carthage, Missouri, the Jasper County seat, serves mainly as inspiration for the art that makes Davis' collectables the hit of prestigious shows across the country.

Your first look at Foxfire Farm will make you wonder if the small plane that brought you to nearby Joplin didn't somehow fly backward in time to the 1930s. To suggest this to the Ozark artist-farmer would be to pay him the ultimate compliment, because most of his "hobby" money goes into creating this time-warp illusion.

Why would Davis want a farm that sports buildings, machinery, and tools dating back to that era? He chuckles in reflection. "I was raised on a farm in a little community that consisted of a general store, a country church, a country school, my grandpa's blacksmith shop. Everyone in town was related. I was born on a farm, but during the drought and Depression my dad lost the farm and moved us to the community. We lived in the back of the old general store. And there was where I learned to whittle and carve. The old-timers would sit around the potbellied stove in winter and swap yarns and whittle. And I was just awed by these characters. I mean, to me they were like kids

A Davis memory from age two: "When I dumped a box of Crayolas, made scribbles, and knew this was for me." His inspiration still comes from his rural setting and lively models.

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today with television—my mom would have to drag me off to bed.

"We were all poor, you know, but we didn't know it. We had a Jersey cow and a garden, and mom and dad ran the store. Anyway, everybody was hellbent to get out of that era. Now, 50 years later, we look back and say, 'That wasn't such a bad era after all!' We can't go back, of course. A lot of those people are locked in the cities—but my work depicting the end of that era kind of brings back memories," he says.

Not surprisingly, the collectables buyers who scramble to buy Lowell Davis' figurines (at prices of $47 to $400) and paintings (from $800 to $4,000) are those very "locked-in" city people. Other figurines on the market when Davis began, although beautifully executed, were "do nothing" animals, he says—they just stood there. "They had no soul," he says. "That's what I put in." To fully appreciate what Davis is talking about, you have to see such works as *Right Church, Wrong Pew*, with a cat and her kittens occupying a hen's nest, or *'But will you still respect me in the morning?'* with two cats necking.

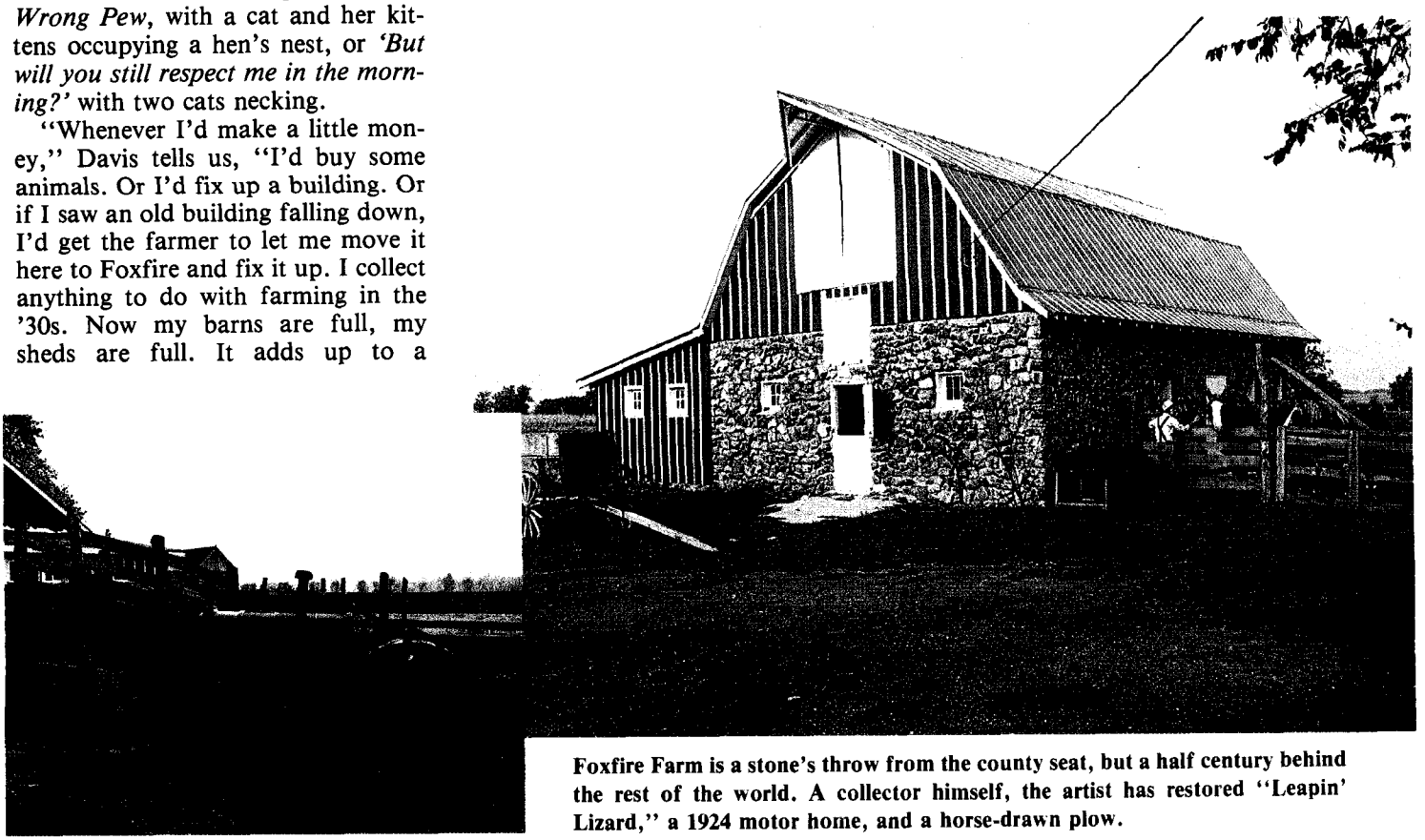
"Whenever I'd make a little money," Davis tells us, "I'd buy some animals. Or I'd fix up a building. Or if I saw an old building falling down, I'd get the farmer to let me move it here to Foxfire and fix it up. I collect anything to do with farming in the '30s. Now my barns are full, my sheds are full. It adds up to a museum, almost."

Why did Davis decide to write a book about chickens? He logically notes, "I don't know baseball, I don't know politics, but I know *everything* about chickens."

It also adds up to a nostalgic setting from which this Ozark artist draws inspiration to depict a way of life he remembers from growing up. And to look across Foxfire Farm today, to see Davis at his easel in the sun, his 14-year-old dog, Hooker, at his feet, to see him working from memory ("I don't use live models, I have my animals memorized," he says), you might assume he had come directly from the whittling stage to the success he enjoys today without so much as a cut thumb. But he is not the least hesitant to tell you that at one time he had lost it all.

First, however, he has to tell you about Hooker. "I call her my dollar dog," he says. "When I lived in the city I had a kind of little registered pooch. When I got the farm, I decided I wanted a 'dog' dog. So I went to the pound and said I wanted the ugliest dog they had, one they were going to get rid of. They trotted out this five-week-old female pup. She had mange and blisters and her hair was falling out, and she was slated to be destroyed that very afternoon. I said, 'That's the one I want,' and I gave a dollar for her. She has been on five magazine covers, a mural, seven figurines, and about six different plates. So I've got my

continued on page 102



Foxfire Farm is a stone's throw from the county seat, but a half century behind the rest of the world. A collector himself, the artist has restored "Leapin' Lizard," a 1924 motor home, and a horse-drawn plow.

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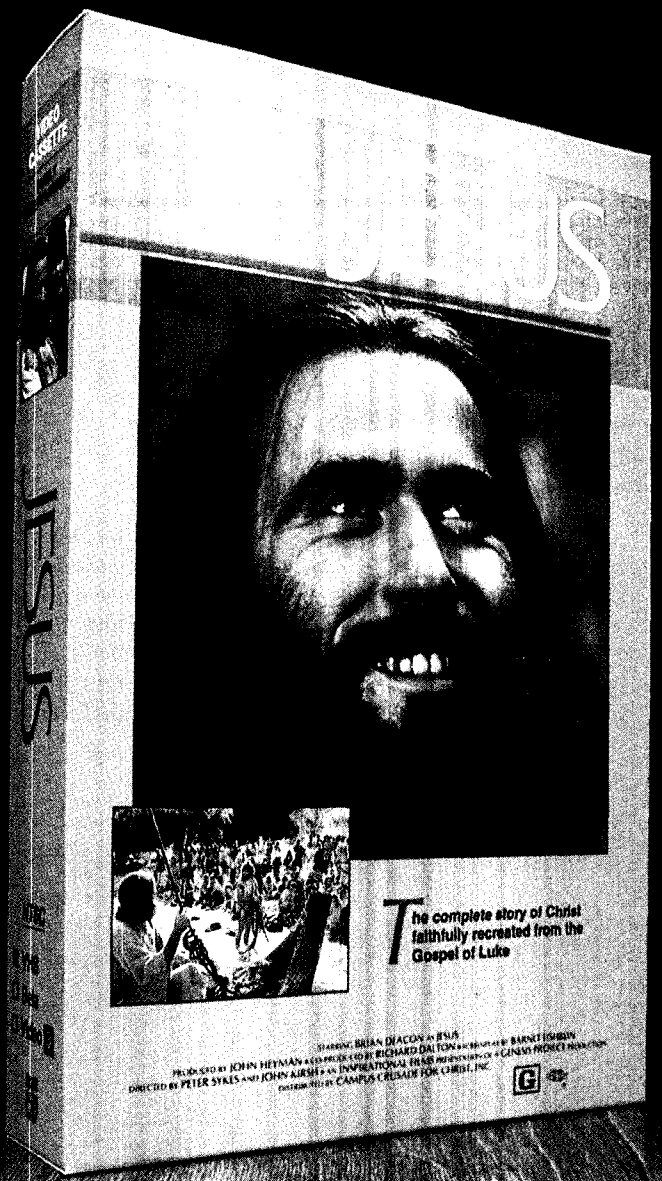

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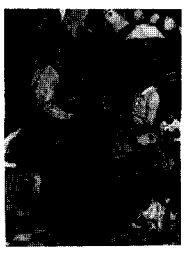

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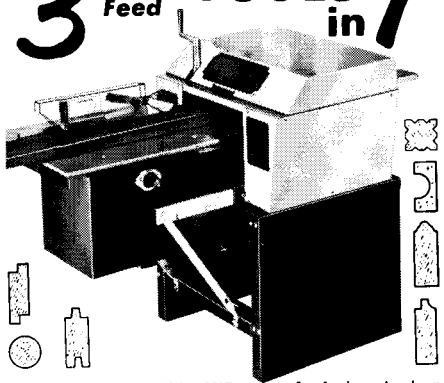

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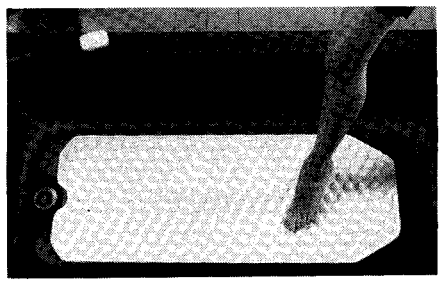

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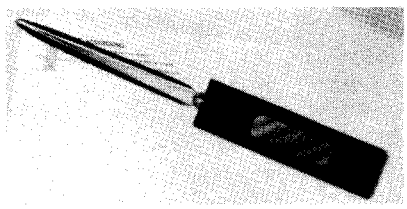

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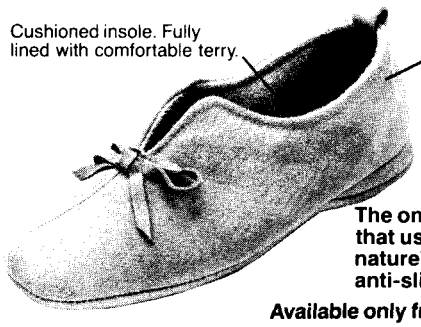

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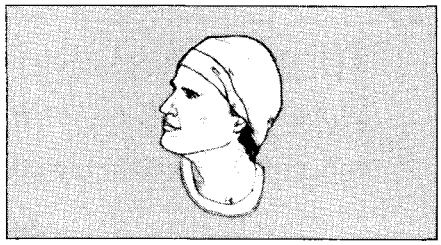

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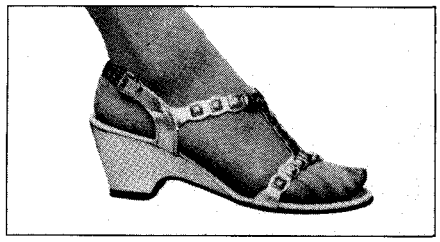

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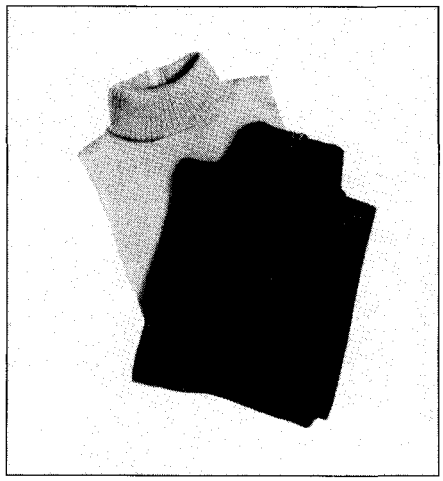

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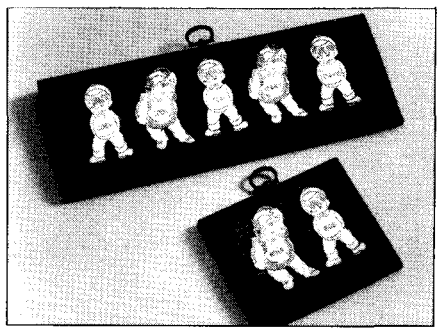

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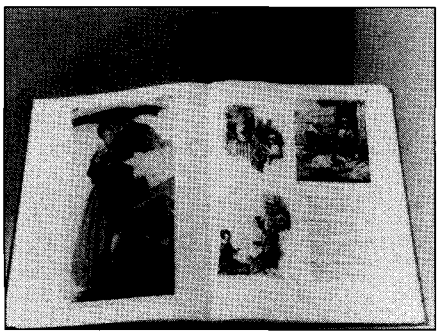

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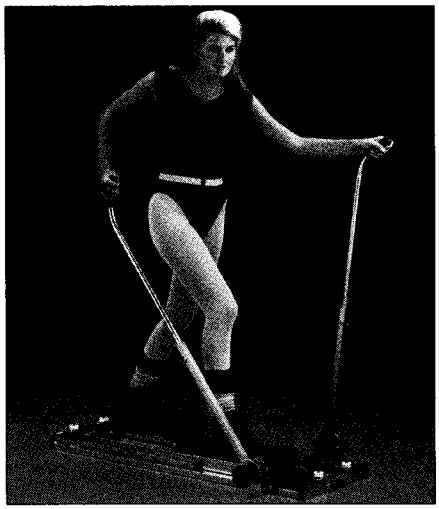

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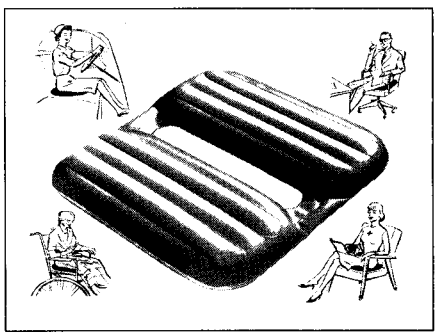

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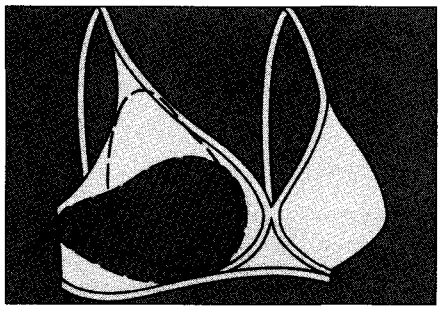

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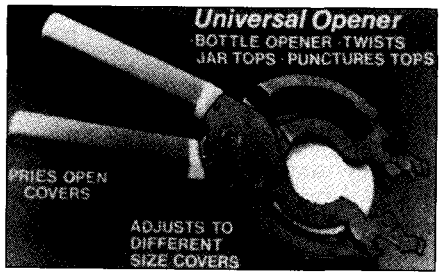

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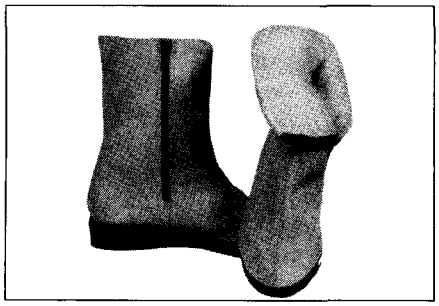

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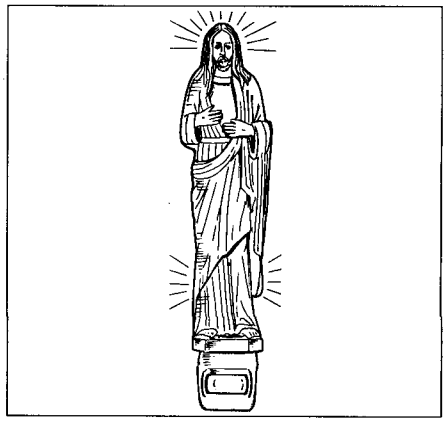

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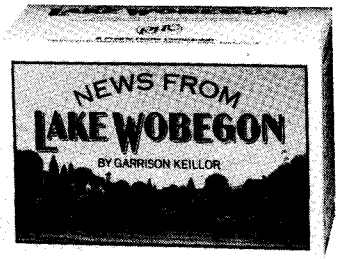

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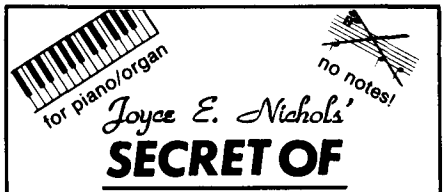

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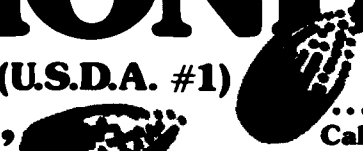

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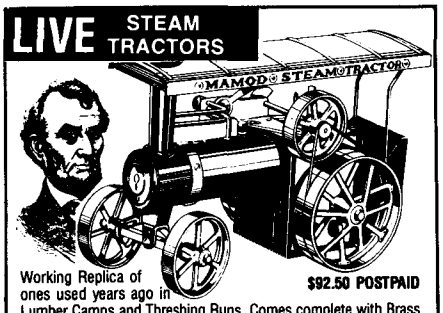

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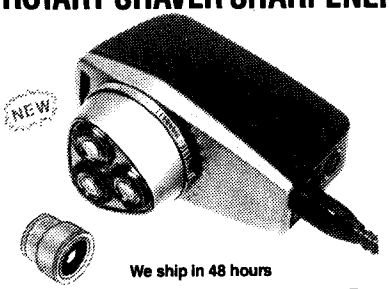

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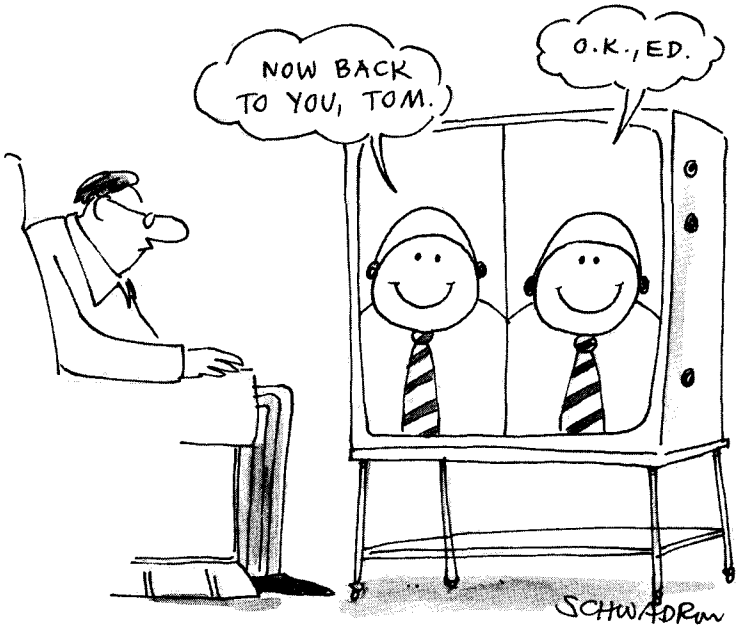

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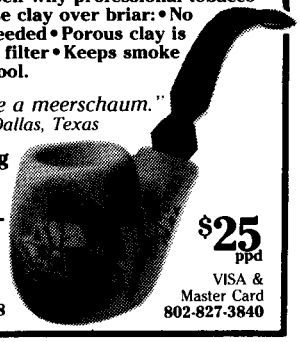

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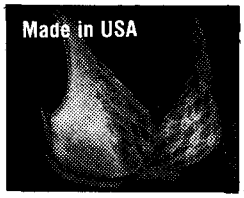

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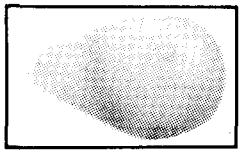

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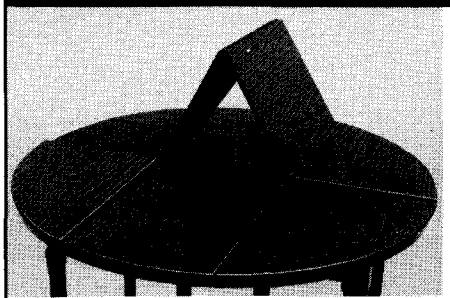

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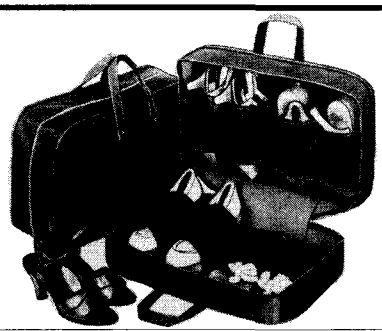

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Another Dog

continued from page 65

careful scrutiny, he stacked the old locks, hinges, sockets, and small coils of wire at one end. Then he glanced at the clock again and slowly began to sort out the stray screws, nuts, tacks, and nails. He put them into their proper containers and placed them all at the other end of the box. On top he tucked the small hand tools, pencils, and tubes of plastic wood and liquid cement.

As he worked slowly and deliberately, he found himself thinking about Mrs. Denton's parting remark. Why wouldn't he know what to do with his time? he concluded finally. He had a schedule to follow, hadn't he? Well, he'd follow it, then. That's what he'd do. With an emphatic gesture, he snapped the box shut.

"Eleven o'clock," he announced, almost loud enough for Mrs. Denton to hear, "and time for the seminary walk."

From the bedroom he got his dog-walking clothes, an old topcoat, and a worn felt hat. As he let the apartment door bang shut, he flung a defiant glance up the stairwell. That old busybody might as well know that he was on schedule for his morning walk, dog or no dog.

Outside he found a bright spring day with a nip in the air that made him button his coat and turn up the collar. He set off at his firm, steady pace for the seminary. Once there he started around the grounds. When he turned the second corner, he saw the man who owned the female boxer coming toward him. The two men always met about midway in the block for a chat and let the dogs off their leads to romp.

Acting on impulse, Mr. McHugh cut across the street. Suddenly annoyed at himself for having panicked, he headed for home, without stopping, as usual, to get the first edition of the evening paper. When he re-entered the living room, he dumped his coat and hat on the nearest chair and stood for a few seconds, letting the silence of the empty apartment flow around him. Then he stepped into the kitchen and glanced at the clock.

"Only a quarter to 12."

He sat down, re-examined the iron, and began to repair it. As he worked painstakingly, unconsciously drawing out the little job, the phone rang. Before getting up to answer it, the old man finished tightening a screw. When he picked up the receiver, Sally's voice, a little shrill with excitement, greeted him.

"Hello, hello!" she repeated.

"McHugh speaking."

"Is that you, dad? Are you all right?"

"Of course, I'm all right."

"Did you go out for your walk?"

"Certainly I went."

"Well, I mean—that is, did you fix the iron?"

"I'm working on it now."

"Tell MacGregor that his very kind letter in response to my very nasty letter puzzles me."

"That's fine," Sally said.

"What did you want?" Mr. McHugh asked bluntly. "Why did you phone?"

"I—why, I wanted to know about the iron," Sally lied.

"Well, it's O.K. now," the old man assured her, quite aware of her petty deception. "You can put it out of commission again as soon as you get home."

Sally laughed aloud. "Oh, dad! I'll be a little late today. I have to—to stop somewhere. Good-by, now. I'm due on yard duty."

"Good-by, Sally. I'm a busy man meself."

Back in the kitchen, Mr. McHugh finished the job on the iron. He got his lunch ready and ate some of it in a half-hearted fashion. Then he washed the dishes and left the kitchen almost as neat as he had found it. In the living room, he settled himself in his corner of the davenport. At a loss for his paper, he found himself glancing again and again at Liffey's chair, so unfamiliar without its faded slip cover and shaggy occupant.

He stared off into the distance and tried to think of something further to occupy himself. There didn't seem to be anything left he needed to do.

Mr. McHugh sighed deeply. Reluctantly he glanced at the clock on the table beside him. "Only two!" he exclaimed. He picked up the clock and held it against his ear. Then he set it down slowly.

Promptly at 2:30 he put on his coat and hat. As he left the apartment, he banged the door behind him. "On schedule," he said, loud enough for Mrs. Denton to hear, "for the afternoon walk."

From force of habit, he took his usual circuitous route to the park. He cut down Osage Avenue, Liffey's favorite street, where his enemy, the Kerry blue, lived and where old-fashioned front gardens came down to the tree-lined brick pavement. Even before Mr. McHugh saw the Kerry blue, he heard him. By the time he came abreast of him, the dog stood with his front paws on the iron gate. Seeing the old man alone, he cocked his head to one side and barked sharply.

Mr. McHugh paused and looked at the dog. "Your old enemy's gone, boy," he said. "You'll have to find yourself another one."

As he spoke, the Kerry blue's ears stiffened. Then he sat down snugly on his haunches, stared at Mr. McHugh, and barked twice—staccato barks of indignation. The old man smiled to himself and continued on his way.

When he reached the park, he started on his customary stint, three times around the pavement. He strode along, the fresh breeze, now warm, tugging at his open coat. Here and there he passed some object he knew Liffey would have paused to investigate—a few wilting crocuses, bushes with the damp earth spaded up around them, an unwary squirrel, and some animal crackers a child had dropped.

The second time around, he caught a glimpse of old man Milner and the retired fireman already on their bench, jawing away and waiting, no

continued on page 86

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FOOD

BREAD-MAKING ON THE RISE

It's more than just the healthful ingredients that makes homemade breads and muffins better.

by Jacque Rae

In its simplest form a loaf of bread is only a bit of flour mixed with water. Other ingredients—yeast, salt, sugar, eggs, fruits, nuts, and various grains—add flavor and variety, but the real secret behind a truly tasty loaf is the loving care that goes into it. According to a British chef, this ingredient is not only the most important, it is also the only one that really matters.

Creativity and experience are also important to this labor of love in which various grains are combined, kneaded, and shaped by hand; the choice of grains and the amount of each used will ultimately determine the bread's texture. Whole wheat offers a coarse, hearty loaf. Rye makes a heavy, flavorful bread, and oat-bran, amaranth, and Ezekiel flour impart their own distinctive flavors.

Most yeast breads require at least a small amount of sugar to feed the yeast and to form a thick, brown crust. Bakeries, however, use diastatic malt instead of sugar for the process. This malt, not available at grocery stores, can be made from huskless barley or whole wheat berries. The barley or wheat berries are sprouted, dried, and ground into meal in a blender.

Diastatic malt, rich in enzymes that improve the flavor, the texture, an the appearance of homemade breac helps to keep the bread fresh longe Substituted for sugar, the malt add extra nutrients to bread—in partic ular, B vitamins. A tablespoon c diastatic malt is enough to produc two to four loaves. If more malt i added, the dough will become to sticky and sweet.

Sprouting

Sprouts are easy to make fror wheat berries or huskless barley Soak the grains in water overnight i a glass jar; drain. Cover them wit cheesecloth, secured with a rubbe band. Turn the jar upside down an allow it to stand for two to four days rinse the sprouts several times eac day. When the sprouts are about th length of the grain, they are ready t be turned into malt. Sprouts can als be added raw to breads, or toasted t make a Sprouted Wheat Bread.

Sprouts, high in vitamins C and B are also high in lysine. This essentia amino acid, extremely sensitive t heat, may be destroyed along wit most of the other nutrients if th sprouts are toasted. It is best, there fore, to add the sprouts raw to th bread. Simply chop them finely in a blender and knead them into th dough before the first rising.

The rising time depends upo the type of bread and the tem perature of the room where th bread is proofing. To spee proofing, set the dough in a ver warm place. When the dough ha completed proofing, it will be al most double in bulk. Any finger prints will remain in the dough; i the yeast is still growing, th holes will fill quickly, so th dough will need to proof longer Whole-grain breads can b kneaded and proofed longer thar other breads for a lighter texture.

Starter Dough

Sourdough starter, an old Western tradition revived in many modern kitchens, allows bread to be baked without fresh yeast. If you bake bread frequently, you can easily develop a starter dough yourself from the yeast in the air. For a more

Greet your guests this holiday season with a mouth-watering array of homemade breads, bagels, and muffins.

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recise starter, use a commercial east, or borrow some from a baker riend. The older the starter, the more lavorful and aromatic it will be. ome bakers claim their starters go ack more than 100 years. Included elow is a recipe for making your own.

The starter should be used at least nce a week; it can be frozen up to hree to four months. When sourough starter is the only yeast used, he bread must rise for at least four to ive hours.

Starter dough is especially convenent for bread makers who have nine-o-five jobs. Prepare the dough the ight before, shape it in the morning efore work, and then bake it for a alf-hour before serving it for dinner.

Sunny Spiced-Fruit Muffins
(Makes 1 dozen)

unflower seeds and apples add a flaorful touch to sourdough muffins.

½ cups whole-wheat flour
teaspoons baking powder
tablespoons honey
teaspoon salt, if desired
teaspoon cinnamon
egg, slightly beaten
½ cup sourdough starter
½ cup milk
¼ cup cooking oil
1 cup grated apples
½ cup sunflower seeds

Combine first five ingredients in mixing bowl. Add egg, starter, milk, and cooking oil; stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Fold in apples. Spoon batter into muffin cups; fill ⅔ full. Top each muffin with sunflower seeds. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven until no longer doughy (20-25 minutes). Serve warm.

Diastatic Malt
(Makes 1½ cups)

Sprout huskless barley or whole wheat berries to make a malt similar to the type used for specialty breads in bakeries.

½ cup huskless barley or whole wheat
Wide-mouth jar
Cheesecloth
Rubber band

Place barley or wheat in jar and fill with water. Let stand overnight; drain. Place cheesecloth over mouth of jar and secure with rubber band. Turn jars upside down at an angle so air can circulate. Let stand 2-3 days or until sprouts form about the size of the grain. Rinse grains several times each day.

Dry sprouts, if desired, by placing in single layer on baking sheet. Dry in 150° F. oven until moisture is removed from sprouts (6-8 hours). Place dried sprouts in blender or food processor; process until sprouts are a fine meal. Use 1 teaspoon malt for each loaf of bread; omit sugar.

Oat-Bran Bagels
(Makes 1 dozen)

Oat bran has been shown to reduce the risk of developing high blood cholesterol. It binds the cholesterol and carries it out of the body. Hidden in a delicious bagel, it makes you wonder why anything else would be served for breakfast.

1 package active dry yeast
1 cup warm water
3 tablespoons cooking oil
1 teaspoon diastatic malt or sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg

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2 to 2½ cups whole-wheat flour
1 cup oat bran
4 quarts water
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg yolk, beaten
1 tablespoon water
Sesame seeds, to taste

Stir yeast into warm water and let stand 3-5 minutes or until yeast is dissolved. In large mixing bowl, combine yeast mixture, oil, malt, salt, and egg. Stir until well-mixed. Gradually add flour and oat bran until mixture forms stiff dough. Knead dough on floured board until dough is no longer sticky (8-10 minutes). Place dough in greased mixing bowl and turn to coat entire surface. Cover and let rise in warm, draft-free place until double in bulk (about 1 hour). Punch down dough and let rise until double. Repeat rising procedure a third time.

Punch down dough and divide into 12 equal portions. Roll each into 6" rope about ¾" thick. Form circle with each rope; pinch ends together so they won't come apart. Drop each bagel into 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 2 tablespoons sugar has been added. Cook bagels until they rise to top. Turn each bagel over and cook 1-2 minutes longer. Remove and place on greased baking sheet. Brush bagels with mixture of 1 beaten egg yolk and 1 tablespoon water. Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bake in preheated 375° F. oven until golden brown (20-25 minutes).

Sourdough Starter
(Makes 2 cups)

Add equal parts flour and water to replenish starter each time it is used. Starter should be used about once a week. If you don't plan on making any bread, give a cup of starter to a friend.

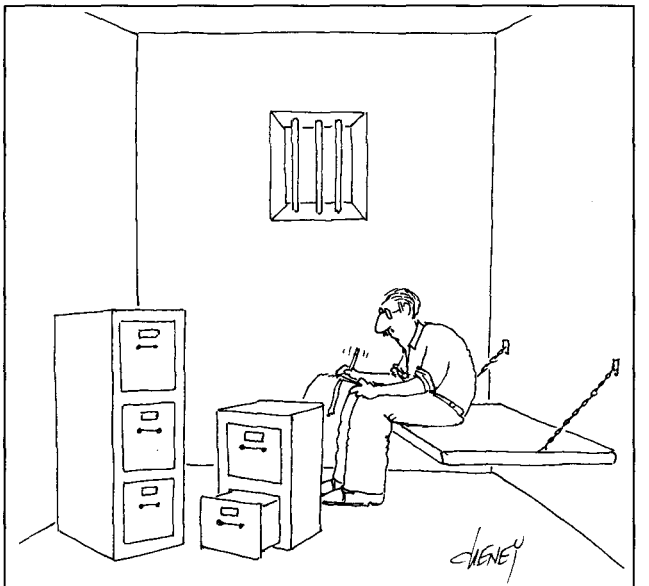
1 package active dry yeast
1 cup water
1 cup whole-wheat flour

Dissolve yeast in 1 cup water in glass or pottery bowl. (Do not use plastic.) Stir in flour and let mixture sit at room temperature for 4-5 days or until mixture takes on sour odor and small gas bubbles are being released from the mixture. Stir once a day. Keep starter in refrigerator until ready to use.

Add additional ½ cup flour and ½ cup water the day before using starter for making bread. Stir mixture well and let stand 8-10 hours or overnight at room temperature. Remove 1 cup starter for bread or muffins. Replenish starter with ½ cup flour and ½ cup water. Store in refrigerator.

Sourdough Amaranth Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

¼ cup high-lysine corn meal
½ cup amaranth



"Dear Mom and Dad. . .about those files I asked you to send me. . ."

*1 cup cracked wheat**
1¾ cups boiling water
1 cup sourdough starter
¼ cup molasses
1 teaspoon salt
1½ to 2 cups whole-wheat flour
1 high-gluten flour or bread flour
Corn oil

Combine corn meal, amaranth, and cracked wheat in mixing bowl. Pour boiling water over grains; stir constantly to avoid lumps. Let stand until lukewarm. Add starter, molasses, and salt. Stir in enough flour to form soft dough. Knead dough on lightly floured surface until no longer sticky (8-10 minutes). Place dough in greased bowl; turn dough to bring greased side up. Cover and let stand in warm place until double in bulk (about 8 hours or overnight).

Shape dough into a loaf and place in greased loaf pan. Lightly oil top of dough and cover. Let rise in warm place until double in size (about 8 hours or all day). Bake in preheated 375° oven until loaf sounds hollow when tapped (30-35 minutes). Remove from loaf pan and cool.

**Tip:* Whole wheat berries can be cracked in blender to make cracked wheat. Process 1-2 minutes or until coarsely chopped.

Sprouted Wheat Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

To make sprouts, follow recipe for diastatic malt. Do not dry sprouts. Use meat grinder or blender to finely chop sprouts.

1 package active dry yeast
2¾ cups water
⅓ cup cooking oil
2 teaspoons diastatic malt or ⅓ cup honey
1½ teaspoons salt
6 to 6½ cups whole-wheat flour
½ cup high-gluten flour or bread flour
½ cup finely chopped wheat berry sprouts

Dissolve yeast in water. Place oil, malt, and salt in large mixing bowl. Add yeast mixture. Gradually add flours to form stiff dough. Knead dough on lightly floured surface until smooth and elastic (8-10 minutes). Knead wheat sprouts into dough. Place dough in greased bowl; turn once to bring greased side up. Cover with damp cloth and let stand in warm place until double in bulk (1-1½ hours).

Punch down dough and shape into 2 loaves. Place in greased loaf pans; cover. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk (¾ to 1 hour). Bake in preheated 350° F. oven until loaf sounds hollow when tapped (30-35 minutes).

Pita Bread
(Makes 8)

1 package active dry yeast
¼ cup water
3 cups whole-wheat flour
1 cup high-gluten flour or bread flour
1 teaspoon diastatic malt
1 teaspoon salt

continued on page 87

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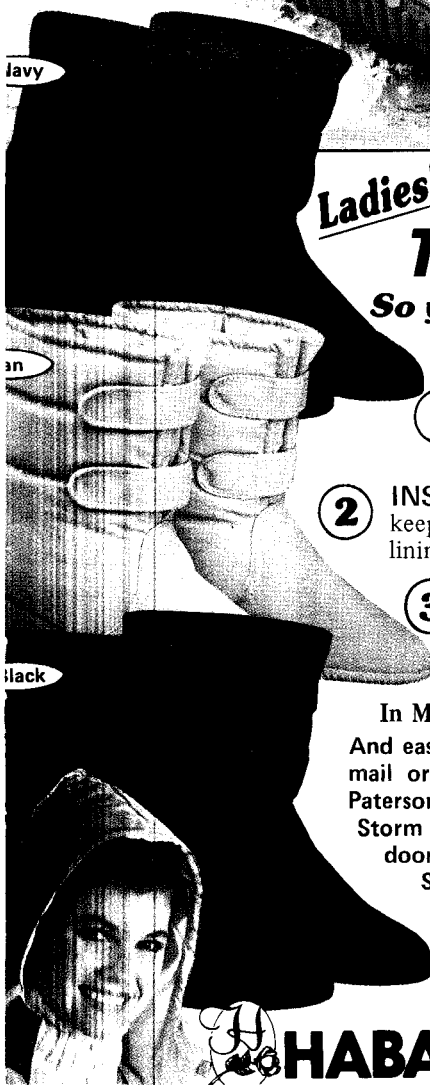

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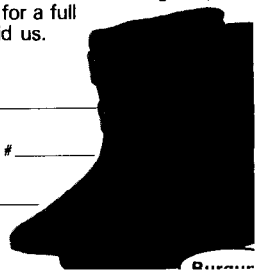

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Another Dog

continued from page 80

doubt, to question him about Liffey. Quite suddenly he turned off from the park and headed out the avenue on what was usually the rainy-day walk. He followed the route faithfully, all ten blocks of it, but found little of his customary pleasure in his favorite pastime.

By the time he reached the apartment, he felt unusually tired. A glance at the clock told him that he could take 40 winks before Sally came home. He stepped over to the davenport, picked up the afghan, and stretched out. "Maybe Stephens and Gillespie were right," he muttered, and he sighed heavily.

Some time later Sally's signal on the buzzer, three quick rings, awakened him. By the time she opened the apartment door, he had thrown back the afghan and settled himself in the corner.

Making quite a business of crossing his legs, he greeted her with his usual question: "Well, what's new at the brain works?"

A bag of groceries clutched in her arms, Sally sat down in Liffey's chair. "Nothing special," she answered. "But guess what?" she asked, and her eyes shone.

Mr. McHugh, not yet fully awake, fumbled with a box of Kleenex nearby. 'What?" he asked.

"I stopped——" At that moment Sally saw the afghan in a rumpled heap at the other end of the davenport. The sight of it reminded her of what her father had often said about Stephens and Gillespie. *Oh, dear,* she thought, *he's been napping on the davenport most of the day.* A sudden, inexplicable fear dampened her enthusiasm to tell about her interview with the manager of the Manor Arms.

"Well, go on, guess what?" the old man prompted.

"Why, I—I got sweetbreads for supper," Sally finished lamely.

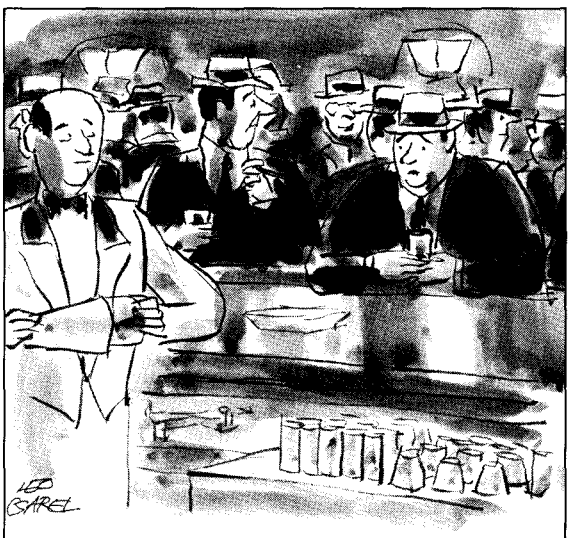
"Nothing I like better. There's the laundry slip and the change and two letters for you."

"What's this number, dad?" Sally asked, and she held up the laundry slip.

"Oh, that's Ben's phone number. He still has one of his pups left. He thought I might hear of someone who wanted one. Take it to school with you. Maybe one of the teachers might like to buy a pup cheap."

Sally glanced at her father quickly. "I'll check this later," she said, and she stuffed the laundry slip into her pocket.

As she bustled about the kitchen preparing dinner, she tried to think only of the sunny, attractive apartment she had seen at the Manor Arms, especially that heavenly yellow-and-gray kitchen with the electric stove. In the back of her mind, though, a nagging worry persisted.



"As a Democrat, the new mood of optimism sweeping the country depresses me."

What had her father done with his day, and how did he really feel without Liffey?

She took pains with the meal, frying the sweetbreads in slices the way her father liked them and whipping the potatoes into flaky mounds. When she called Mr. McHugh to supper, he grinned with pleasure at the sight of his plate.

"That looks fit for a king," he said.

"Did you meet the boxer this morning?" Sally asked, trying to piece her father's day together.

"Oh, yes."

"And the Kerry blue?"

Mr. McHugh nodded. "He sassed me out."

"Was Mr. Milner in the park this afternoon?"

"Certainly, certainly; jawing away."

Sally ate for a few minutes in silence. "Dad, you're not eating much," she said finally.

"I am so," Mr. McHugh contradicted. "You heaped my plate; that's all."

He did not finish the piece of pie Sally placed before him, either.

"That pie's from the new bakery, dad," she said. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, sure, it's fine," the old man commented. "It can't come up to your mother's, though. I never tasted a store pie that could."

Sally laid her fork down, her appetite for her own pie suddenly gone. Twice today she had heard her father mention her mother, each time with a sense of loss. He had not spoken that way for three or four years. Maybe it was time they moved to another place, where there would be no memories and no associations. Later in the evening, she would tell him about the apartment she had seen. Planning to move might be a good diversion for him—what he really needed just now.

When Sally came into the living room after finishing the dishes, she found her father sitting as he had been in the morning, staring idly into space.

"Where's the paper, dad?" she asked.

"The paper?" Mr. McHugh repeated, as if the question had brought him back from a long way off. "I didn't get it," he answered frankly.

Sally stood for a moment irresolute. Then she picked up her pocketbook from the bookcase. "I'll run across the street, dad, and get one so we'll know what's on television."

Before her father had time to remonstrate, she had let herself out of the apartment. Surprised to find the night colder than she had expected, she hurried across to the corner store. She had picked up a paper from the counter and was selecting some candy bars from a rack when she heard her name spoken. She turned to find Mrs. Whaley, the neighbor who owned the little dog, Tessie, beside her.

"Miss McHugh," she said, "I'm so sorry to hear about Liffey."

Sally glanced at the woman's face and noticed that her large brown eyes looked more somber than ever with

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sympathy.

"Why, thank you, Mrs. Whaley. We had to have him put to sleep."

"So I heard. I saw your father walking around the park today. I would have spoken to him if he'd come in as usual, but he didn't. He looked sort of—well, sort of lost." She smiled and her face lit up. "But I know you'll get him another dog soon."

Sally's cheeks flushed indignantly. "My father doesn't want another dog," she said stiffly.

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Whaley asked. "It's the only loss we can get back again, you know." Her eyes grew somber again. "It's the only heartbreak we can heal," she added, more to herself than to Sally.

"Well, thank you," Sally said, and she turned abruptly to pay for the candy and the paper.

She hurried out of the store and crossed the street, but she did not enter the West View. Instead, she buttoned her coat against the chill of the night and dug her free hand into her pocket. Her fingers curled tightly around the laundry slip. Tears, of which she was not even aware, spilled down her cheeks. She walked rapidly, fighting against the thoughts Mrs. Whaley's words had touched off. By the time she reached the Manor Arms, shining and new even at night with the lights behind the Venetian blinds glistening on the steel frames of the picture windows, she knew she had lost.

Yielding to a compulsion stronger than her own desires, she stepped through the glass doors of the apartment drugstore and hurried past the chrome showcases to a telephone booth. Then she pulled the laundry slip from her pocket, read Ben's number, and dialed it.

When Sally re-entered the apartment, her father looked up from a magazine he held in his hands.

"I thought you were lost," he said, "or strayed or stolen."

"I had to go to the Manor Arms drugstore," Sally said. She handed her father the paper and laid the candy bars on the table beside him.

"See what's on television, dad," she added. "I'll be back in a minute."

She stepped into her bedroom and sat down at her desk. Then she opened her checkbook, quickly wrote out a check, and stuffed it deep into her pocket.

When she came back into the living room, her father handed her the paper. "Can you get that crime story?" he asked.

After tuning in the set, Sally sat

continued on page 98

Bread-Making

continued from page 84

1 cup warm water
Corn meal

Dissolve yeast in water. Add remaining ingredients and stir until well mixed. Turn dough out onto lightly floured board and knead until smooth (5-10 minutes). Place dough in lightly greased bowl and turn dough over to bring greased side up. Let rise until dough is double in bulk (1-1½ hours). Punch down dough and divide into 8 large pieces. Roll dough into balls, and with palms of hands, pat out dough into circles about ¼" thick. Place each circle on baking sheet lightly sprinkled with corn meal. Cover with damp towel and let rise 30 minutes.

Bake in preheated 450° F. oven until lightly browned (8-10 minutes). Serve warm with favorite filling.

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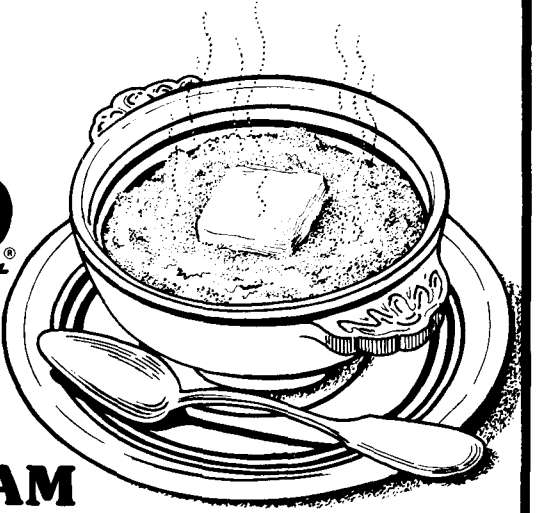

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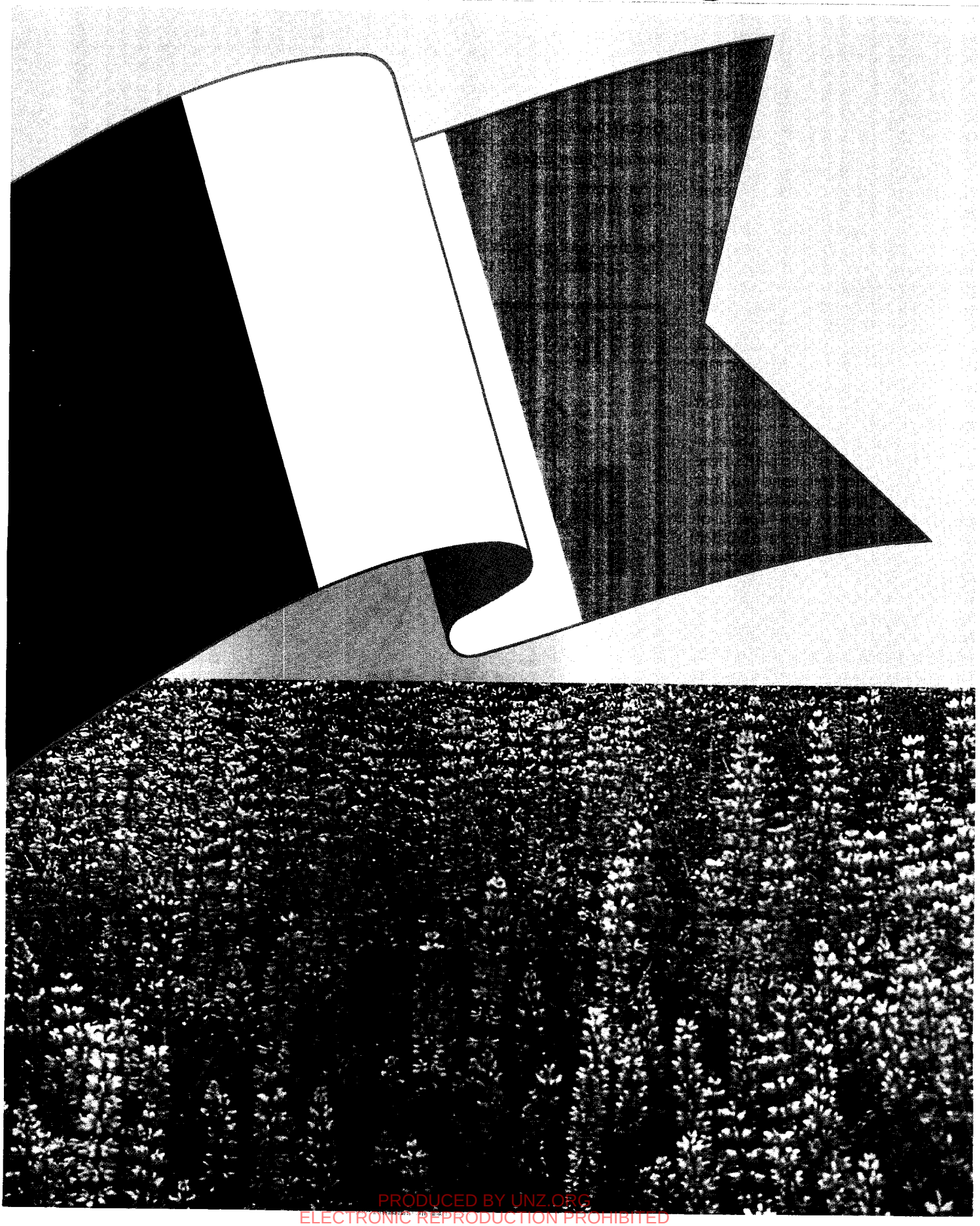
The Saturday Evening Post A



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Now for the best part: This Lupini Pasta is your FREE gift with a tax-deductible contribution to the Benjamin Franklin Literary Society. Your Society has made great strides in the past, but the future rests upon the support of generous volunteers such as you. Your help will enable us to extend our cancer-prevention research that daily is widening our knowledge of how to prevent cancer.

If you can send a tax-deductible contribution, we'll send you a sample package of Lupini Pasta to show our appreciation. Please know that every penny will be used for practical research and cancer prevention.

So there you have it—the best of both worlds. America and Italy team up to bring you Lupini Pasta. And you and your Society team up to save lives by preventing cancer.

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The Saturday Evening Post Society

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The main perk of a Caribbean vacation: a hostelry with access to a swath of beach, in this case some 1,000 feet long.

Tired of tour buses and meals on the run? "Self-contained" resorts are one way to vacation in ease.

The Wyndham Virgin Grand

To answer your question, no, one doesn't *have* to leave Charlotte Amalie and take those mountain curves that threaten to unite the front and back bumpers of the van in unholy wedlock. But please consider the Wyndham Virgin Grand Beach Hotel, a $52 million complex of surpassing luxury.

If you travel, read, or watch TV you already know about the siren calls of the Caribbean: the powdery white sand, the beckoning blue green water tempting enough to drink (and many a surfboard sailor or mustached snorkeler does), the lush coconut palms, and a climate that varies only a few degrees year-round. Well, it's all here at this 34-acre resort overlooking Waters Bay and the alluring necklace of neighboring islands. (The theory that the bay's a crater bowl appears not too far-fetched.)

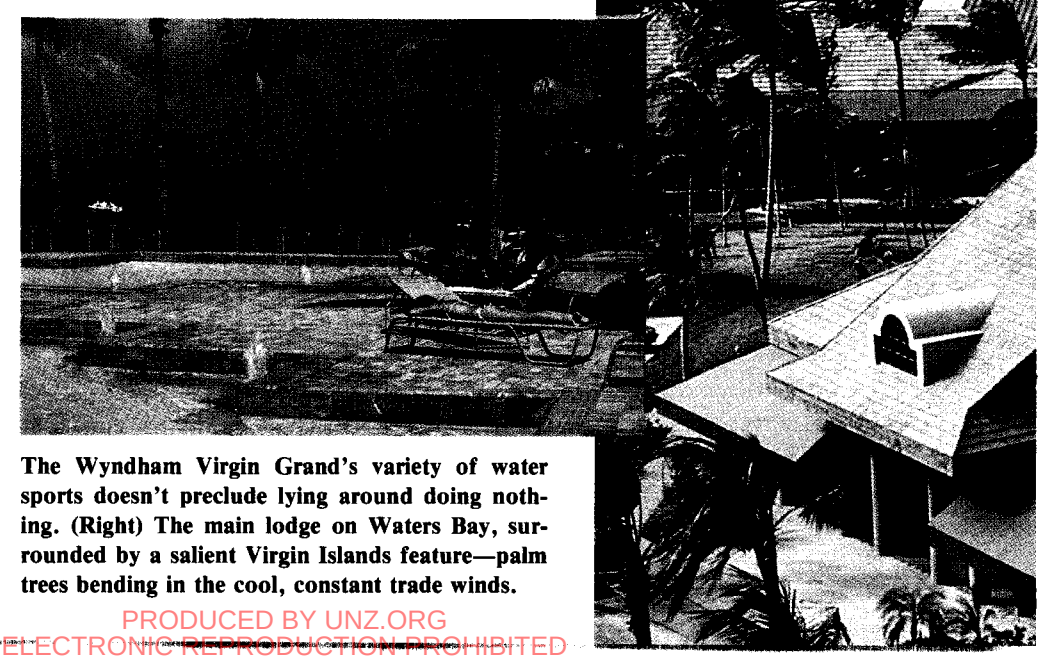
"Our goal," says Bruce Hearn, the general manager, "was to create a resort that would capture the unique architectural flavor of the islands as well as complement the great natural beauty of its waterfront site." To appreciate fully the lofty success of that endeavor, you have only to board one of the glorified golf carts waiting to whisk you 150 feet up the terraced hillside, a white-knuckler, to your accommodations.

From the balcony of your spacious quarters, with individual climate control, direct-dial telephone, satellite television, and you name it, you can begin to feel your workaday frustrations heading out to sea. To your right, the sea is in full view, bordered by a thousand feet of that white Caribbean sand. If you have chosen one of the two-story structures (designed in the manner of beach houses) below, the marble-trimmed swimming pool is in your front lawn. Or should your needs require one of the two-bedroom townhouse suites, we'll tell you now: You'll have to put up with dining and living rooms and amenities that begin with a whirlpool in the master suite. Ho-hum.

For us of wavering will power, the Smugglers restaurant offers breakfast, lunch, and dinner in a casual seaside setting. The open-air Pavilion, overlooking a second pool, has a breakfast and dinner buffet—the cuisine of a different country every night. And then there's Bay Wynds on the hillside—the classiest dining on Saint Thomas. After I partook of two Smugglers, three Pavilions, and a Bay Wynd, those beachside beauties in their eye-patch bikinis were no longer turning handsprings at the sight of my macho silhouette. But not to worry. More than knife-and-fork activities are available.

Six tennis courts await your pleasure—or frustration, depending upon your talent. Sunfish or surfboard sailing is a popular diversion for those who don't mind being in the water more than on top of the water. Beach sports? All you can handle. Should you stretch out on that powdery stuff to recuperate, no, those shadows won't be buzzards—those are frigate birds making lazy circles in the sky. Golf? The beautiful Mahogany Run course lies but minutes away. Freshwater swimming? Two pools and programs for adults and children are yours for the entering.

Above all, don't leave Saint



The Wyndham Virgin Grand's variety of water sports doesn't preclude lying around doing nothing. (Right) The main lodge on Waters Bay, surrounded by a salient Virgin Islands feature—palm trees bending in the cool, constant trade winds.

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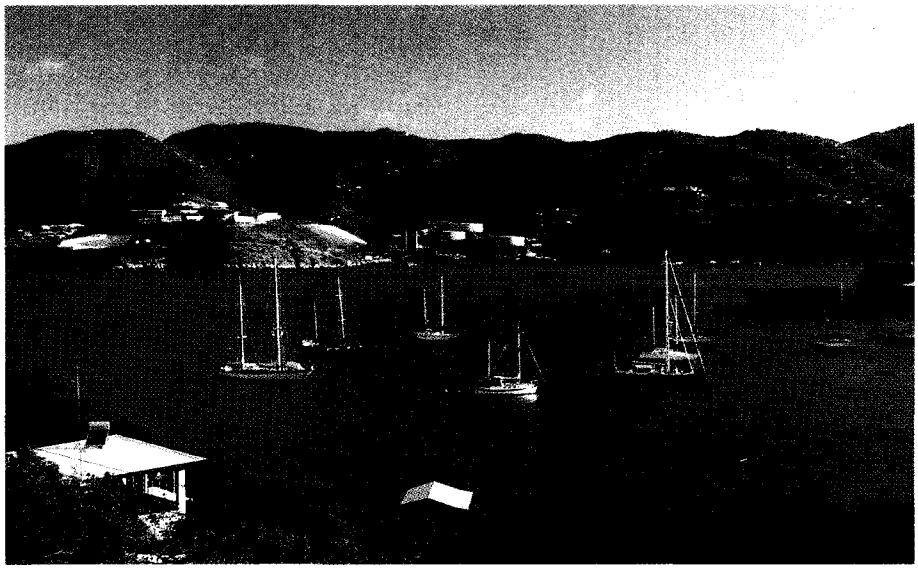
Thomas without a tour of the island. The tour will take you from Magens Bay, rated among the ten most beautiful beaches in the world, to duty-free shopping in the stores at the head of Main Street and to the small specialty shops lining the alleys of Charlotte Amalie, the capital city of the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Another must is a visit to Saint Thomas' next-door neighbor, Saint John, the site of the Rockefeller Plantation, the Virgin Island National Park, and more picture-postcard beaches, one with a snorkeling trail that will leave you breathless. (And we don't mean the way we were left breathless, due to the breathing-tube apparatus not fitting tightly over a certain type of mustache.)

Though the Wyndham follows tradition by offering "off-season" rates, this is one resort with no off-season. Caribbean waters sparkle in the sun year-round, the climate is a mean 82° F., and Mr. Hearn and his service associates are as genuinely dedicated to your vacationing comforts in August as in January.

You have reservations (no pun intended)? Verification is but an Eastern Airlines flight away.

—Maynard Stoddard



Water Island, the site of Sea Cliff resort, is only minutes from a major harbor and airport despite its seclusion. The rugged hills and smooth waters typify the Virgin Islands.

Sea Cliff

"Sea Cliff," located on Water Island—a 500-acre hideaway on the harbor of Charlotte Amalie, the largest city on Saint Thomas—brings dreams to life. Just a ten-minute ferry ride across a bay clear enough to see the bottom of a sailboat transports you from the nagging pressures of meetings, quotas, and appointments to the values of another, more civilized world.

Accommodations at the Sea Cliff Hotel, enhanced by a recent $6 million renovation, are plush by any standard and punctuated by a spray of freshly cut orchids or other island-grown flowers delivered daily to your room. Conspicuous by their absence, however, are the items you might expect. There is no television set, not even a radio. No newspapers are sold in the hotel's convenience store. In fact, none of the rooms has a telephone, although emergency calls may be made from the main lobby.

Bob Albright, the general manager, makes no apology for any of this. "Most of us," he says, "have become slaves to these things. At Sea Cliff, we offer our guests something that's nearly impossible to obtain in today's world—privacy."

Some vacationers relax by lying on the beach or chatting with the island's most celebrated pet—a parrot with a reported vocabulary of 200 words. Others enjoy more rigorous forms of recreation, such as tennis (the hotel has two courts) and swimming; snorkeling and scuba diving are extremely popular sports.

The perfect introduction to the underwater wonder of the Caribbean—schools of yellow grunts, spotted trunkfish, regal queen angelfish, red-tinged squirrel fish, and brilliantly colored parrotfish—is available at

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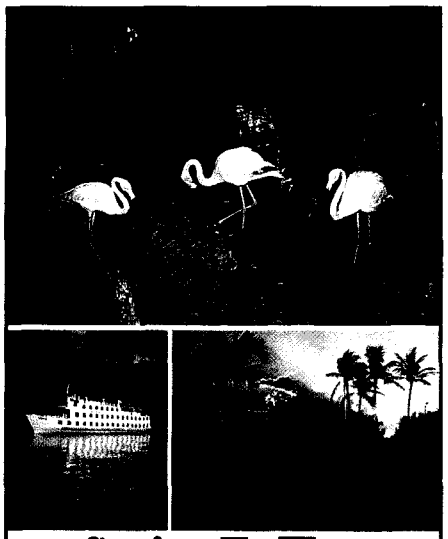

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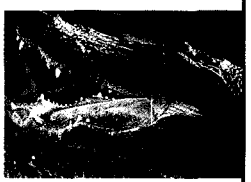

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Water Island. A certified instructor meets you on the hotel's famous "Honeymoon Beach" to explain the basics of scuba diving. After a brief instructional period, you are prepared for your first dive into the blue waters of Honeymoon Cove. A visitor from Buffalo summed up her first diving adventure with "It's breathless!" For experienced and certified divers, a full day of exploring the spectacular reefs is alone worth the trip. A certified dive master will lead you down to pristine reefs. If you're lucky, you'll see for yourself some of the sunken wrecks of ships that unsuccessfully attempted to sail the balmy seas.

Water Island—the fourth largest among the U.S. Virgin Islands—is so named because in the days of the "windjammers," it was one of the few places with fresh-water ponds where sailing vessels could replenish their water casks. By the time the United States had acquired the Virgin Islands from Denmark in 1917, Water Island was used chiefly as a grazing area for goats and cattle. The harbor at Saint Thomas became a submarine base at the start of World War II. Following the war, the island was abandoned. When Walter and Floride Phillips came upon it while looking for a place to live during their retirement, they knew immediately it was the answer to that dream.

As a result of several conversations with representatives of the federal government, Phillips agreed to care for and improve the island. The government, in turn, granted Phillips a free 20-year lease renewable every 20 years thereafter. The Phillipses, who have remained on Water Island since 1951, are now on their second lease.

In the December 1, 1956, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post,* Walter Phillips described the island on the day he and Floride arrived: "We counted 33 concrete buildings—most of them shells, but with their metal roofs in good shape. There were seven miles of road, half of them macadam and half gravel."

Most of Sea Cliff's construction was done by masons and carpenters from Saint Thomas, but Walter Phillips oversaw every improvement in his role as self-appointed general supervisor. By the end of December 1953 he had constructed enough buildings, sufficiently developed the water system, and planted enough lime, lemon, papaya, orange, and grapefruit trees that he could invite some of his friends from the frozen North to spend Christmas on his newly created paradise.

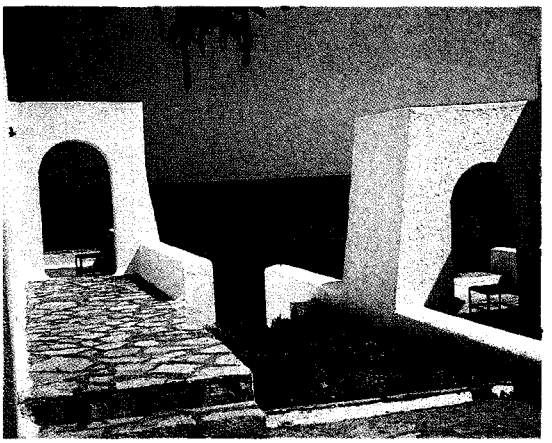
The peaceful life of Sea Cliff is not for everyone. "Among our first guests were a bride and groom," Mr. Phillips recalls with a wry smile. "The young lady evidently thought the Virgin Islands were wide open. The minute she found there were no gambling casinos here, she packed her bags and towed her husband back to Puerto Rico, where she could lose his money."

Says the spunky Phillips, who walks with a brisk pace that leaves others half his age puffing to keep up with him: "I have the best of all worlds here. I have isolation and beautiful beaches; I'm close to shopping, and all this under the American flag. Can you think of any better way of living?"

—John McCollister

Elounda Beach Hotel

Caiques drift around the rocky promontory of the Gulf of Mirabello, past arid hills and cliffs that thrust suddenly from waters of purest royal blue. At a nearby dock, fishermen idle; behind their masts rise whitewashed buildings gleaming in the



The Aegean's vivid colors create a photographer's paradise. (Right) The Gulf of Mirabello shimmers between Elounda Beach and the island of Poros.

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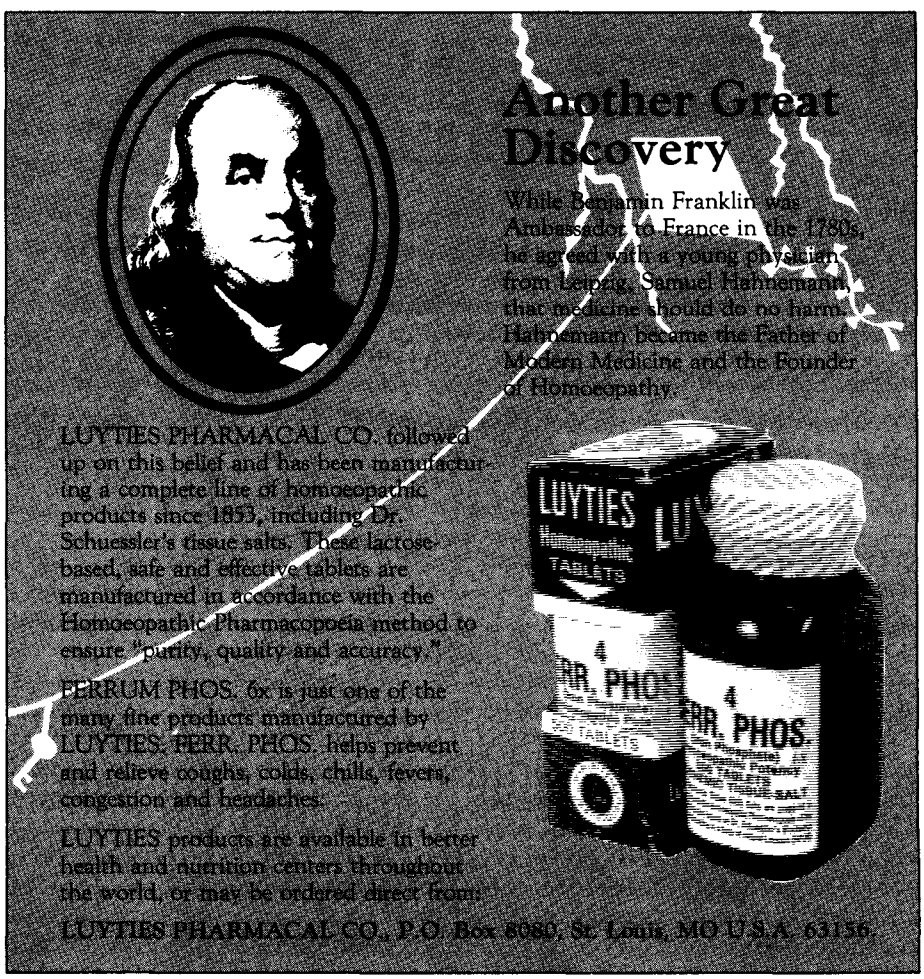
midday sun—a squat church, its barrel vault topped with orange tiles, and behind it a jumble of flat-roofed cubes adorned with an occasional shutter or wrought-iron balcony. Along the narrow alleys that separate the buildings might trudge a basket-toting widow in her traditionally shapeless black mourning garb, or perhaps an elderly gentleman in the Cretan national costume of tunic, jodhpurs, and knee-high leather boots.

A typical Aegean fishing village? Yes, but it's also an atypical resort—not just "self-contained," but immersed in the very culture of the surrounding islands and villages. The Elounda Beach Hotel is a microcosm of Aegean village life—the quay, the shops nearby, a town square with Carib tree, a *taverna* for those who like dancing with their eating and drinking, and the ever-present Orthodox chapel, curiously plain and small-windowed outside, dazzling and resplendent within. The shops are filled with real local handiwork, just as shops were before the tourist invasions of the Aegean isles began a generation ago: rugs of brilliant hue, damask, hand-wrought jewelry, saintly icons. Hearkening back to the ancients, a poured-concrete amphitheater nestles in a hillside behind the village.

Not just shopping and entertainment but living at Elounda Beach approximate the simplicity and beauty of island life. Patrons who rent ocean-side cottages can draw the curtain to their small sea windows each morning, just as generations of Greek sailors have done, to learn the weather of the day or to watch the spray wash over the sea walls. Within, harmony and simplicity abound: arched doorways; a hearth; well-polished, broad-beamed hardwood floors; a vase of flowers standing out against the white walls; sparse but comfortable furniture in riotous oranges and reds. (Nor is the luxury- and gadget-loving visitor ignored, for a more conventional hotel is tucked away on the premises.) Visitors of every persuasion can dine in the resort's main restaurant, adjoining a terrace ringed by gardens and a somewhat nontraditional amenity—the swimming pool. Here and at several eateries throughout the village, the outrageously succulent Greek fare can be had in abundance—seafood (especially squid), rack of lamb, *dolmades, souvlakia*, and all the rest.

At Elounda Beach, talk is often of the differences between European and American tourists. Europeans like to "summer" at a resort, they say, while Americans are on the go, eager to tramp through every church, castle, and shop that can be squeezed into a finite schedule. This insatiable American desire for self-improvement makes it tough on resorts: They can corral the free-spending Yank for only three or four nights, in contrast to his more tightfisted European cousin, who—jaded as he is by cultural opportunities back home—holes up in his bungalow for weeks at a stretch.

Regardless, culture vultures can get their fill using the Elounda Beach Hotel as their base. For sightseeing, not a half-hour away is Aghios Nikolaos, the "Little Venice" of Crete, an almost landlocked harbor surrounded by towering hills and connected to the sea by a narrow channel. For history and culture, one can hardly consider the possibilities: Minoan "digs" (including the renowned palace of Knossos) dot the island, every day yielding more information about the 4,000-year-old-plus civilization that developed there.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Crete is also a treasure house of Byzantine-Orthodox church architecture; indeed, motoring thorough the rugged Cretan countryside (the roads themselves are excellent) reveals a chapel in almost every stony, forlorn field or olive grove. Nearer the center of the island, as the road grows more tortuous, the snow-capped Mount Idhi (8,058 feet) looms above such tiny peasant villages as Anogia, clinging to the hillsides. Clean, whitewashed Anogia makes a special effort to welcome visitors ambitious enough to make the trek; the sale of sturdy ceramics and handwovens is an attractive supplement to the meager output of the barren fields. Even Iraklion, the somewhat prosaic capital and main seaport of the province, has a well-preserved Venetian castle plus some other brooding ruins, mostly from the days of the Turkish wars. And at Iraklion is found the museum with the most precious pieces of Minoan art.

So the typical American need not fear boredom or ennui at Elounda Beach. Even within the compound, Greek holidays and customs are observed, notably ancient Greek drama at the open-air theater, as well as Greek Easter, the height of the social season (usually held later than our Easter because of the medieval calendar of the Orthodox church). Water sports, of course, are available in profusion, and beaches ring the island—starting at, of course, Elounda Beach itself.

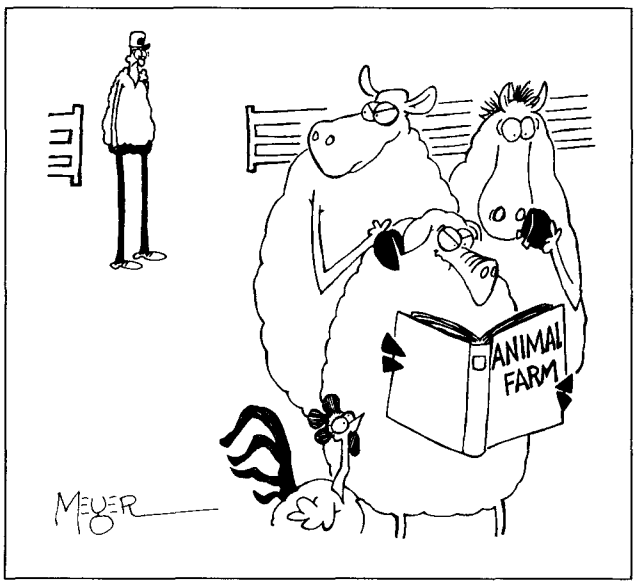
—Robin Roberts

Admiral

continued from page 62

shape, and he wouldn't see me next year, and I wouldn't even be an active naval officer by next summer. A month after this clean bill of health, I turned myself in, so to speak. I went to the Navy physician and said, "If I'm going to be climbing stairs on the submarines, I may have a problem." The crew always walks faster when an admiral is aboard, and I feared not being able to keep up. How does an officer stop to get his breath when an eager ship's crew is showing off a shipshape submarine?

The time is now early 1975. There's that annual physical, but the clean bill of health won't still the small voices. I was a little worried. While in Washington, we had to stay abreast of what was happening out in the field. I remember going up to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to look at our submarines up there. It was wintertime, and I had a hard time climbing around those dry docks. You know, when an admiral's out in the field, they paint a spot just ahead of you, so you think the whole world smells like tacky paint. [Fumes of fresh paint bother persons with compromised lung function.] People also tend to walk fast when an admiral is on board, and so you tend to try to keep up. So instead of looking very military, I tended to be out of breath all the time.



Three flights on a sub were winding me, and I told the physician my concerns about going to Naples. Might I get sick during the two-year stint in Italy? Should he check me out further?

He did, and promptly he stamped my chart UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. (This was only a few weeks after having passed my physical.)

Inch-high letters on my chart. . . UNFIT! He picked up the phone and called my boss, commanding officer Admiral R.L.J. Long, then and there, and told him that I should be retired from active duty that afternoon. I had serious chronic emphysema, for which there is no cure—just the promise of a slow, suffocating death.

I knew there was no way I could leave my post that afternoon. "My boss will know that too," I thought. I had the inflated idea that the Navy couldn't get along without me; you know, many of us have that problem. I went back that afternoon and talked it over with Admiral Long. There was some idea that I might just stay put, where I was. But I felt that was somehow wrong. A guy in what is considered one of the very good jobs in the Pentagon should be a guy who can aspire to going back to the fleet.

I called my wife, my mother, and my sister, who by then had graduated from medical school and had given up sending me Nicoban.

I flew to Indianapolis to be hypnotized and gave up smoking. Ninety-five to 98 percent of severe emphysema is caused by smoking 20 pack-years (a pack a day for 20 years), the pulmonary specialists told me. I wondered why this fact isn't impressed upon all young smokers before it is too late, preferably before the addiction begins.

When my wife, Elaine, developed breast cancer soon thereafter, I was glad to be at home to take care of her. I spent more and more of my time helping her prepare to die, and I really felt it was a pretty worthwhile thing to do. Looking back at my life now, I'm not sure the world is better or worse off because it has nuclear submarines. But I feel I did a fairly good job of leading my wife out of the world in a meaningful way. I tried to make all those days as pleasant as possible.

At Elaine's funeral our children couldn't smoke around me, and they wouldn't dare smoke around my sister Cory, so they would excuse themselves and go often to the ladies' room or the men's room in the chapel at Arlington National Cemetery, where funeral services were held. No one was so crass as to ever mention it in my presence, but I knew what they were all thinking: My heavy smoking habit might have contributed to her cancer. I certainly felt heavy guilt about the possibility. A Japanese study had shown a 14 times greater incidence of cancer in women whose husbands smoked than in women whose spouses did not smoke.

continued on page 100

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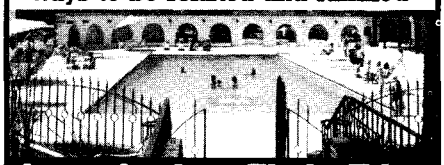

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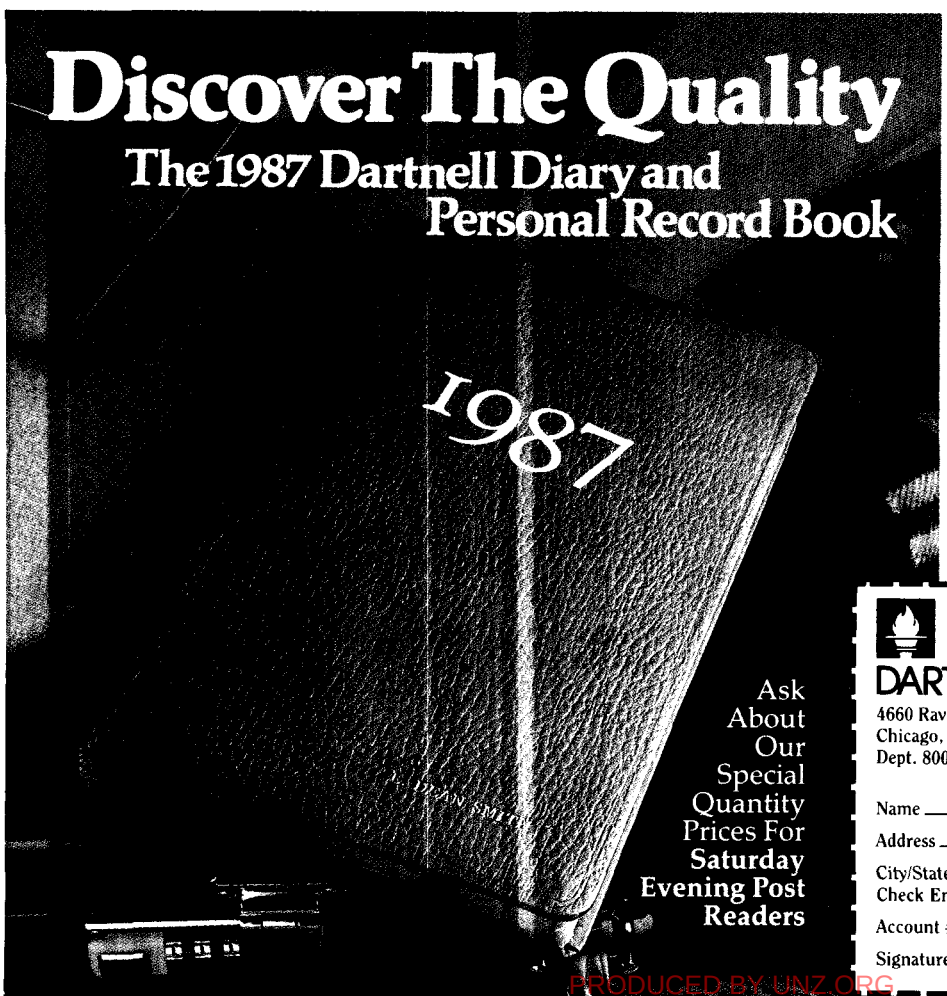

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Whatever your needs, just check below,
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Colony Square Hotel, in the heart of **Atlanta**'s arts and theater district, has large, luxurious rooms and suites with elegant personal touches; 24-hour room service. Fine restaurants, lounges, and nightly entertainment. Extensive conference, meeting, and banquet facilities. Swimming pool, health club, and racquetball available. Find out more—circle **31**

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Cruise exciting destinations including the **Caribbean, Bermuda,** the **Bahamas, Alaska, Mexico,** the **Mediterranean,** and **Hawaii.** Many savings, group discounts available. AAABCO, the cruise specialist. Circle.....**38**

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Charleston, South Carolina—This beautiful and historic seaport city is a year-round resort. Horse-drawn carriages, museums, forts, antique shops, historic homes, plantations, beach resorts, luxury hotels to charming inns, and outstanding restaurants. For free color brochure, circle.....**42**

It's the celebration of the century! Nineteen eighty-six marks the 120th birthday of **Kansas,** and the whole state is "coming alive" with exciting ways to celebrate. Send for your free Kansas travel packet full of ideas on how you can join the party; then get yourself in a state of celebration! Circle **43**

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South Carolina's **Olde English District,** where the Lowcountry and Upcountry meet. 99.9 Revolutionary War battle sites, historic buildings, festivals, parks, and adventures await you. Easy access from Interstates 77, 20, and 85 and U.S. 1. For free brochure, circle **4**

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Don't let a **bladder-control problem** stop you from leading an active life. Get back into life with Depend. For more information write to Kimberly-Clark Home Health Care, Depend Customer Service, Neenah, WI 54956, or circle **7**

Historic **Amana, Iowa**—for more than 100 years, ancestors from these communal villages preserved fine German craftsmanship and extraordinary food. Today, the communalism is gone, but the seven unique villages greet visitors with traditional hospitality, fine woolens, handcrafted furniture, tempting foods, and exceptional old-world charm. Circle **8**

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World-famous **Dartnell Corporation** has made its highly respected 1987 Daily Diary and Personal Record Book available to *Saturday Evening Post* readers at a special low price. Send for full-color brochure and details of this amazing, preseason opportunity. Makes a perfect gift, too. Circle **12**

If you would like information for any of the offers above and the response card is missing, circle the entry or entries that interest you, tear out this page, and send it with your name and address to: The Saturday Evening Post, *P.O. Box 2810, Clinton, IA 52735-2810. Any checks or money orders should be payable to* The Saturday Evening Post. *Also include 50¢ for postage and handling—U.S. currency only. These offers expire January 14, 1987.*

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Education

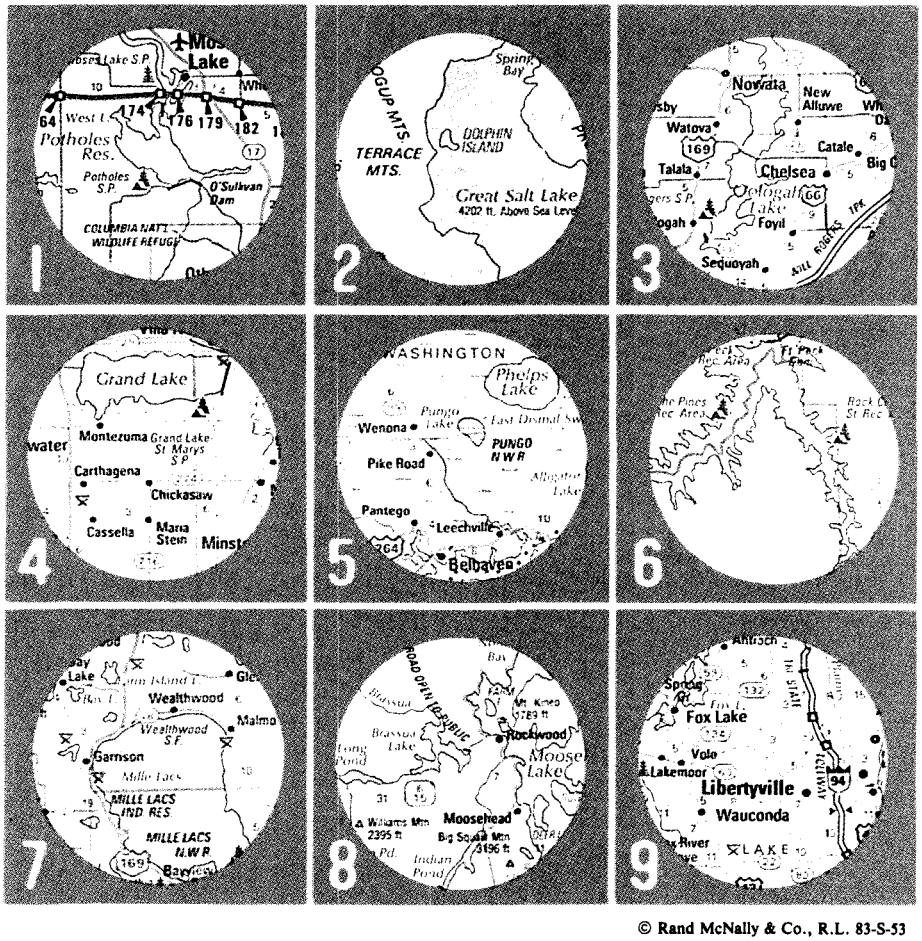
continued from page 32

marketplace of ideas. "America's government-monopoly school system cannot rightly be described as a 'marketplace of ideas,' as is frequently done in public-school censorship disputes," he says in an illuminating booklet called *Censorship and the Public Schools.*

"The actual situation in public schools," Dr. Baer explains, "is that *all* textbooks, library books, curricula, films, and other educational materials are preselected by teachers, state agencies, and schools of education. Thus in a real sense they are censored."

Equally intriguing is his criticism of opening the floodgate of ideas to all youngsters. "The position that the child should be exposed to a multiplicity of values," he says, "presupposes that. . .the state has the right to violate the parents' wishes for the child's moral and religious development."

I believe that, if we want to work at it, we can salvage the educational system. And I do believe that most parties want the best for the children. They need to recognize principles, established early in history, that say to parents in a number of ways: "Train up a child in the way he should go; even when he is old he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single state, province, or territory. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? (Hint: Looking these up in an atlas is all wet.) If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), use the hint to discover the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 111)

Thanksgiving

continued from page 27

Cranapple Molded Salad
(Makes 12 servings)

Using unflavored gelatin lets you control the amount of sugar and the type added. Fructose, which has a lower glycemic index than most other sugars, is the main sugar in whole cranberry sauce and orange juice.

2 packages (½ oz. each) unflavored gelatin
2 cups orange juice
1 can (16 ozs.) whole cranberry sauce
1 cup chopped celery
2 cups chopped apples
½ cup chopped pecans

Sprinkle gelatin over orange juice and let stand until softened (5 minutes). Microwave softened gelatin mixture on High (100%) until steaming hot (4-4½ minutes). Stir in cranberry sauce until well mixed. Add remaining ingredients. Pour gelatin mixture in 1-quart mold; cover with plastic wrap. Refrigerate overnight or up to 2 days.

Just before serving, turn mold upside down on serving platter. Place warm towel over mold and gently shake mold until gelatin is released. Serve immediately.

Another Dog

continued from page 87

down at the other end of the davenport. Her eyes wandered from the screen to the faded wallpaper, the yellowed paints, and the worn hardwood floors. She bit her lip to hold back her tears and forced herself to watch the program. Just as the commercial came on with a blast, the buzzer shrilled through the apartment.

Sally jumped to her feet. "I'll get it, dad."

"Turn that rumpus off first."

Sally switched off the dial. Then she released the catch, stepped out on the landing, and hurried down the steps. She found Ben waiting right inside the door with the pup in his arms.

"He's a natural for your dad," Ben whispered as he shifted the pup to Sally's arms. "He's made for an

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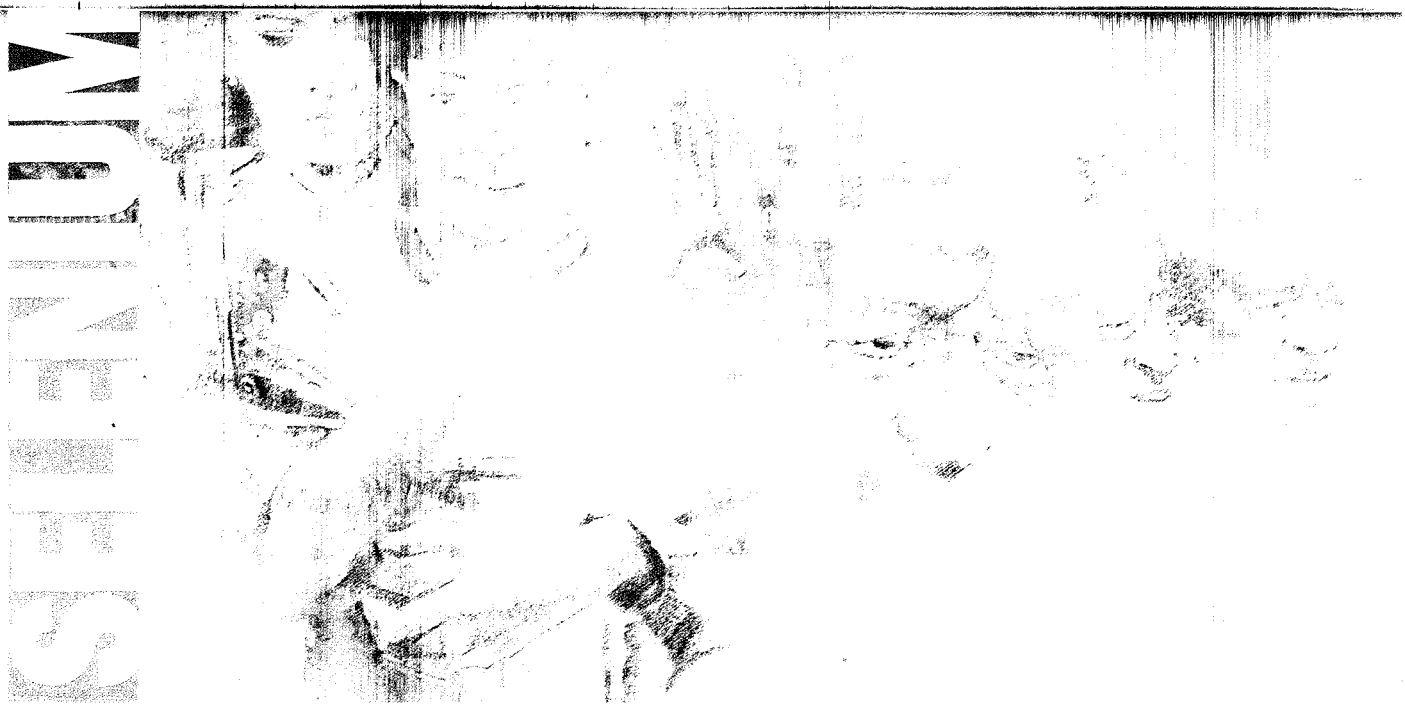

NOVEMBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S DIGEST

A Real Pain

Drugstore shelves chock-ful of painkillers may be giving you a pain in the neck. Stop racking your brain and learn to choose the best medications for your throbs and aches.

Dirty Diet

Medical research is digging into selenium and discovering more cancer cases in areas where this mineral is deficient in the soil. Find out why selenium is an essential dietary compound.

Pint-Size Paramedics

The best prevention against choking children are playground paramedics. Dr. Heimlich explains the proper training of his elementary technique for youngsters.

Mineral Munch

Munch on some minerals the next time you have a growling stomach. Learn more about the foods abundant in these vital elements and why our bodies require them.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listing for time and station

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old man, that's for sure."

"He's quite an armful," Sally said, and she pulled the check from her pocket.

"Thanks," Ben replied. "Got him? He snoozed all the way over and he's kind of limp and sleepy."

"Thank you so much for bringing him."

"Don't mention it."

"Sally! What is it?" Mr. McHugh called from the living room.

"In a minute, dad."

Sally tucked the pup's oversized paws in more securely and carried him up the steps. She shut the door of the apartment with her foot and stood for a second to catch her breath.

"What were you——" Mr. McHugh began and, seeing the pup, stopped. A frown of displeasure creased his forehead.

Sally set the young dog down on his feet. He shook himself hard and lifted his head. He looked around the room slowly and spotted Mr. McHugh. Then he stepped across to the davenport, sat down before the old man with one haunch sprawled puppy fashion, and stared at him.

Sally seated herself unobtrusively on the davenport. "Ben brought him, dad," she explained. "I phoned him."

Mr. McHugh nodded. He leaned forward, still frowning, and held out his hand. The pup got up and came toward him. He smelled his hand thoroughly; then he set about licking each finger with his bright red tongue. Gradually the old man's face softened, and almost unconsciously, he began to scratch the pup behind the ears in the exact place Liffey had liked to be scratched. The pup stood quietly, blinking with contentment. Finally he opened his mouth and yawned so hard he squealed.

Mr. McHugh chuckled. "Are we keeping you up, boy?" he asked. He smiled down at the dog and waved his arm in the direction of Liffey's chair. "Have a seat, won't you?"

The pup twisted his head quizzically, the way an Airedale does. Then he turned deliberately and stepped across the room to Liffey's chair. He sniffed it thoroughly and climbed up on the seat. Having settled himself comfortably, he arched his neck so that the tip of his chin reached the arm.

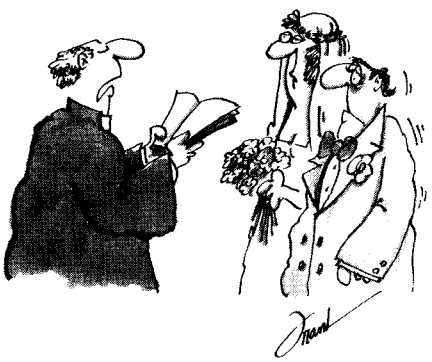
Sally glanced at her father. She saw him smiling indulgently at the pup, his face relaxed and softened. Then she, too, looked over at the dog. The bright light of the nearby lamp shone on his jet-black saddle and brought out the golden brown of his muzzle and sprawling paws. "He's sort of fresh and new looking, isn't he, dad?" she commented.

"He moved in fast enough, if that's what you mean," Mr. McHugh replied, and he began to hum a tune. "Know that one?" he asked.

Sally shook her head.

" 'Where the River Shannon's flowing,' " her father sang in a voice that quavered slightly. " 'Where the three-leafed shamrock grows.' Shannon! That's what I'm going to call him."

He picked up one of the candy bars, broke it in half, and handed



". . . You have the right to remain silent."

Sally the other piece. "I always name my dogs"—he paused to take a generous bite of the candy—"after the rivers of Ireland." ★

Treasures

continued from page 55

sonal possessions of the wealthy Spaniards who died with the *Atocha*. Some religious artifacts with extremely rare designs may be priceless.

Fisher has retained the lion's share of his company stock, which means that when the division is over he will be a millionaire many, many times over. Treasure Salvors will be liquidated shortly after the division, and the *Atocha* will probably be mined out by the end of this year. Footloose once again, Fisher will be free to seek his next fortune. He fully intends to. "But I'm not at liberty to say where," he says.

The Florida coast, still laden with sunken wealth in spite of the discovery of the *Atocha*, seems ready to oblige. Fisher proved his Midas touch a few years back, when he finally decided to visit the galleon wreck the Vero Beach lifeguard had pointed out to him. "We dug one hole and found a large gold cross," he says. "Weighed 4½ pounds, had 120 pearls on it. And that same day, we found a gold disk, 7½ pounds, and a bunch of gold doubloons. It was a real exciting day." ★

Admiral

continued from page 94

What angered me most, I guess, was seeing my own children addicted—unable to give it up—and seeing the company whose devilish wares had robbed me of my health still out displaying its evil weeds in the mouths of healthy, virile young men. "Marlboro" means impotency and death for country men . . .not clean, fresh air in the lungs.

I'm back where I started now, near the farm home in Pella, Iowa. "Gone home to die," you might say. I have a marvelous bride, Lorraine, the hometown girl who loved me enough to marry me in spite of my chronic, fatal illness. She was the ornery little clarinet player in the Pella Junior High band and the prettiest girl in high school. We double-dated before she married. Her first husband is buried at Arlington National Cemetery, probably because his heart attack was induced from years of smoking plentiful Navy-supplied cigarettes in his overseas military duty.

I have oxygen coming into my lungs 24 hours a day through the plastic tubes inserted in my nostrils. I shouldn't complain. I can afford portable oxygen, so that if I can muster up the energy, I can walk to other parts of the house. My less-fortunate, lower-ranking shipmates who have come down with emphysema can't afford the luxury of a home "wired for oxygen," so to speak. They are in VA hospitals by the thousands, sometimes confined to their beds with wall oxygen outlets, because at month's end there aren't enough funds for the VA hospitals to supply them with portable oxygen so they can get up to go to the dining room or the bath-

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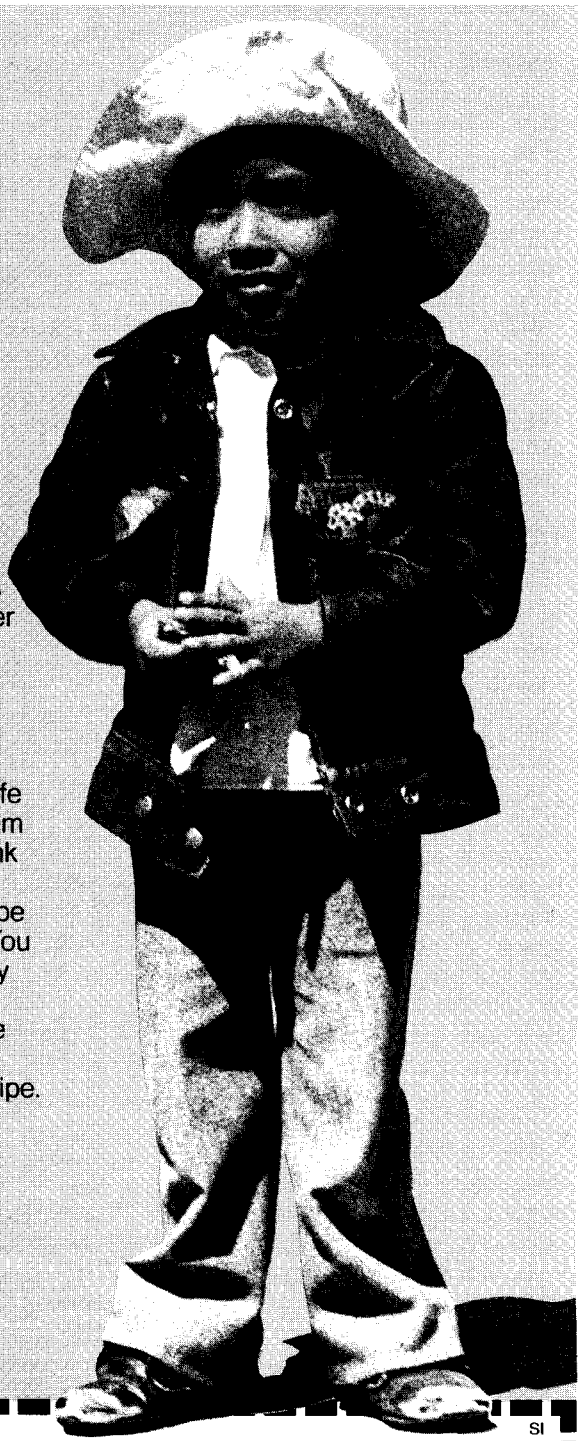
BE FILIPE'S HERO



Give him a chance to go to bed with a full stomach. A chance to grow up healthy. A chance to make a difference in his country.

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Please, make a difference now. Do it for a child like Filipe.

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☐ Please send me a photo and brief history of a child to sponsor. I understand I don't need to send any money now. I prefer a ☐boy ☐girl in ☐Asia ☐Africa ☐Latin America.

☐ I want to send my first month's payment of $20 now. Please send me a photo and brief history of a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but here's a special gift of $_____ to help care for children like Filipe.

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Please make checks payable to World Vision. Thank you!

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room. Chained to their beds, they live out their days in an agony worse than pain. . .air hunger! With strangulation.

Their "quality of life" is gone.

A wife who nagged me to quit smoking. . .a nagging sister who sent admonishments and quitting aids. You might say naggers destroy the quality of life, but that's nothing compared to my present problem.

I had a marvelous life and career in the Navy, but I could have had all that without the smoking, and it wouldn't have been cut short at age 47. I could have had all the enjoyment without the cigarettes. I didn't need the "enjoyment" of those cigarettes.

I could have had the stress-packed, action-packed exhilaration of serving on the first nuclear sub, the *Nautilis*; of building the first nuclear-powered frigate; of commanding nuclear subs and of achieving flag-officer rank in the Navy. I didn't need the cigarettes one bit.

Smokers know about naggers—their wives, their children, their mothers, their sisters, and their lovers. Listen to those who love you and pray to God for strength to fight the addiction. Don't accuse your loved ones of destroying your "quality of life" by having to be around you. Don't call your wife a common scold.

The "quality of life" when the destruction from smoking catches up is so poor that last week I disconnected my oxygen. "I can't believe that God wants men to live in this agony," I told Lorraine after she found me and hooked up the lifesaving tubes again.

Smokers, if you can still breathe freely, take a deep breath—a long, beautiful, painless, deep breath—and pray to God for strength to fight your addiction to nicotine.

Nicoban was not worth trying. It contained no nicotine fix. Today Nicorette does contain nicotine—the equivalent nicotine of two cigarettes, enough for a nicotine fix, to satisfy your physically addicted cells while you handle the emotional and psychological dependence. It worked for my children.

A smoker is a fool not to use it. Then pray to God that you will be one of the 40 percent who use it and who are able to overcome their addiction by using it.

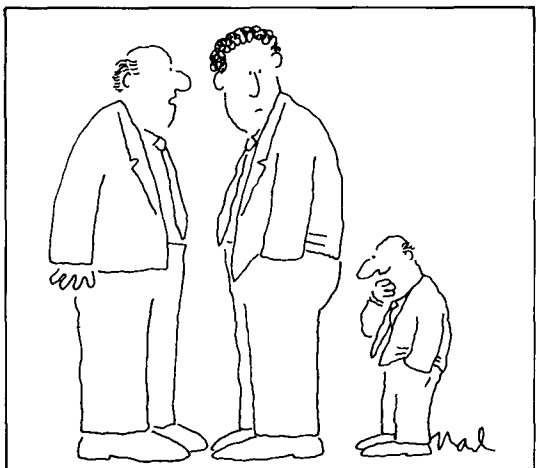
Last week I pulled my cord, but today I have hope again. Just a faint hope, mind you, but enough to keep me alive.

I have hope because next week I will have a Micro-Trach inserted by Dr. Henry Heimlich. I will meet him in the Pella Community Hospital, where he and his team will insert a small, plastic indwelling catheter into my trachea. This will permit me to breathe oxygen directly into my lungs instead of through my nostrils. As Dr. Heimlich and his worthy colleagues explain, this will eliminate loss of air in the dead space of the nasopharynx. [See p. 106.]

Some of the oxygen entering my nostrils is lost through my open mouth when I speak or eat. The work of sucking the oxygen down from my nostrils into my lungs is more than my oxygen-starved muscles can accomplish.

I have hope that I can again breathe enough air to think clearly.

I hope I will have enough strength to warn all the young Navy and Army men and women and young people everywhere. I want to tell them, "Take time out to fight your addictions before they fell you!"



"He's one of the best proctologists in the business."

Air Bags

continued from page 40

lic may be imminent, however. In July 1984, the U.S. Department of Transportation instituted a requirement that such automatic front-seat-occupant restraints as air bags or automatic seat belts be installed in every new passenger car by 1990. This ruling requires a gradual four-year, phased introduction of automatic re straints beginning September 1, 198(to include 10 percent of 1987 mod(cars; the percentage would increas each year until 1990.

(continued next issue

Medications and Mouth

continued from page 21

long to determine that Roger's prob lem stemmed from a decrease in hi salivary flow, caused by Elavil, a antipsychotic drug. Roger's reluc tance to tell his dentist about hi medication resulted in numerous fill ings—a loss of not only Roger's toot enamel, but also his time an money.

"The mouth is not an isolate area," Dr. Stern says. "It's par of the whole body. Whatever yo are doing to the rest of your bod can affect your mouth."

So next time you see your den tist, don't forget to tell him wha medications you are taking—it' important. Like a jigsaw puzzle the whole picture can't be see until you have all the pieces.

Ozark Artist

continued from page 69

dollar's worth out of that dog. Sh goes with me everywhere, even t shows. I wish I could train my wif as well as I've trained Hooker. wouldn't trade her for a million dollars

"But getting back to bad times. was raised in the church, the Assem bly of God, and they were so stric that when I finally escaped to the Ai Force I said, 'I'm never going to ste back in the church, and that's that.' went just about as liberal as you car get. I mean there wasn't anything didn't do. And that's the way it wa when I took a job as art director fo an ad agency in Dallas and had a wif and family. Liberal living is fine for a while, but someday it all catches up with you, it all comes tumbling down. And that's what happened to me. lost my family, my home, everything, just everything, overnight. I wa down there on the bottom, didn't know what direction to go—and certainly wasn't thinking about religion. . . .Are you sure you want to hear about this?" We're sure.

(continued next issue)

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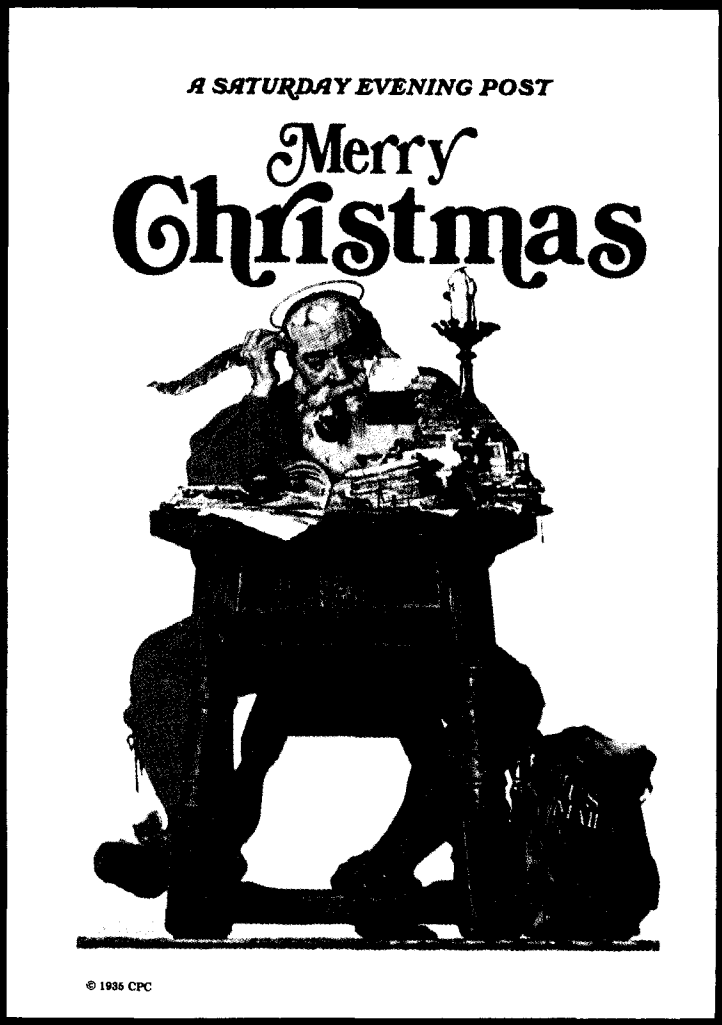

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

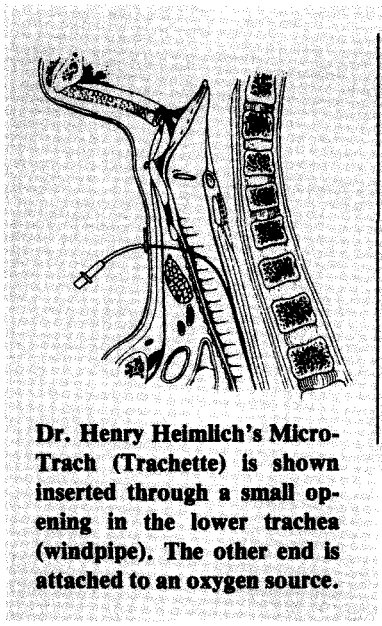
by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"The glory of medicine is that it is constantly moving forward, that there is always more to learn."
—William J. Mayo, M.D. (1861-1939)

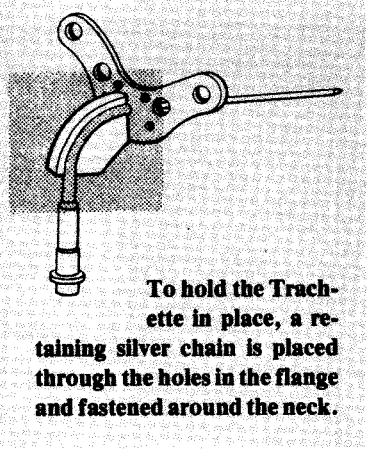
For Easier Breathing

Our regular readers know the sorrow we feel about the advanced emphysema strangulating my brother Joe (page 58). Air hunger can make one more miserable than most pain.

Dr. Henry Heimlich and Dr. Ed Patrick of Cincinnati set out to Iowa with me with the express purpose of beginning a research project with the Heimlich Institute Foundation—to create a new artificial lung to oxygenate blood for victims like Joe. Emphysema has left him with lungs functioning at only 5% of normal. The veterans' hospitals are filled with men like him who began smoking heavily during World War II and the Korean War.



Dr. Henry Heimlich's Micro-Trach (Trachette) is shown inserted through a small opening in the lower trachea (windpipe). The other end is attached to an oxygen source.



To hold the Trachette in place, a retaining silver chain is placed through the holes in the flange and fastened around the neck.

Before experimenting with the artificial lung, Dr. Heimlich felt that a Micro-Trach should be inserted so Joe could get his oxygen through his trachea instead of through his nostrils with a nasal cannula. Dr. Heimlich explained that oxygen brought in through the nostrils is lost quickly when a patient tries to eat or speak. When the mouth is open, oxygen escapes. In addition, the dead air space of the nasopharynx makes the muscles work hard to pull the oxygen down into the lungs.

The Micro-Trach Dr. Heimlich developed is just now being produced for commercial use. He brought samples for the surgeons and internists in Iowa who gathered to confer with him about this new method of helping "chronic lungers" (medical jargon for chronic obstructive lung-disease patients) to cope.

The Heimlich Micro-Trach, or Trachette™, a 16-gauge, small plastic tube, is inserted into the lower trachea with a valve to hook up oxygen then administered at 1/4 to 1/2 liter per minute. The oxygen-flow rate through the Trachette is titrated to the proper dose. The patient requires far less oxygen because it is no longer being lost through the mouth as it is when administered through the nasal cannula. The patient then has mobility to travel with a small six-pound container of oxygen. For working patients on oxygen, removal of the unsightly nasal cannula is a distinct boon. The small Micro-Trach can be hidden by a scarf around the neck.

Joe's cheeks turned pink, he brightened, and he was breathing with less effort right after the dramatic hookup of the Micro-Trach.

Dr. Heimlich points out that the Micro-Trach also enables the respiratory therapist or the patient to irrigate the lungs with sterile saline solution.

Dr. Heimlich believes that this device will be helpful for patients with cystic fibrosis who develop large plugs of mucus. The sterile saline solution will prevent the stick mucus from forming these obstructions. "Actually, I believe we could lengthen the lives of cystic-fibrosis children by inserting the Trachettes," he said.

Artificial Lung and Donor Lungs Needed

For Joe and the thousands of men like him, an artificial lung device followed by lung transplants could mean a new life.

Men with good minds but no lungs could live again. Now they suffer from what doctors refer to as CO_2 narcosis, when the carbon dioxide in their blood increases and they behave as though intoxicated. Some become paranoid and hallucinate. Some even become hostile to their loved ones. But these symptoms are reversible; if only the CO_2 could be increased and the CO_2 decreased, the brain function would return to normal.

We hope Society members will help us get lung donors for six people who now await lung transplants with no lung available. In Canada at the Toronto General Hospital pa

"My psychiatrist suggested I see my financial adviser, and my financial adviser told me to stop seeing my psychiatrist."

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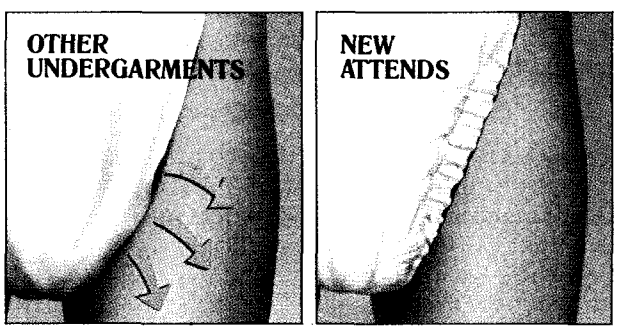
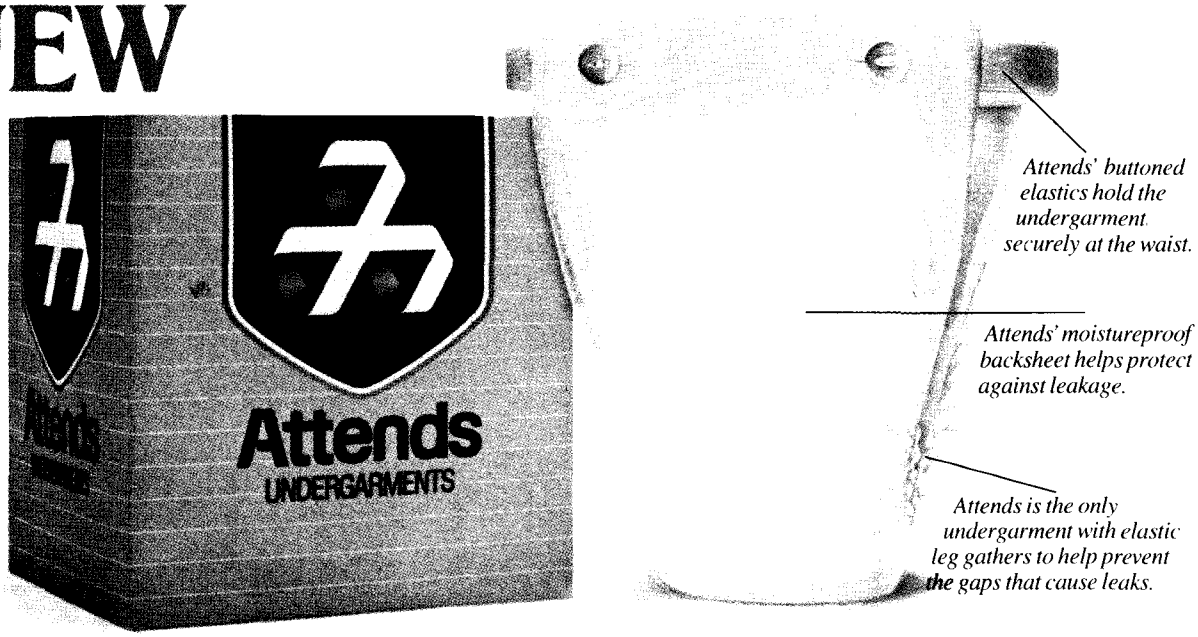
For more severe bladder control problems, try Attends Briefs. If you have any questions about Attends products or bladder control problems, call our registered nurses toll-free at **1-800-4-ATTENDS.**



Other undergarments can gap and cause leakage. But with its elastic leg gathers, Attends protects better against accidents.

NEW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A large group of surgeons, emergency respiratory therapists, and other medical personnel wanted to see Dr. Heimlich insert the Micro-Trach. The procedure would not normally require this crowd. It is done in the outpatient department in some hospitals.

Only a small injection of Xylocaine anesthetic was needed at the sit to permit a needle to enter the trachea (windpipe) without discom fort. An X-ray confirmed that the plastic tube had been properl placed. Joe's X-ray also revealed a severe loss of lung tissue.

tients who have received lung transplants are now playing tennis with each other. But Dr. Joel Cooper and his colleagues at Toronto General have a waiting list of six people who have been hospitalized and must wait for surgery until donor lungs become available. More than one half of those selected for lung transplants die while waiting for donor lungs. Yet we bury good lungs every day in the United States and in Canada.

Donor Number 317-636-8881

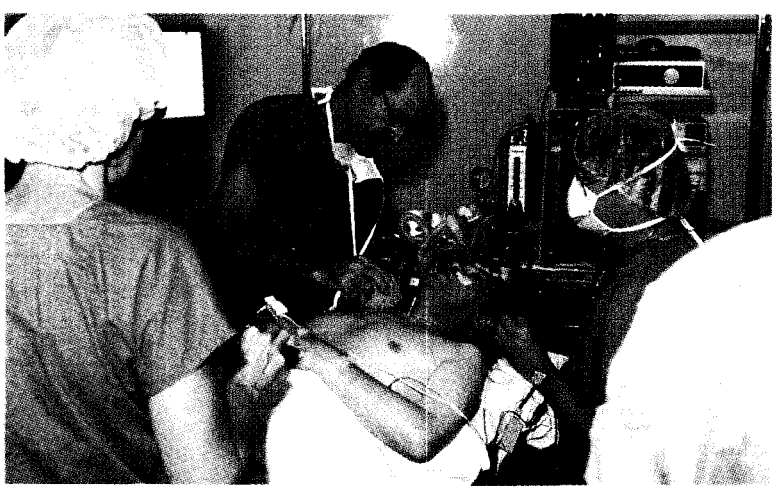
Sometimes it's discouraging when we hit a dry spell on responses concerning organ donors. We feel inclined to leave the donor number off our table of contents at times like that. Then a letter like the one from Priscilla Davis hits our desk, and we know we need to keep trying to let all our readers know about the need for spare "livers, hearts, lungs, kidneys, and more." This mother tells of her son's liver transplant surgery and how she was helped by conversations with Charlotte Harkness (*SatEvePost*, December '85), who had just received her liver transplant at Mayo Clinic.

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I want to thank you again for the article in the *Post* las December. I have often thought if I hadn't seen that arti cle, what would I have done when Mark got so bad in Jan uary? I had talked to a doctor at Mayo Clinic about sur gery, but it seemed like such a "downer" to me. After talked with Charlotte Harkness I had such hope.

Mark is doing wonderfully. It was five months ago lat at night, or I should say the early morning hours, they di his transplant. He has never had any trouble to speak of He has never had any signs of rejection, and we feel s blessed for this. He went into surgery weighing about 11 pounds, and now he tips the scales at 174 pounds. He look and feels so good. The blood pressure is much better an all the fluid in the tummy is gone, and he is even off th low-sodium diet. He tells me every day is beautiful even i it is raining, in the middle of a dust storm, or the tempera ture outside is 110.

Mark will be starting back to dental school in the lab i December and on the clinic floor with a patient load i



The hook-up. The oxygen is still coming through the nasal cannula taped to Joe's face. Dr. Heimlich prepares to connect the oxygen to the tiny plastic tube in his lower trachea. Joe had been getting 2 liters of oxygen per minute through the nasal cannula.

After the Micro-Trach insertion, Dr. Heimlich gave Dr. Van Ze (to his right) and others who will take care of Joe a lesson abou irrigating and replacing the Micro-Trach when necessary. He pre dicted Joe would require only ½ liter of oxygen per minute.

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anuary. Most of the time he has been in dental school his emoglobin has been 10 or below. Going into surgery it vas 6—now it is 13. The bile in the blood was 37.5 mgs ercent going into surgery, and today it is .4. So you can ee school should be a breeze. He only has six quarters to o, and he will take the California state board and have his icenses. It will be a very proud day for us.

I keep in touch with three transplant patients—maybe you now them—Jon Brewster, Paul Michaelides (he had two ransplants—his last was just before Mark's), and he's going reat getting ready to go back to Princeton University and lo his senior year—and I also write to Roberta DeCocq, vhose husband, Norman, had a transplant in January.

Please send the address of anyone we can assist with answering questions or anything.

If you would like for me to contact them and send some efore-and-after pictures of Mark and tell them exactly of ur experiences at Mayo Clinic with their marvelous transplant team, I will be more than happy to. Just send names nd addresses. So many people have a lot of fear built up n their minds, and it helps so much to talk to someone vho has been there and had the surgery and the experience. will be happy to write to anyone who needs encouragement or just wants to ask questions. I can be reached at 209) 665-4410 between noon and 9 p.m.

Priscilla Davis
324 Circle Drive
Chowchilla, California 93610

New Colon Cancer Risk Marker

There is a close association between skin tags, small nole-like growths from the skin, and polyps of the colon. hese tiny stalked growths occur on the neck and under the rms of many people. The polyp association suggests that hose having skin tags have a high risk of having polyps in heir colons. Colonic polyps are significant to your health. here is evidence that cancer of the bowel most often beins in polyps. The bottom line is: If you have skin tags on our neck or under your arms, it is doubly important to ave your colon examined for polyps. Most colon polyps re removed painlessly during the examination and sent to he pathology lab. Polyp removal greatly reduces your hances for falling victim to colon cancer. With fiber optics equipment the gastroenterologist performing the olonoscopy can let you see your own polyp in the lining of our colon before he removes it.

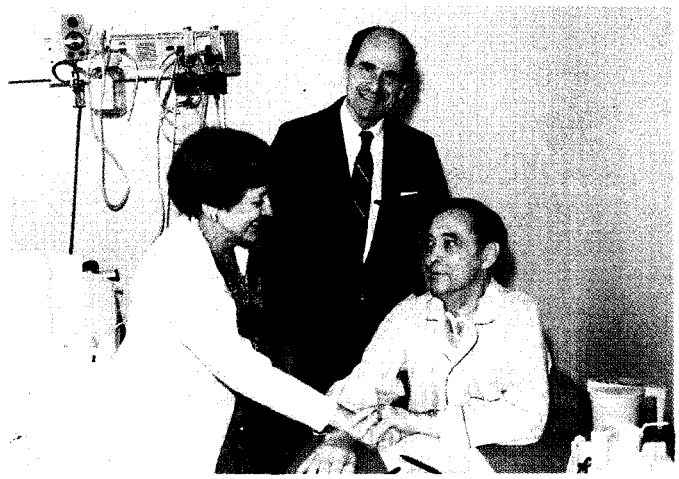
Radial Keratotomy

This controversial procedure to correct myopia was deeloped by a Russian ophthalmologist quite by accident. A oung patient of his was struck in the eye while wearing lasses. The glasses shattered, causing multiple superficial uts onto the anterior layers of the front of the eye. When he bandages were removed, the young boy, to his surprise, ould see without his glasses.

Thus the procedure known as radial keratotomy was deeloped. Eight to 16 deep, penetrating cuts onto the cornea re made, like spokes on a wheel. The surgery reduces earsightedness with an unpredictable outcome. Nearightedness is the condition where the patient's eye is too ong or the front of the eye (cornea) is too steep (curved). hese patients can see nearby objects, although distant viion is very blurred. The surgical procedure creates scars hat shrink and make the front of the eye flatter, reducing

The admiral felt better getting his oxygen through the Heimlich Micro-Trach in his lower larynx. His voice was stronger. His happy team included (left to right) Drs. Gene Van Zee, Ed Patrick, Henry Heimlich, and Cory SerVaas. Not shown: Dr. Charles F. Schafer.

Lorraine Synhorst is happy to see her husband's improved breathing. The happiest news was that after the procedure, Joe had regained control of his bowels and bladder. He was no longer incontinent, even during exercise. His O_2 cost will be halved.



What's next for Joe? "I'd like to take Lorraine to see museums in London and then sex," he said. "Don't be surprised," Dr. Heimlich laughed, "many patients report an increased libido."

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the nearsightedness. If the cornea flattens too much, the patient will become farsighted and in need of glasses. If the cornea does not flatten enough, the patient will be less nearsighted than before surgery. These patients may need to wear prescription lenses. At times the scars on the cornea prevent patients from wearing contact lenses.

Some ophthalmologists feel that the long-term risks will not be known for another decade or two and that anyone who can achieve satisfactory vision with glasses or contact lenses would be wise at this time to continue with them.

When Not to Cut

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In his article "Cutting Your Medical Costs," Marshall Loeb does a disservice to his readers when he portrays ophthalmologists as exotic and recommends optometrists for "routine eye exams."

The purpose of a regular eye exam is to detect disease that may not be producing symptoms, such as glaucoma and ocular melanoma, and also recommend a change in spectacle prescription if necessary. In my ophthalmic practice, these diseases are typically discovered in patients who are in the office for a regular exam. They may have perfect vision, no symptoms, and yet have serious eye disease. As with skin melanoma, early detection of ocular melanoma may be lifesaving. Unlike skin melanoma, patients cannot see a brown spot within the eye or observe it for changes in color and size.

Most readers are aware that a "glaucoma pressure test" should be performed by the ophthalmologist or optometrist during the routine exam. Yet few realize that this tes may be normal, and the patient may still have undetectec glaucoma.

Ophthalmologists have extensive experience also in ex amining the optic nerve, which may show glaucoma dam age even when the "glaucoma test" gave a normal pressur reading.

Finally, the ophthalmologist usually is not involved in th sale of eyeglasses and often reassures the patient that the olc glasses are just fine. Saving 10 percent on eyeglass costs ha little meaning if the glasses do not need to be changed.

T. Glendon Moody, M.D
Clinical Assistant Professor of Ophthalmology
University of Arizon

Glaucoma

You don't feel a thing. After a while, you can't see a thing. It is believed that there are some one million unsuspecting victims. That's because you can be losing your sight to glaucoma and not realize it. Especially if you are 35 years or older, it's a good idea to get your eyes tested yearly. If a relative has glaucoma, be sure to tell your ophthalmologist.

No More Back Blows

After church last Sunday, I defaced a large 1977 American Heart Association poster that was hanging in the church basement where it is used for teaching Boy Scouts what to do for choking. I asked the minister first, mine you, and explained to the Rev. Bill Enright that the largest

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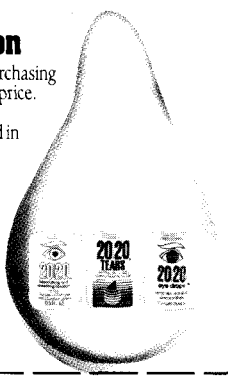

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'resbyterian church in Indiana oesn't want to be teaching bad in-ormation about lethal back blows in-ead of the Heimlich maneuver.

As I explained to the Rev. Enright, urgeon General C. Everett Koop has roclaimed that back blows and chest ırusts used for treating choking are hazardous, even lethal." Dr. Koop rote in the *Journal of the American ledical Association* as follows:

"For years, medical opinion dif-ered on the best way or ways of dis-ɔdging an object from the back ıroat of a choking victim. Sharp lows to the back, finger sweeps of ıe throat, and manual thrusts to the hest were methods that were often ecommended. However, at a confer-ıce held July 11-13, 1985, to estab-sh first-aid standards for the Amer-an Red Cross and the American leart Association, the participants ɔncluded that methods other than ıe Heimlich maneuver can be dan-erous and that only the Heimlich ıaneuver should be used to treat a ıoking victim."

He further states:

"The best rescue technique in any ıoking situation is the Heimlich ma-euver. I urge the American Red ross, the American Heart Associa-on, and all those who teach first aid) teach only the Heimlich maneuver. lanuals, posters, and other materials ıat recommend treating choking vic-ms with slaps and chest thrusts ıould be withdrawn from circula-on.

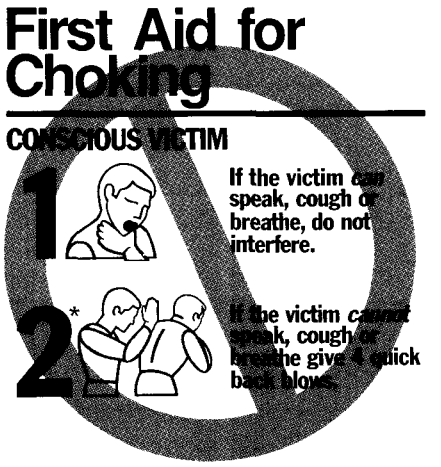
"Devised in the early 1970s by Hen-y J. Heimlich, M.D., who is now resident of the Heimlich Institute at avier University, the Heimlich ma-euver depends for its success on the ıct that a choking victim has a large olume of air in his lungs, even if he as exhaling when the choking be-an. If a rescuer presses sharply and epeatedly on the victim's abdomen, ith one balled fist wrapped in the pposite hand, at a point just above ıe navel, but below the rib cage and ıe diaphragm, that reservoir of air is xpelled up the airway with a great eal of force, thus dislodging the bstruction from the victim's throat."

It is of greatest importance that ıese obsolete charts now be removed nd recalled, since deaths have been nown to occur from administering ack blows. "The problem is," says r. Ed Patrick, professor of electrical ɔmputer engineering at the Universi-ty of Cincinnati, "the back blows can cause the food bolus or other foreign object to lodge more firmly in the trachea, making death certain."

If your school or church still has old posters on its wall, please correct them by crossing out the now invalid information. *Post* readers have been given the correct Heimlich procedure for many years because Dr. Ed Patrick began his research at Purdue University and proved more than ten years ago with animal experiments that back blows were wrong and the Heimlich maneuver was life-saving if done immediately. Just recently the Heimlich maneuver saved a choking dog.

In drowning, Dr. Patrick believes the Heimlich maneuver should also be done to remove the water in the lungs before CPR is started.

If you wish new charts to replace the obsolete ones and to teach proper procedure for choking and CPR, please write to The Children's Better Health Institute, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46206.


First Aid for Choking
CONSCIOUS VICTIM
1
If the victim can speak, cough or breathe, do not interfere.
2*
If the victim cannot speak, cough or breathe give 4 quick back blows.

Millions of Americans have been taught to treat choking with back blows and chest thrusts. "Now they must be advised that these methods are hazardous, even lethal," warns the Surgeon General.

Cut Above

continued from page 14

native that simply didn't exist during our fathers' generation.

Still, those are just weak excuses. When the final score is tallied, the men of my generation are going to have to hang their heads and meekly admit it. Our fathers could carve, and we couldn't, and that is the legacy we will pass on to future generations.

I know for a fact that this must cause great glee among the men of my father's generation. For years, the message they got from us was that we knew everything there was to know about politics, education, sex, and virtually every other area of life that mattered. Most of the time we made them feel as if we thought we had invented all those things.

Now, finally, it is their turn to gloat. Our fathers are getting old now, and we are the ones moving into society's mainstream. Finally it really is our turn to take over the world.

But that doesn't matter. Anytime our fathers want to show us who's still boss, they don't have to say a word.

All they have to do is roll a simmering, steaming roast into the room. And then say to us:

"All right, smarty. Let's see who can cut it."

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 98)

(Theme: Lakes)

1. Washington	4. Ohio	7. Minnesota
2. Utah	5. No. Carolina	8. Maine
3. Oklahoma	6. Montana	9. Illinois

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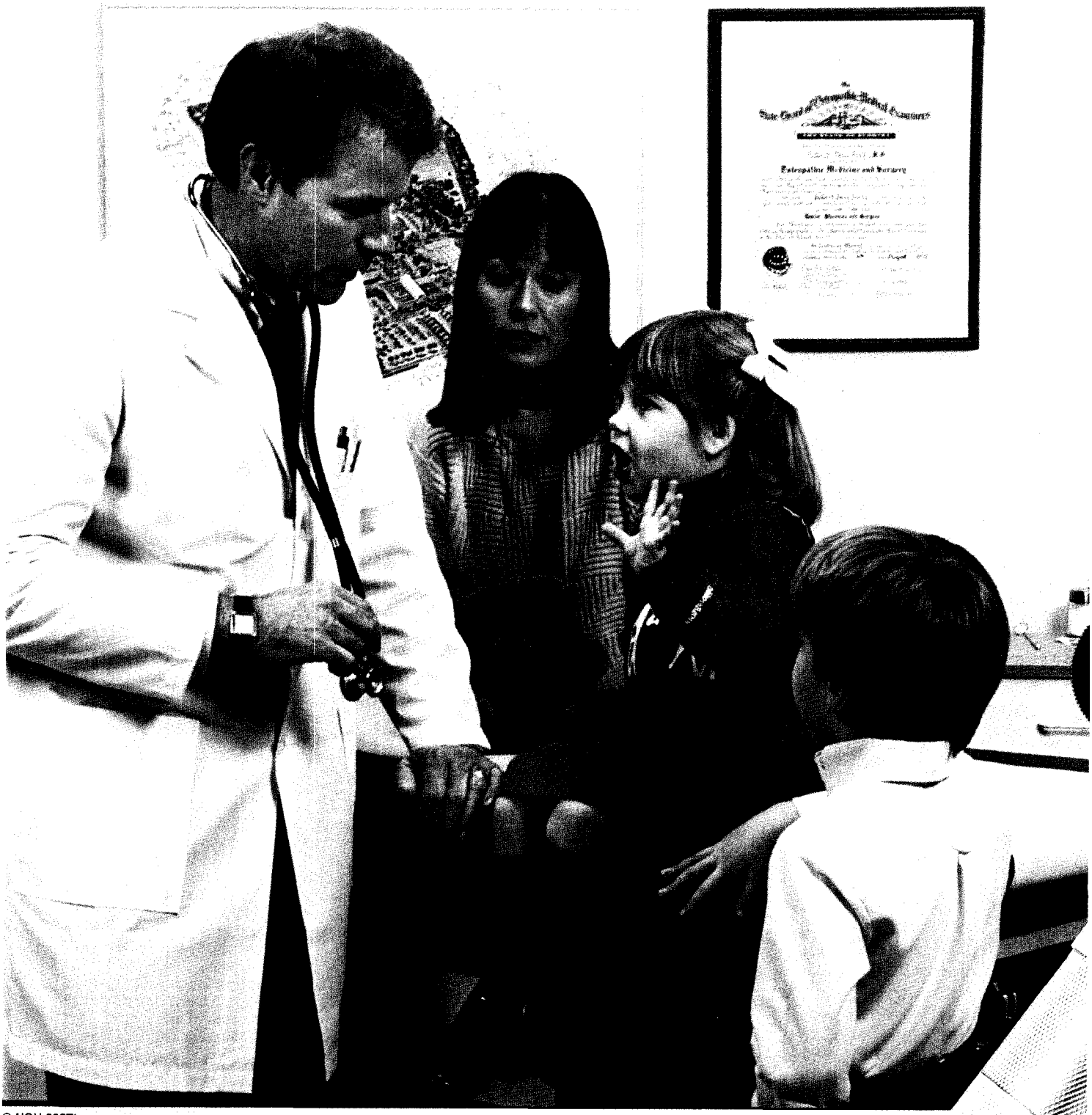

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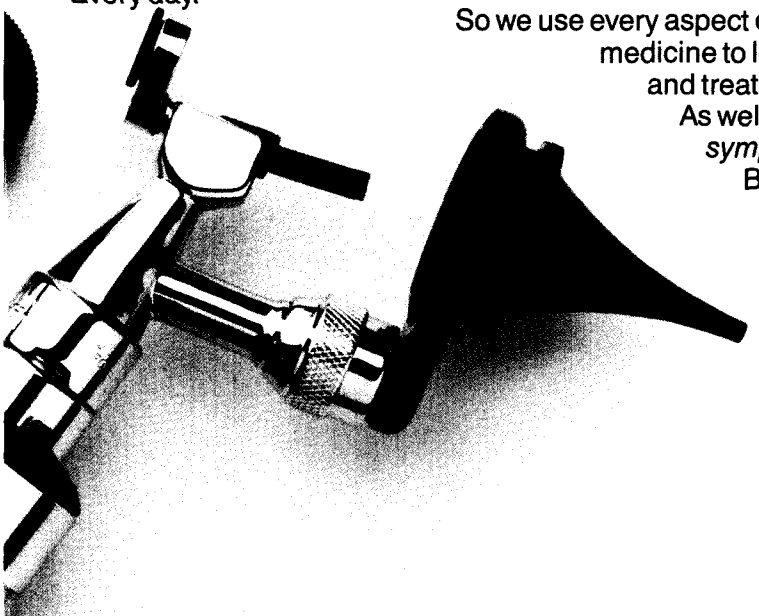

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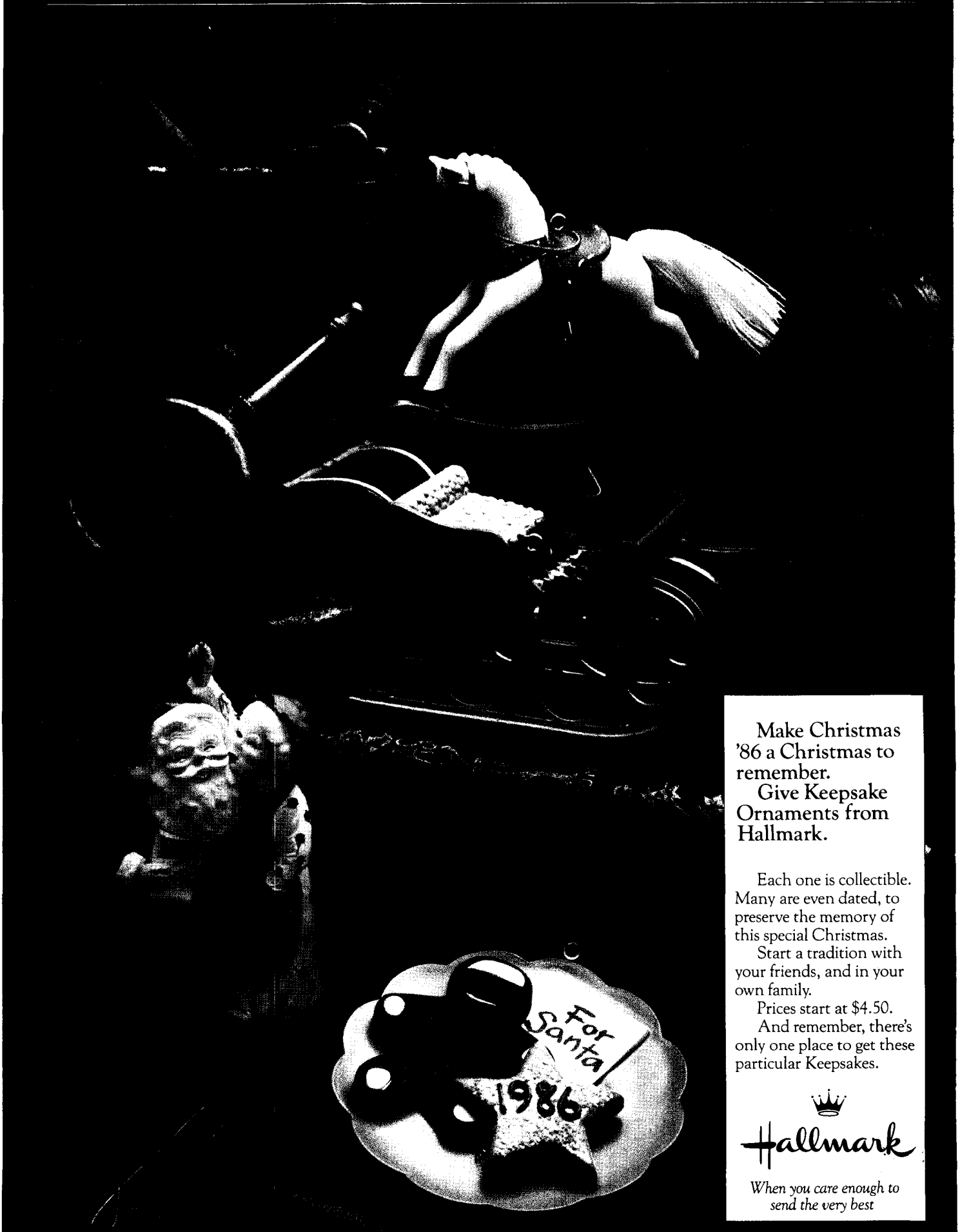

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